INTERESTING

ANECDOTES,

MEMOIRS,

ALLEGORIES,

ESSAYS,

AND

POETICAL FRAGMENTS,

TENDING

TO AMUSE THE FANCY,

AND

INCULCATE MORALITY.

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OF INTERESTING

Anecdotes, Essays, &c.

ANECDOTE.

A CERTAIN Nobleman, high in office, had once a number of his friends, moſtly people of rank, to dine with him; and great elegance and hoſpitality were diſplayed on the occaſion. Amongſt the company, there happened to be a Reverend Divine, of worthy character and great learning, but alas! he was only a *Curate* at 30l. per annum! He happened, amidſt all the profuſion of a well ſpread table, to be in want of one of the firſt neceſſaries of life, and not chuſing to call *aloud* (which he feared might be infringing on the privilege of his rich neighbours) he inclined a lit-

tle back in his chair, and in a half whiſper addreſſed a footman in a laced livery, "*I wish I had a little bread*,"—"I wiſh you had, Sir," returned the other with a haughty air, and buſtled about from one great Lord to another, without vouchſafing any further notice. The poor Curate, being a man of extreme modeſty, made no more applications.

A Gentleman of ſome humour, who ſat next the Clergyman, and had obſerved the tranſaction, either through compaſſion, or for the entertainment of the company, made the affair public.—The maſter of the houſe, rouſed with proper indignation, ordered the fellow to be called; and after a ſevere reprimand for his inſolent behaviour, told him to go immediately and ſeek *his own bread* elſewhere. Then turning to the abaſhed curate, he ſaid, "Sir; I am aſhamed of what has paſſed; but in order to make amends for the ill treatment you have experienced at my table, it ſhall be my endeavour to provide you *better bread*."— He kept his word, and in a very ſhort time, preſented the Clergyman with a comfortable living.

ANECDOTE

OF

JUDGE JEFFERYS.

AT a conteſted election for a member to ſerve in parliament for the town of Arundel, in Suſſex, government ſtrenuouſly interfered, and that ſo openly, as to ſend Sir George Jefferys, then Lord Chancellor, with inſtructions to uſe every method to procure the return of the court candidate. On the day of election, in order to intimidate the electors, he placed himſelf on the huſtings cloſe by the returning officer, the Mayor, who had been an attorney, but was retired from buſineſs, with an ample fortune and fair character. This officer well knew the chancellor, but for prudential reaſons acted as if he was a ſtranger both to his perſon and rank. In the courſe of the poll, that magiſtrate, who ſcrutiniſed every man before he admitted him to vote, rejected one of the court party; at which Jefferys riſing in a heat, after ſeveral indecent reflections declared the man ſhould poll; adding, "I am the Lord Chancellor of this realm." The mayor, regarding him with a look of the higheſt contempt, replied, "Your ungentlemanlike behaviour convinces me, it is impoſſi-

ble you ſhould be the perſon you pretend; were you the Chancellor, you would know that you have nothing to do here, where I alone preſide:' then turning to the crier, 'officer!' ſaid he, 'turn that fellow out of court.' His commands were obeyed without heſitation; the Chancellor retired to his inn in great confuſion; and the election terminated in favour of the popular candidate. In the evening, the mayor, to his great ſurpriſe, received a meſſage from Jefferys, deſiring the favour of his company at the inn; which he declining, the Chancellor came to his houſe, and, being introduced to him, made the following compliment: "Sir, notwithſtanding we are in different intereſts, I cannot help revering one who ſo well knows, and dares ſo nobly execute the law; and though I myſelf was ſomewhat degraded thereby, you did but your duty. You, as I have learned, are independent; but you may have ſome relation who is not ſo well provided for: if you have, let me have the pleaſure of preſenting him with a conſiderable place in my gift, juſt now vacant." Such an offer, and ſo handſomely made, could not fail of drawing the acknowledgments of the party to whom it was made: he, having a nephew in no affluent circumſtances, named him to the Chancellor, who immediately ſigned the neceſſary inſtrument for his appointment to a very lucrative and honourable employment.

GRA-

GRATITUDE.

OH! how amiable is gratitude! eſpecially when it has the ſupreme benefactor for its object. I have always looked upon gratitude as the moſt exalted principle that can actuate the heart of man. It has ſomething in it noble, diſintereſted, and, (if I may be allowed the term) generouſly devout. Repentance indicates our nature fallen, and prayer returns chiefly upon a regard to one's ſelf. But the exerciſe of gratitude ſubſiſted in Paradiſe, when there was no fault to deplore; and will be perpetuated in heaven, when God ſhall be all in all.

DEMOSTHENES ſaid, it becometh him, who receiveth a benefit from another man, for ever to be ſenſible of it, but him that beſtowed it, preſently to forget it. He is unjuſt, ſaid Socrates, who does not return deſerved thanks for any benefit, whether the giver be a friend or foe.

THERE is no vice nor failing of man, that doth ſo much unprinciple humanity, as ingratitude; ſince he who is guilty of it lives unworthy of his own ſoul, that hath not virtue enough to be obliged nor to acknowledge the due merits of the obliger.

IT is as common a thing for gratitude to be forgetful, as for hope to be mindful.

Without

Without good nature and gratitude, man had as well live in a wilderneſs, as in a civil ſociety.

He who receives a good turn, ſhould never forget it, he who does one, ſhould never remember it.

It is the character of an unworthy nature, to write injuries in marble, and benefits in duſt.

He that preaches gratitude, pleads the cauſe both of God and man, for without it we can neither be ſociable nor religious.

It is the glory of gratitude, that it depends only on the goodwill: if I have will to be grateful, ſays Seneca, I am ſo.

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us thoſe bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even thoſe benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every bleſſing we enjoy, by what means ſoever it may be derived upon us, is the Gift of Him who is the great author of good, and Father of mercies.

Gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleaſing ſenſation in

in the mind of a grateful man; it exalts the ſoul into raptures when it is employed in this great object of gratitude; on this beneficent Being who has given us every thing we already poſſeſs, and from whom we expect every thing we hope for.

Ungenerous the man, and baſe of heart,
Who takes the kind, and pays the ungrateful part.

Anecdote of a Farmer.

MR. BALLENTINE, a wealthy farmer in Middleſex, juſtified a bail in the court of King's Bench, and upon being aſked by Mr. Serjeant Davy, if he could produce no more deeds of his ability to bail the action, replied, "there is an Indian bond for 100*l.* and if that would not do, here is a note 5*l.* 9*s.* 11*d.* ¾ that a great counſellor gave to his butcher, and which has been due upwards of two years; I think the great lawyer's name is Mr. Serjeant Davy, or ſome ſuch name, perhaps Mr. Lawyer you may have heard of ſuch a one," addreſſing himſelf to Mr. Davy; which ſet the whole court in ſuch an immoderate fit of laughter, that Lord Mansfield declared next day, ſuch another *bout* would certainly put a period to his life.

FRIEND-

FRIENDSHIP.

IN young minds there is commonly a ſtrong propenſity to particular intimacies and friendſhips. Youth, indeed, is the ſeaſon when friendſhips are ſometimes formed, which not only continue through ſucceeding life, but which glow to the laſt, with a tenderneſs unknown to the connections begun in cooler years. The propenſity therefore is not to be diſcouraged; though at the ſame time, it muſt be regulated with much circumſpection and care. Too many of the pretended friendſhips of youth are mere combinations in pleaſure.—They are often founded on capricious likings, ſuddenly contracted, and as ſuddenly diſſolved. Sometimes they are the effect of intereſted complaiſance and flattery, on the one ſide, and of credulous fondneſs on the other. Such raſh and dangerous connections ſhould be avoided, leſt they afterwards load us with diſhonour. We ſhould ever have it fixed in our memories, that by the character of thoſe whom we chooſe for our friends, our own is likely to be formed, and will certainly be judged of by the world. We ought therefore, to be ſlow and cautious in contracting intimacy; but when a virtuous friendſhip is once eſtabliſhed, we muſt ever conſider it as a ſacred engagement. We

ſhould

ſhould not expoſe ourſelves to the reproach of lightneſs and inconſtancy, which always beſpeak either a trifling or a baſe mind. We ſhould not reveal any ſecrets of our friend; but be faithful to his intereſt, forſake him not in danger, and abhor the thought of acquiring any advantage by his prejudice or hurt. In the choice of friends, principal regard ſhould be had to goodneſs of heart and fidelity. If they poſſeſs taſte and genius, that will make them more agreeable and uſeful companions. To thoſe who deſerve the name of friends, we ſhould always unboſom ourſelves with the moſt unſuſpicious confidence. An open temper, if reſtrained but by tolerable prudence, will make us upon the whole, much happier than a ſuſpicious one, although by it we may ſometimes ſuffer. Coldneſs and diſtruſt are but the too certain conſequences of age and experience; but they are unpleaſant feelings, and need not be anticipated before their time. We ſhould never diſcloſe the ſecrets of one friend to another. They are ſecret depoſits which do not belong to us, nor have we any right to make uſe of them.

BON MOT of a Countryman.

A GENTLEMAN lately riding through a village in Hertfordſhire, where a painted board over the door of a low houſe had the following notice:—J. and M. Grainge, midwife and ſexton;—was induced, from the oddity of the circumſtance, to aſk a countryman that was paſſing if he knew the people? Know them! aye, replied he, every body in our pariſh knows them, their names are the firſt and laſt in every body's mouth here. Why ſo, ſays the gentleman; Becauſe, anſwered the clown, ſhe brings every body into our village, and he takes them out.

To STELLA,

March 23, 1723-4.

By DEAN SWIFT.

[*Written on the Day of her Birth, but not on the Subject, when I was Sick in Bed.*]

TORMENTED with inceſſant pains,
Can I deviſe poetic ſtrains?
Time was, when I could yearly pay
My verſe on Stella's natal day;

But

But now, unable grown to write,
I grieve ſhe ever ſaw the light:
Ungrateful, ſince to her I owe
That I theſe pains can undergo.
She tends me like an humble ſlave,
And, when indecently I rave,
When out my brutiſh paſſions break,
With gall in ev'ry word I ſpeak,
She with ſoft ſpeech my anguiſh chears,
Or melts my paſſion down to tears:
Altho' 'tis eaſy to decry
She wants aſſiſtance more than I,
Yet ſeems to feel my pains alone,
And is a ſtoic to her own.
When among ſcholars, can we find
So ſoft, and yet ſo firm a mind?
All accidents of life conſpire
To raiſe up Stella's virtue higher;
Or elſe, to introduce the reſt
Which had been latent in her breaſt.
Her firmneſs who could e'er have known,
Had ſhe not evils of her own?
Her kindneſs who could ever gueſs,
Had not her friend been in diſtreſs;
Whatever baſe returns you find
From me, dear Stella, ſtill be kind:
In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
Tho' I continue ſtill a brute;

But when I once am out of pain,
I promiſe to be good again.
Mean time, your other juſter friends
Shall for my follies make amends;
So may we long continue thus,
Admiring you, you pitying us.

The CAMP;

OR THE

SOLDIER by COMPULSION:

A MORAL TALE.

WILLIAM BENSLEY, the ſon of an honeſt and induſtrious farmer in B—ſhire, having been taken from his parents by his mother's brother, a carver in London, was brought up by him in his own buſineſs; in which he made ſo rapid a progreſs, that he became very uſeful to his uncle. In conſequence of the pleaſure which he received from his nephew's general behaviour, as well as particular diligence and activity, Mr. —— gave him leave to go down to his father and mother, whenever he could ſpare him.

In the courſe of theſe journies, young Benſley became intimately acquainted with the daughter of

of a farmer in his father's neighbourhood, one of the prettieſt and moſt deſerving girls in the whole country: but as her father was able to give her ſomething handſome, as they called it, he did not dare to make any public pretenſions to her; eſpecially as his own father, having met with misfortunes, and had a large family to provide for, could not afford to give him any thing towards the accompliſhment of his wiſhes. However, though William only declared his paſſion by his intelligent eyes, Nancy Covell gave him all modeſt encouragement to communicate with his lips what paſſed in his heart, according to the obſervation which ſhe had made on the *language of looks*; for ſometimes decretion, and, it may be added, generoſity of ſentiment, chained up his tongue. At laſt, prompted by the moſt powerful of all paſſions, and the kind reception which he met with from the dear object of his ſincereſt affection, he ſaid to her, one day, upon her expreſſing a regret at his being obliged to return to London, "You are very condeſcending, Nancy; but I cannot wiſh you ſo much harm as a connection with me, as I am much afraid I ſhall never be in a ſituation to deſerve your love.

This pathetic acknowledgment of her conſideration for him, and the diſcovery of his ſincere affection

fection for her, ſoon brought them to a better underſtanding. He now freely confeſſed his warm attachment to her, and ſhe with equal freedom avowed her tender regard for him; telling him, at the ſame time, that ſhe thought her father could make no reaſonable objection to a man in ſo ingenious a branch of buſineſs as that to which he was brought up.

"It is true, my deareſt girl, (replied he) it is an ingenious branch of buſineſs, and it *was* an advantageous one before this deſtructive war with the Colonies, and the aſſiſtance afforded them by the French, which has made commerce ſo hazardous and expenſive, that many people from the increaſe of taxes, and the dearneſs of proviſions cannot afford to employ artiſts in the ornamental way at leaſt, nor to pay them the worth of their labour." Nancy ſighed, dropped a ſympathetic tear, and ſaid, "What a pity!"

When William returned to his uncle, and found him exceedingly ill, partly from vexation upon the decline of his buſineſs, and partly from the number of conſiderable debts which he had no hopes of diſcharging, he, with the true ſpirit of gratitude, took every method in his power to conſole him under the preſſure of his loſſes and diſappointments,

ments, and to promote the reſtoration of his health. But all his laudable and affectionate efforts were inefficacious: his uncle died in a few weeks, and left ſcarce enough to pay the expences of his funeral.

The loſs of ſo dear and ſo kind a friend, added to the difficulties with which his attempts to get into a new employment were attended, gave William ſuch a diſguſt to London, in which his love for Nancy had, probably, no ſmall ſhare, that he returned to his father, intending to try his fortune in ſome other occupation near him.

He found his father dangerouſly ill of a fever, by which he was carried off in a few hours after his arrival, leaving a wife and ſeven children, beſides himſelf, for whom their mother was utterly unable to provide, being in a bad ſtate of health, and incumbered with debts.

Poor William was unſpeakably diſtreſſed by this addition to his ſorrow. Nancy ſhared his grief. Covell perceiving that his daughter had ſet her heart upon a man he looked upon as a vagabond, having at that time no viſible means of ſubſiſtence, and perceiving alſo that his family were likely to come to the pariſh, inſiſted upon her marrying a

ſubſtantial

ſubſtantial grazier, who being old and amorous, had for ſome time diſcovered a willingneſs to take her without a ſix-pence.

Nancy, who would ſooner have periſhed than forſaken her William, peremptorily refuſed to liſten to this antiquated admirer, and ſpent all the hours ſhe could ſteal with the mother of her lover, whom ſhe ſtrove to aſſiſt and comfort by every method in her power. This behaviour of her's ſo enraged the old man, that he was determined to remove William, if poſſible, out of his way: and as his mother had quitted the farm, of which ſhe was unable to pay the rent after the death of her huſband, he prevailed on the Juſtice of the peace to take him up as a vagabond, and get him entered as a recruit. This being done, he was carried to one of the camps, and compelled, much againſt his inclination, to become a ſoldier.

He did not want courage, nor a diſpoſition to ſerve or defend his country, in caſe of an unjuſt invaſion, attack, or a ſcarcity of men; but as he had been bred up in a very different profeſſion, and, upon the failure of *that*, determined to look out for another near his mother, and her helpleſs young family, in order to contribute towards their ſupport, he could not endure the thoughts of being

forced

forced to bear arms, of being torn from all that he held moſt dear in this world, and of being prevented from purſuing a more lucrative, as well as agreeable employment. The ſmall pittance of a common ſoldier would not, he was feelingly ſenſible, permit him to ſpare any towards the maintenance of a family. Nancy and his mother were equally afflicted, when they heard that he was under a neceſſity of withdrawing from them, and deprived of all hopes of entering into another way of buſineſs, which might encourage her to look for the hand of her lover, enabled not only to make her happy, but to be ſerviceable to his ſurviving unfortunate parents.

Upon Mrs. Benſley's falling dangerouſly ill, in conſequence of the acuteneſs with which ſhe felt her misfortunes, Nancy, ever attentive to the mother of him on whom ſhe doated, flew to her with all the money ſhe had, and begged her to be comforted, telling her that ſhe would marry no-body but her ſon, who would, ſhe hoped, be diſcharged, when the old grazier found that nothing could make her conſent to be his wife. Mrs. Benſley, ſighing, replied, " I ſhall not live to ſee my ſon again."

Nancy, prompted by *her* tears, and her own wiſhes, diſpatched a note to William, to acquaint

him with his mother's pitiable ſituation; requeſting him to get permiſſion to make her happy with the ſight of him before ſhe died.

The poor young man, diſtracted at this intelligence, haſtened to his officer, told his tale with a pathetic ſimplicity, and begged he might be allowed to take leave of a dying parent. His requeſt met with an abſolute refuſal, from a ſuppoſition that it aroſe entirely from his wanting a pretence to quit the army.

Stung at being accuſed of what he had not at that time, the ſmalleſt idea; ſhocked at having been forced into a profeſſion which made him a priſoner in his own country, which deprived him of the ſight of his friends, though at the diſtance of a few miles; and feeling moſt acutely for the agonies of an expiring mother, rendered ſtill more inſupportable from his compulſive abſence; he could no longer ſupport the ſenſations he endured from what he could not help calling an act of injuſtice; but determined at all events, to ſee his mother, if he died for it. Accordingly, he ſtole away early in the morning, ſtaid with her a few hours, gave her hopes of getting his diſcharge and prepared to return.

Juſt as he was on the point of returning, the old grazier, ever on the watch, immediately ſent intelligence to the camp of his having *deserted*. He was ſecured within a mile of his mother's dwelling, forced back to his quarters, tried, and ſentenced to be ſhot.

Nancy, poor unhappy Nancy, as ſoon as ſhe heard of her William's ſituation became almoſt frantic with deſpair. Inſtantly leaving her father's houſe, ſhe flew to the old dotard who had been the cauſe of all this miſery. The moment ſhe ſaw him, ſhe with a wildneſs in her air which ſtruck terror into him, exclaimed, "You have found the way to gain your purpoſe. If you *can* and *will* ſave William's life and procure his diſcharge, I am ready to be married to you, and will promiſe never to ſee him again. If this is in your power and you do not exert it, tremble for the conſequences. You will know the miſeries you have brought on the innocent; as he would have died, (though he abhorred the ſervice into which he was forced,) rather than have meanly *deſerted*: but the agony which he felt on being denied the melancholy ſatisfaction of giving a dying parent all the comfort he could, was too much for him to bear. Fly, then, and ſave my William, and I am your's for ever."

The old fellow, half frighted, and half tranſported out of his ſenſes, haſtened immediately to the Commanding Officer, explained the affair to him, and procured a reprieve; but it was within an inſtant of being too late, for poor William was on his knees, and endeavouring to arm himſelf with becoming fortitude: his comrades muſquets were levelled at his heart, when the joyful cry of, A Reprieve! A Reprieve! ſtopped the murderer's hands. William had borne adverſity with the ſpirit of a man: conſcious of his innocence, he felt himſelf ſuperior to calamity; but he was not equal to ſo ſudden a change, a change to which he could hardly give credit. A veteran, who had from his firſt arrival at the camp, diſcovered his merit, made haſte to ſupport him; yet, fearful of not being able to raiſe him time enough, pointed to the ſoldiers to withdraw their pieces. Thus ſnatched from the hands of death, he was diſcharged, and returned to his mother, who recovered, and poured down bleſſings on Nancy for the generous ſacrifice ſhe had made on her ſon's account. That deſerving girl, however, was at laſt rewarded for what ſhe had endured, in conſequence of her very generous behaviour. Her old admirer, uncommonly agitated by a variety of conflicting paſſions, fell ill, and finding himſelf drawing near his end—carefully attended by the amiable girl, who had reſol-

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ved to keep her promiſe to him, whatever it ſhould coſt her, ſent for a lawyer, made his will, and left her all he had in her own power. Her father, being no longer able to prevent her marrying William, and finding her amply provided for without his aſſiſtance, no more objected to her becoming the wife of a man whom ſhe had long loved, nor to her providing for his mother and her children. —In this manner was a truly deſerving couple reſcued from a very diſtreſsful ſituation; a ſituation into which many a worthy family may be thrown if every man muſt be a *ſoldier* by *Compulſion*, who has no viſible means of procuring a ſubſiſtence.

ANECDOTE.

A YOUNG MAN named Eretrius, was for a conſiderable time a follower of Zeno: on his return home, his father aſked him what he had learned: the other replied, "that would hereafter appear." On this, the father being enraged, beat his ſon, who bearing it patiently, and without complaining, ſaid, "He had learned this,—to endure a parent's anger."

RETIRE-

RETIREMENT.

WOULD heaven indulgent to my wiſh diſpenſe;
Enough from bus'neſs to retire;
And crown my wiſhes with a competence,
To wealth, to grandeur, I would ne'er aſpire.

Free from the troubles that attend the great,
Devoid of anxious toil and care,
'Midſt rural ſhades I'd ſeek a ſafe retreat,
And there from folly's haunts repair;

Far from the buſy, buſtling, crowded town,
With drudgery, and noiſe endu'd,
Intent on happineſs I'd ſet me down,
Where no rude cares my peace intrude.

I'd to ſome pretty ſylvan ſpot repair,
Where art and nature far excell;
Within the country's freſh and healthy air
I'd fix my little rural cell.

In ſome ſweet lone ſequeſter'd vale,
Where nature's dreſt in gayeſt pride,
Where beds of flow'rs ſcent the fragrant gale,
And bubbling fountains gently glide;

Where groves o'erhang the cool pellucid ſtream,
And birds ſoft warble on the ſpray,
I'd wiſh to build my little cot quite plain;
Not large, yet neat, and not too gay.

Here ſacred virtue ſhou'd my footſteps guide,
My conduct reaſon's ſway confeſs:
Here free from envy, malice, ſpleen, or pride,
Content ſhould chear my lone receſs.

In theſe ſweet ſhades I'd paſs my harmleſs days
In health, and chearfulneſs of mind,
Bleſt with a friend, in philoſophic eaſe,
True happineſs I'd find;

The beauties of the ſylvan ſcene explore;
And thence its pleaſures learn to prize
Then on contemplation's wing I'd ſoar,
And view the wonders of the ſkies;

And while freſh joys unſeen, unknown before,
Strike with ſurprize my aſtoniſh'd ſoul,
I'd ſing his goodneſs, and his name adore,
Whoſe mighty wiſdom form'd the whole.

Thrice happy he! who thus delights to dwell,
Where nature ſheds her gifts around,
Flies the dull crowd, and ſeeks ſome humble cell,
Where happineſs alone is found.

He taſtes true pleaſure, feels his joys ſincere;
A friend to virtue lives, to vice a foe,
No paſſions vex his mind, but thro' the year,
In peace his moments calmly flow.

Let me thus quiet live, and bid adieu
To all the cares of creſted pride,
The paths of virtue unperplex'd purſue,
And thus through life ſerenely glide.

ANECDOTE of HOGARTH.

HOGARTH, ſoon after he firſt ſet up his carriage, had occaſion to pay a viſit to the Lord Mayor, (Mr. Beckford). When he went the weather was fine, but buſineſs detained him till a violent ſhower of rain came on. He was let out of the manſion houſe by a different door from that at which he entered; and, ſeeing the rain, began immediately to call for a hackney coach. Not one was to be met with on any of the neighbouring ſtands; and our artiſt ſallied forth to brave the ſtorm, and actually reached Leiceſter Fields without beſtowing a thought on his own carriage, till Mrs. Hogarth (ſurpriſed to ſee him ſo wet and ſplaſhed) aſked him where he had left it.

Of JOHN BAPTISTE SANTEUIL,

A CELEBRATED

Latin Poet, of the laſt Century.

SANTEUIL, returning one night to St. Victor at Eleven o'Clock, the porter refuſed to open the door, ſaying he had poſitive orders to admit no one at that late hour. After ſome altercation, Santeuil ſlipped half a louis under the door, and obtained admittance. As ſoon as he had got in, he pretended to have left a book upon a ſtone on which he had been ſitting whilſt on the outſide. The porter, to ſhew his gratitude for the half louis, officiouſly ran to get the book, the poet inſtantly ſhut the door upon him. The porter, half naked, knocked in his turn. No, ſays Santeuil, the prior will be exceedingly angry if I admit any one at this late hour. Why, cried the porter, I let you in very *civilly*: and as *civilly* returned the poet, will I admit you. The porter, not chuſing to remain half naked in the ſtreet, and fearful of loſing his place, ſlipped the piece of money back again under the door, and obtained admittance, declaring that a poet's money never ſtaid long with any body.

The PRECEPTS of CARAZAN.

An ORIENTAL TALE.

IN the plains of Perſia, where the Araxes, foaming along it's channel, gently waſhes the neighbouring fields, Carazan, the venerable perſian, had ſpent his days. His age was threeſcore and ten; and his knowledge exceeded all the ſons of man. His drink was the cryſtal rill; his habitation a remote cave, overgrown with moſs; and his diet conſiſted of thoſe natural gifts which are liberally laviſhed on mankind by the all-bountiful Alla.

The Eaſtern and Weſtern Worlds had unfolded their ſources of learning to his view, and he had profited by them all. Confucius awakened his mind to the ſtudy of nature; the Magii taught him to behold the omniſcient power of the Almighty in the conſtruction of flowers; The Bramins pointed out the duty of man, by the actions of beaſts; and the Egyptians bore his ſoul on the wings of Aſtronomy, to the knowledge of the ethereal luminaries.

He combined, in himſelf, the learning of all nations, and of ſages venerated for piety and ſcientifick knowledge; as the reſplendent Mithra unites, in his fervid focus, the ſcattered beams of lucid light.

It was the practice of Carazan, every morning, to offer up a prayer to Heaven for his preſervation and health, before he taſted of any refreſhment. He had, therefore, one morning, according to his practice, retired to a ſmall grotto, that ſtood faſt to a limpid rill; and in a pious oriſon poured forth his ſoul to the empyreal Diſpenſer of every good.

As he was thus employed, he was ſuddenly amazed, by a youth's throwing himſelf at his feet. His gorgeous apparel, the diamonds that adorned the ſcabbard of his ſcymitar, and his majeſtic ſtature beſpoke him a prince.

Carazan was aſtoniſhed; he recoiled from him, as the wary traveller from the deathful ſerpent, that lies hidden in the burning ſands of Libya, and was leaving the grotto, when the youth catching hold of his garment, thus addreſſed him—

" Venerable ſage! pardon the preſumption of a youth, and the forcible manner of my entrance, till you hear my tale. Behold, reverend father! Mahmut, heir-apparent to the imperial diadem of Perſia, bending before you. Behold the ſon of a mighty monarch, at whoſe name ſtates tremble, and treaſon is no more, craving your advice. I am bleſſed with every object that the earth af-

fords, but yet I am unhappy. At an early age, ere the beard briſtled on my chin, and pronounced me man, I became ſad, ſorrowful and melancholy. I ſought the ſages of my father's court: I told them, that I wanted peace of mind; but alas! they could give me none. I was recommended to ſeek the humble cottage, ſince there only Content reſided: but the peaſant was diſpleaſed with his ſituation in life; he longed to become a ſatrape, and was therefore unhappy. I haſted to the wars; I braved the iron front of battle; but alas! death and ſlaughter yielded no pleaſure. I plunged into debauchery, voluptuouſneſs, and luſt; and, after long ſwimming on the faſcinating lake of luxury, emerged only to feel the poignant aſſaults of my conſcience. I come, now, holy Carazan, to implore your aſſiſtance and advice; and, if you know the ſpot, the manner, or the race, in which, or with whom, Happineſs reſides, deign to impart that knowledge to an unhappy though royal wanderer."

The ſimplicity and manly eloquence of the prince, his unaffected deportment, and engaging mien, caught the heart of the aged Perſian. A ſweet tear of ſenſibility fell from his eye; and raiſing the ſuppliant from the earth, he thus replied—

" Ariſe

" Ariſe my ſon, and may the almighty Alla direct my tongue to teach thee happineſs! Whatever knowledge I have gained, the faithful lips of Carazan ſhall unfold. You have ſought happineſs, but in vain; your reſearches were fruſtrated, becauſe they were directed to wrong objects. Happineſs is not reſtricted to any claſs of beings, but lives wholly with Content; and Content may equally reſide with the Peaſant, the King, and the Sage. The reclaimed libertine may forget his paſt follies, and quaff her delicious nectar; the King without debaſing his dignity may eat of her delightful ambroſia.

" To you, Mahmut, Content is indeed a ſtranger! Not becauſe you were hated by her; but becauſe you miſſed her road, and fell in with her enemies, without knowing them: as the unwary pilgrim will nouriſh an adder in his boſom, till the point of his ſting chaſtiſes his temerity. You plunged into the lake of Luxury; but inſtead of gaining the bark of happineſs, you tempted the rocks of Satiety, and the quickſands of Gluttony. You ſought the habitation of the peaſant; but Aſtrea has long been baniſhed from the earth, and the Golden Age is now no more. You faced the tremendous front of War, you bade the welkin roar with the cries of dying men; and then Content

tent was indeed, far from you. Death and Deſtruction are her inveterate enemies; nor can ſhe ever draw breath, when ſurrounded by Slaughter and Rapine. Would you, my ſon, gain happineſs would you obtain tranquillity of mind; attend to theſe precepts, and put them in practice.—

" Firſt my ſon, remember that you are a prince, and will ſhortly have to rule an extenſive, and wealthy empire: be it, then, your care, to make the people love you; to effect this, follow Virtue, and act uprightly. Let vice never ſeduce your mind to act ſubſervient to your paſſions; but reſtrain the licentious wiſhes of the one, by the ſtrength and ſolidity of the other. Purſue juſtice; let that be the fundamental law, the grand ſtandard by which all your deeds ſhall be meaſured. Inſpire your ſubjects with a veneration for religion, and virtue, by the example of yourſelf and court. Reject the vain notion, the frivulous idea, that kings cannot be juſt, without ſacrificing a part of their regal dignity; it reflects honour on a prince, to be impartial and good. Your ſubjects will love you, without fear; their affections will be the guard of your throne, and their loyalty a barrier to the machinations of treaſon: their wealth will be the baſis of your ſplendour, and the ſtrength of your adminiſtration. Make them behold in you

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at once, a legiſlator, a father, and a protector; the guardian of their laws, the defender of their rights: and ceaſe not, on your part, to conſider them as your children. Let mutual love rivet you together, by the ſtrongeſt of all ties; and happineſs ſhall ſpread over your empire, bleſſed with plenty and peace. Your ſubjects will twine around your throne, as the ivy twines around the oak; you ſhall ſupport them, as the oak does the ivy: thus, united together, what treaſon can ever ſucceed? what daring fiend of ſedition will be able to elude the bow-ſtring?

" Above all blooming Mahmut! preſerve a good conſcience: that is the foundation of happineſs; and, even ſhould the angel of adverſity ſmite you, ſtill you ſhall be happy. But that idea I eradicate from my mind! Alla ſhall ſtrengthen your power; and your ſubjects' love defeat every attack of misfortune: your life ſhall paſs away undiſturbed by the reproofs of conſcience, the vengeance of heaven, or diſcontents and rebellions of your people, as this limpid rill glides along, unchoaked by ſedges, or obſtructed by any other impediment.

" Thus, by attending to the precepts of virtue, and practiſing them with exactneſs and ſelf-denial, you ſhall live in peace and tranquillity, delight and proſperity,

proſperity, till the angel of death ſhall ſeize you in his graſp, that the everlaſting Genii may uſher you into the regions of immortality. Then ſhall you retire from the dark, terreſtrial ball; revered and regretted by men, for your juſtice and impartiality, and beloved by the myriads of heaven, for your piety and righteouſneſs."

While he thus ſpoke, Mahmut, who ſtill kept his eyes on the ground-felt a divine fire glowing within him: his heart vibrated to the ſweet voice of morality; and he perceived the miſts of ſuperſtition and prejudice, and the denſe clouds of ignorance and error, vaniſh from his view, as the thick clouds of night fly at the approach of day. A calm ſerenity ſettled on his mind, as the ocean becomes gentle after a hurricane. He looked up, to thank his preceptor; but he was gone, neither could any traces of him be found. It is, however, written in the golden manuſcript of truth, depoſited in the celeſtial temple of vtrtue, that he was immediately tranſlated to the manſions of permanent felicity; and now tunes his lyre to the muſic of Alla, amidſt the celeſtial choirs of Paradiſe.

ANECDOTE

OF

The late DUKE of Rutland.

WHEN his Grace was at Trinity College, Cambridge, he had a violent rheumatic fever, which reduced him ſo low that he thought he could not live long; his only brother, Lord Robert Manners, was then in the navy, which ſervice his grace thought highly hazardous to the life of his ſucceſſor. He therefore told his brother, that if he would retire from the ſervice he would give him his houſe at Chevely, and about four thouſand pounds a year with it; the better half of his income at that time. Lord Robert poſitively refuſed the offer. He told his Grace, that he would not rob his family; and that he would never lounge away his time at home, whilſt he could be of any ſervice to his country abroad.

His Lordſhip continued in the ſervice till the memorable 12th of April, 1782, when he was killed fighting for his country. When his Grace received at Belvoir the melancholy news of his brother's death, he was for ſome time ſtupified with grief; was long inconſolable, and never perfectly recovered the loſs that he and his family had ſuſtained.

Inſtance of Affection and Fidelity.

WHEN the Mexican Emperor, Gatimozin, was taken and brought into the preſence of Cortes, he gave ſtrict orders that the Mexican noblemen taken with the Emperor ſhould be ſecured, and ſtrictly looked to, leſt they ſhould eſcape. "Your care," ſaid Gatimozin, "is needleſs; they will not fly; they are come to die at the feet of their ſovereign."

ANECDOTE

OF

Dr. YOUNG.

DR. Young author of the Night Thoughts, was remarkable for his intimate acquaintance with the Greek authors, and had a paſſionate veneration for Æſchylus. The overflowings of his benevolence were as ſtrong, and his fits of reverie were as frequent, and occurred often upon the moſt intereſting occaſion. Of this laſt obſervation, a ſingular inſtance is given by a gentleman who ſerved during the laſt war in Flanders, in the very ſame regiment to which the Doctor was Chaplain.

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On a fine ſummer's evening, he thought proper to indulge himſelf in his love of a ſolitary walk; and accordingly he ſallied forth from his tent. The beauties of the hemiſphere, and the landſcape round him, preſſed warmly on his imagination: his heart overflowed with benevolence to all God's creatures, and gratitude to the ſupreme diſpenſer of that emanation of glory which covered the face of things. It is very poſſible, that a paſſage in his dearly beloved Æſchylus occurred to his memory on this occaſion, and ſeduced his thoughts into a profound meditation. Whatever was the object of his reflections, certain it is, that ſomething did powerfully ſeize his imagination, ſo as to preclude all attention to things that lay immediately before him; and, in that deep fit of abſence, Dr. Young proceeded on his journey, till he arrived very quietly and calmly in the enemy's camp, where he was, with difficulty, brought to a recollection of himſelf, by the repetiton of "*Qui va la!*" from the ſoldiers on duty. The officer who commanded finding that he had ſtrayed thither in the undeſigning ſimplicity of his heart, and ſeeing an innate goodneſs in his priſoner, which commanded his reſpect, very politely gave him leave to purſue his contemplation back to the Engliſh camp.

REFLECTIONS.

WHAT, oh! my heart overflowing with happineſs! are the ſentiments that ought to ſpring up in thee, when admitted, either in the ſolemnities of public worſhip, or the retiredneſs of private devotion, into the more immediate preſence of thy Maker, who does not govern, but to bleſs! whoſe divine commands are ſent to ſuccour human reaſon in ſearch of happineſs! Let thy law, Almighty! be the rule, and thy glory the conſtant end, of all I do. Let me not build virtue on any notions of honour, but if honour to thy name. Let me not ſink piety in the boaſt of benevolenee; my love of God in the love of my fellow-creatures. Can good be of human growth? No; it is thy gift, Almighty, and All-good! Let not thy bounties remove the donor from my thought, nor the love of pleaſure make me forſake the fountain from which they flow. When joys entice, let me aſk their title to my heart; when evils threaten, let me ſee thy mercy ſhining through the cloud, and diſcern the great hazard of having all to my wiſh. In an age of ſuch licentiouſneſs, let me not take comfort from the number of thoſe who do amiſs; an omen rather of public ruin, than of private ſafety. Let the joys

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of the multitude leſs allure than alarm me; and their danger, not example, determine my choice. In this day of domineering pleaſures, ſo lower my taſte, as to make me reliſh the comforts of life. And in this day of diſſipation, O give me thought ſufficient to preſerve me from being ſo deſperate, as in this perpetual flux of things, and as perpetual ſwarm of accidents, to depend on to-morrow; a dependence that is the ruin of to-day, as that is of eternity. Let my whole exiſtence be ever before me, nor let the terrors of the grave turn back my ſurvey. When temptations ariſe, and virtue ſtaggers, let imagination ſound the final trumpet. and judgment lay hold on eternal life. In what is well begun, grant me to perſevere, and to know, that none are wiſe, but they who determine to be wiſer ſtill. And ſince, O Lord! the fear of thee is the beginning of wiſdom, and, in its progreſs, its ſecret ſhield, turn the world entirely out of my heart, and place that guardian angel, thy bleſſed fear, in its ſtead. Turn out a fooliſh world, which gives its money for what is not bread; which hews out broken ciſterns, that hold no water; a world, in which even they, whoſe hands are mighty, have found nothing. There is nothing, Lord God Almighty! in heaven, in earth, but thee. I will ſeek thy face; bleſs thy name; ſing thy praiſes; love thy law; do thy will;

enjoy

enjoy thy peace; hope thy glory, till my final hour. Thus ſhall I graſp all that can be graſped by man. This will heighten good, and ſoften evil, in the preſent life; and when death ſummonſes, I ſhall ſleep ſweetly in the duſt, till his mighty conqueror bids the trumpet ſound, and then ſhall I, through his merits, awake to eternal glory.

A PROOF of DILIGENCE.

BISHOP Andrews, when a lad at the Univerſity, uſed every year to viſit his friends in London, and to ſtay a month with them. During that month, he conſtantly made it a rule to learn, by the help of a maſter, ſome language, or art, to which he was before a ſtranger. No time was loſt.

The EXEMPLARY PEER,

A MORAL TALE.

TO enumerate the vices to which the old Lord Fairfield was addicted from his cradle, would not be a pleaſing employment; the catalogue of them, indeed, would excite abhorrence

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in every reader whoſe heart has not been polluted by the corruptions of the faſhionable world. Such characters, as the memory of them can afford no ſatisfaction to the living, ſhould be doubly buried, buried in their graves, and buried in oblivion. It is an old ſaying *de mortuis nil niſi bonum*; but where no good can be ſaid of them, why ſhould they be remembered in their epitaphs? And if thoſe epitaphs contain lying trophies, they, ſurely, may be deemed rather inſults than panegyrics. Every eulogium upon a bad man deceaſed, is an affront to every good man alive; the hero of the preſent ſtory, therefore, very prudently ordered that no character of his father ſhould be added to the inſcription, which related more to the peer than to the man.

Lord Fairfield, though he knew, from his father's parſimonious diſpoſition, that the fortune which would devolve to him with his title was conſiderable, felt ſome ſurprize to find at the old earl's death, that there was a great deal more conſolidated ſtock than he expected. His ſatisfaction upon the occaſion was not ſmall, and it was alſo laudable; it was not the childiſh exultation of a narrow mind; it was the generous tranſport of a liberal heart. Painful, it is true, were his reflections, when he conſidered to what ſordid ways his father

father had recourſe, in order to encreaſe his patrimonial poſſeſſion; but a train of agreeable ſenſations roſe in his breaſt when he ſaw himſelf enabled to carry thoſe deſigns into execution which he had for ſome years planned in his limited ſituation; a ſituation particularly irkſome to him as he was ever

——to ſhare in every pang
The wretched feel, to ſooth the ſad of heart;
To number tear for tear, and groan for groan,
With every ſon and daughter of diſtreſs,
Mallet.

And had experienced a very ſevere diſappointment from an in-felt inability to follow the firſt ſuggeſtions of his inclination, when he had nothing to give thoſe objects which well deſerved his bounty—nothing but his compaſſion.

Ready, however, as Lord Fairfield was, at all times, to aſſiſt the meritorious in the hour of ſickneſs and of ſorrow, of poverty and of pain, his liberalities were under the guidance of diſcretion; and though he had no deſire to enlarge his income by the common methods of improvement, as little was he diſpoſed to throw away his money with a careleſs hand. I have dwelt the longer on this part

part of his lordſhip's character, becauſe it was the part which gave riſe to the preſent page.

As Lord Fairfield's property was very much divided; as he had eſtates in ſeveral quarters of the kingdom (ſome of them remote from the others) he could not poſſibly ſuperintend them all in ſuch a manner as to prevent many diſagreeable occurrences from the folly of a weak, or from the knavery of a wicked ſteward; he could not be certain that he had always the *nett* produce of his ſeveral eſtates, without a minute examination into particulars, about which he did not think it worth while to enquire: if any remarkable deficiences ſtruck him, then indeed he exerted himſelf with proper ſpirit, and proceeded with a becoming activity, to come at the cauſe of the dimunition of his annual rents, without any apparent reaſons for it. Happily for his lordſhip, few of his ſtewards were guilty of groſs miſdemeanors while they were employed by him, but there was one whoſe conduct being particularly reprehenſible, demands a particular diſplay.

This ſteward was a Mr. Moreton, whom he had deputed to ſuperintend a conſiderable eſtate in Ireland, the poſſeſſion of which he entered upon at the death of an opulent uncle there. To Ireland, therefore Moreton ſoon repaired, and during his

paſſage, formed ſchemes better calculated for his own emolument than his noble employer's advantage or credit. He ſchemed an improvement of the eſtate committed to his care; but as it was to ariſe from a ſpecies of extortion, too commonly practiſed by thoſe who have lands and houſes, his plan of operations could not be defended by the moraliſt; nor, indeed, as the enlargement of his own finances was included in it, could it be approved of by the true politician; for though he flattered himſelf that while he remitted to Lord Fairfield the cuſtomary rents reſulting from his Hibernian poſſeſſions, he might ſafely ſink the monies which he raiſed for his own ſupplies (preſuming upon the diſtance between them) he certainly acted an impolitic part, and deſerved a ſevere correction for his diſhonourable, not to ſay diſhoneſt, proceedings.

While Moreton was enriching himſelf in Ireland, by rack-renting thoſe tenants whom he was ordered to treat with the greateſt lenity and conſideration, Lord Fairfield, as he from time to time, received the uſual remittances, rationally enough concluded that his ſteward merited the ſalary he allowed him for his trouble, and accordingly ſent him letters, after the receipt of every remittance, ſtrongly expreſſive of his approbation, which letters gave

Moreton

Moreton an infinite deal of pleaſure, and they ſerved alſo to double his eagerneſs to encreaſe the value of his privy purſe. In the midſt of all his exultation, however, in conſequence of his unfair, his infamous tranſactions, crowned with undeſerved ſucceſs, he was not a little alarmed at hearing that Lord Fairfield had been appointed by his Majeſty to the viceroyſhip. Very unwilling was he at firſt to give credit to a piece of intelligence, from which he predicted no good to himſelf; but it was ſo thoroughly authenticated ſoon afterwards that the truth of it could not be diſputed.

Lord Fairfield, in a ſhort time after his arrival in Ireland, in his public character, found opportunities to render himſelf, in that character, extremely popular; and as he was in his private one exemplary, he appeared to the greateſt advantage.

When Moreton made his firſt appearance before Lord Fairfield, upon his arrival from England, he gave ſo fair, ſo favourable an account of his ſtewardſhip, that his Lordſhip really looked upon him as a perſon entitled to a place ſuperior to the poſt which he enjoyed under him, and fully intending to reward him for his paſt ſervices, by the firſt promotion in his power. In a few days, however, he felt himſelf under a neceſſity

of changing his reſolution, in conſequence of an alteration in his ſentiments, with regard to him; for he preſently received complaints from the majority of his tenants, againſt Mr. Moreton for the ſeverity of his behaviour to them, and for raiſing their rents to ſuch a height that they conld hardly ſupport the additional taxation. Theſe complaints were attended with petitions praying for redreſs, and they had ſuch an effect upon his Lordſhip, that he immediately ſent for his offending ſteward, and aſked him—but in the mildeſt terms—whether the charges pointed at him were juſt or ill grounded?

Moreton, conſcious of his own delinquency, and ſtruck, at the ſame time, with the mild demeanour of him whom he had much injured, to whom his behaviour had been ſo ungrateful, was at firſt ſo diſconcerted, that he ſtood rooted to the floor, while his tongue was unable to articulate; he could neither ſtir nor ſpeak. At laſt, however, words found a paſſage, and he made a full confeſſion of the ſeverities he had uſed to encreaſe his private fortune, by racking his Lordſhip's tenants, and putting the additional ſums ſo raiſed into his own pocket.

Lord Fairfield heard this confeſſion with a ſtrong mixture

mixture of indignation and concern. He was the more concerned, as he had ever entertained a ſincere regard for him, in conſequence of the good opinion he had conceived of his integrity: As he had not however, actually robbed *him*, but thoſe whom he was ordered to treat with indulgence, he only puniſhed him by inſiſting upon a reſtoration of all the money which he had extorted from his tenants, ordering a fair diſtribution of it among them, and by diſmiſſing him from his employment.

As ſoon as Moreton was diſmiſſed, ſufficiently puniſhed and very ſeverely he thought, though not, perhaps, as many perſons will think, in a manner equal to his demerits, Lord Fairfield was informed that a very pretty country maiden begged to deliver a petition to him. His lordſhip having made it a rule to receive petitions from all quarters, from the loweſt people in the kingdom (by which means he then became acquainted with the real characters of the higheſt) immediately gave orders for the admiſſion of the fair petitioner to his preſence.

After having peruſed the paper with ſome emotion, he aſked the innocent girl ſeveral queſtions relating to her family, and being very well ſatisfied with her anſwers, doubly ſatisfied with them from

from the winning ſimplicity of her whole behaviour, he aſſured her, in the ſtrongeſt and moſt humane terms, that he would pay a proper regard to the petition ſhe had preſented, in every reſpect; and that ſhe, in particular ſhould find him her friend.

The name of this young maiden was Nancy Bryan, and the following incident was the foundation of the above mentioned petition.

Moreton having met with Nancy, the only daughter of a very induſtrious and hard working peaſant, in a field one evening, on her return home, was ſo much ſtruck with the beauty of her perſon that he felt an inſtantaneous deſire to have her entirely in his own power, and accordingly made overtures of love, to which the pretty innocent, not ſuſpecting any diſhonourable views, liſtened with pleaſure, till ſhe found that thoſe views were injurious to her reputation. She then oppoſed his preſſing intreaties, in a manner which ſufficiently convinced him that he had no hopes of gaining her in his own way: but as his paſſion for her became doubly tormenting to him, from the reſiſtance ſhe made to it, he at length, finding every mode of inſinuation fruitleſs, had recourſe to violent meaſures, in order to make her compel her rebellious ſpirit to be ſubmiſſive.

Poor

Poor Nancy was now in a perilous ſituation, and as ſhe did not ſee a human creature but her formidable companion, ſhe began to be exceedingly alarmed.—She could not eſcape from her impetuous lover by flight, as he held her faſt in his arms by dint of ſuperior ſtrength; but he found it impoſſible to hinder the exertion of her voice. Her ſcreams were loud, and they ſoon brought to her aid the very man whom ſhe ſecretly wiſhed to behold at ſuch a critical juncture, the man to whom ſhe was to have been married in a few days, with the unanimous conſent of all the relations on both ſides. By her faithful Stephen ſhe was reſcued from the unworthy ſteward, who, as his courage was not equal to his love, left the field without ſtriking a blow, but not without having received indubitable marks of Stephen's reſentment, from the activity of his vigorous arm; which gave conſiderable force to every vibration of his cudgel. The victorious Stephen having delivered his Nancy from the dangerous ſituation in which he diſcovered her, carried her home in triumph, and gladdened her good father's heart by the "round unvarniſhed tale" which he told with regard to his Nancy's recovery.

Moreton, from this time, boiling with anger, and breathing revenge, made it a point to diſtreſs the

the old peaſant, in a variety of ſhapes, and indeed he was juſt going to eject him from his cottage, (from his inability to pay an advanced rent for it) when the news of Lord Fairfield's arrival fortunately ſuſpended his deſpotic and cruel proceedings. The news happily prevented the poor ruſtic's expulſion; but he was reduced to ſuch a ſtate of indigence, by the rigid treatment he had met with, that he was hardly able to provide the common neceſſaries of life for his children, two ſons and a daughter—his deareſt Nancy—and they muſt have been all in a ſtarving condition if a very benevolent lady in the neighbourhood, had not, from time to time furniſhed them with ſupplies.

As ſoon as old Bryan heard of Lord Fairfield's arrival, he determined to get a petition drawn up, fully ſetting forth his ſteward's iniquitous practices at large, and the particular cruelty of his behaviour to his family.

When the petition was finiſhed, he pitched upon his Nancy for the preſentation of it, and the benevolent lady already mentioned, took care to have her dreſſed on that day in a ſtyle which might not ſhock the viceroy himſelf, ſhould he deign to honour her with an audience. Thus equipped, Nancy ſet out, attended by one of her brothers and her lover.

'Tis

'Tis now time to return to to the exemplary peer. When he had given his fair petitioner an anſwer with which ſhe was, and had great reaſon to be, extremely well ſatisfied, he aſked her who accompanied her from her father's cottage, not imagining that ſo young and ſo handſome a girl would have been ſent upon ſuch an errand by herſelf.

She told his Lordſhip, in a manner which made her appear ſtill more amiable in his eyes, that one of her brothers, and the young man who had ſaved her from being *ruined*, came with her.

This reply was ſufficient to make his Lordſhip deſirous of ſeeing the diſtreſſed damſel's deliverer, and the commendable chaſtizer of his undeſerving ſteward.—There was nothing extraordinary in the brother of Nancy, but there was ſomething in the looks of her lover which powerfully attracted Lord Fairfield's attention. There was a dignity in his appearance, not commonly ſeen in perſons of his rank in life, and there was a manly modeſty in his deportment which made him appear to additional advantage. His replies to the queſtions propoſed to him, diſcovered ſagacity, which pointed him out as a perſon whom nature deſigned for a higher ſphere than that in which he moved. Lord Fairfield, therefore, took him immediately

under his protection, telling him, that if he could bring himself to leave his friends in the country, he would provide for him in a better way than he had reason to expect.

Stephen bowed profoundly, and expressed his acknowledgments with a heartiness which forcibly evinced the sincerity of his feelings; and Nancy, by her significant looks, plainly enjoyed every syllable which her noble benefactor uttered favorable to her lover, to whom she was soon afterwards given in marriage by his Lordship himself, who not only attended the nuptial ceremony in person, but distinguished the happy pair, by making them valuable presents, which proved the generosity of his temper, and with a propriety that did great honour to his judgment.—But the felicity conferred on the new married couple was not confined to themselves; all their relations partook of the joy which they felt upon the transporting occasion, and every body who knew them, blessed the hand by which it was, under the direction of providence, produced.

On

On LYING.

WHEN Ariſtotle was once aſked, what a man could gain by uttering falſehoods; he replied, " not to be credited when he ſhall tell the truth."

The character of a liar is at once ſo hateful and contemptible, that even of thoſe who have loſt their virtue it might be expected, that from the violation of truth they ſhould be reſtrained by their pride. Almoſt every other voice that diſgraces human nature, may be kept in countenance by applauſe and aſſociation: the corrupter of virgin innocence ſees himſelf envied by the men, and at leaſt not deteſted by the women: the drunkard may eaſily unite with beings, devoted like himſelf to noiſy merriments or ſilent inſenſibility, who will celebrate his victories over the novices of intemperance, boaſt themſelves the companions of his proweſs, and tell with rapture of the multitudes whom unſucceſsful emulation has hurried to the grave; even the robber and the cut-throat have their followers who admire their addreſs and intrepidity, their ſtratagems of rapine, and their fidelity to the gang.

The liar, and only the liar, is invariably and univerſally deſpiſed, abandoned and diſowned: he has no domeſtic conſolations, which he can oppoſe to the cenſure of mankind; he can retire to no fraternity, where his crimes may ſtand in the place of virtues; but is given up to the hiſſes of the multitude, without friend or apologiſt. It is the peculiar condition of falſehood, to be equally deteſted by the good and bad: "The devils," ſays Sir Thomas Brown, "do not tell lies to one another, for truth is neceſſary to all ſocieties, nor can the ſociety of hell ſubſiſt without it."

It is natural to expect, that a crime thus generally deteſted ſhould be generally avoided; at leaſt, that none ſhould expoſe himſelf to unabated and unpitied infamy without an adequate temptation, and that to guilt ſo eaſily detected, and ſo ſeverely puniſhed, an adequate temptation would not readily be found.

Yet ſo it is, that in defiance of cenſure and contempt, truth is frequently violated; and ſcarcely the moſt vigilant and unremitted circumſpection will ſecure him that mixes with mankind, from being hourly deceived by men of whom it can ſcarcely be imagined, that they mean any injury to him or profit to themſelves; even where the

ſubject

ſubject of converſation could not have been expected to put the paſſions in motion, or to have excited either hope or fear, or zeal or malignity, ſufficient to induce any man to put his reputation in hazard, however little he might value it, or to overpower the love of truth, however weak might be its influence.

The caſuiſts have very diligently diſtinguiſhed lies into their ſeveral claſſes, according to their various degrees of malignity: but they have, I think, generally omitted that which is moſt common, and perhaps not leaſt miſchievous; which, ſince the moraliſts have not given it name, I ſhall diſtinguiſh as the lie of vanity.

To vanity may be juſtly imputed moſt of the falſehoods, which every man perceives hourly playing upon his ear, and, perhaps moſt of thoſe that are propagated with ſucceſs. To the lie of commerce, and the lie of malice, the motive is apparent, that they are ſeldom negligently or implicitly received: ſuſpicion is always watchful over the practices of intereſt; and whatever the hope of gain, or the deſire of miſchief, can prompt one man to aſſert, another is by reaſons equally cogent incited to refute. But vanity pleaſes herſelf with

with ſuch light gratifications, and looks forward to pleaſure ſo remotely conſequential, that her practiſes raiſe no alarm, and her ſtratagems are not eaſily diſcovered.

Vanity is, indeed, often ſuffered to paſs unpurſued by ſuſpicion; becauſe he that would watch her motions, can never be at reſt: fraud and malice are bounded in their influence; ſome opportunity of time and place is neceſſary to their agency; but ſcarce any man is abſtracted one moment from his vanity; and he, to whom truth affords no gratifications, is generally inclined to ſeek them in falſehoods.

It is remarked by Sir Kenelm Digby, "that every man has a deſire to appear ſuperior to others, though it were only in having ſeen what they have not ſeen." Such an accidental advantage, ſince it neither implies merit or confers dignity, one would think ſhould not be deſired ſo much as to be counterfeited: yet even this vanity, trifling as it is, produces innumerable narratives, all equally falſe; but more or leſs credible in proportion to the ſkill or confidence of their relater. How many may a man of diffuſive converſation count among his acquaintances, whoſe lives have been ſignalized by numberleſs eſcapes; who never croſs a river but in

in a ſtorm, or take a journey into the country without more adventures than befel the knight-errants of ancient times in pathleſs foreſts or enchanted caſtles! How many muſt he know, to whom portents and prodigies are of daily occurrence; and for whom nature is hourly working wonders inviſible to every other eye, only to ſupply them with ſubjects for converſation.

Others there are that amuſe themſelves with the diſſemination of falſehoods, at a greater hazard of detection and diſgrace; men marked out by ſome lucky planet for univerſal confidence and for univerſal confidence and friendſhip, who have been conſulted in every difficulty, entruſted with every ſecret, and ſummoned to every tranſaction: it is the ſupreme felicity of theſe men, to ſtun all companies with noiſy information; to ſtill doubt, and overbear oppoſition, with certain knowledge or authentic intelligence. A liar of this kind with a ſtrong memory or briſk imagination, is often the oracle of an obſcure club, and till time diſcovers his impoſtures, dictates to his hearers with uncontrouled authority; for if a public queſtion be ſtarted, he was preſent at the debate; if a new faſhion be mentioned, he was at court the firſt day of its appearance; if a new performance of literature draws the attention of the public, he has

patronized

patronized the author, and ſeen his work in manuſcript; if a criminal of eminence be condemned to die, he often predicted his fate, and endeavoured his reformation: and who that lives at a diſtance from the ſcene of action, will dare to contradict a man, who reports from his own eyes and ears, and to whom all perſons and affairs are thus intimately unknown.

This kind of falſehood is generally ſucceſsful for a time, becauſe it is practiſed at firſt with timidity and caution: but the proſperity of the liar is of ſhort duration; the reception of one ſtory is always an incitement to the forgery of another leſs probable: and he goes on to triumph over tacit credulity, till pride or reaſon riſes up againſt him, and his companions will no longer endure to ſee him wiſer than themſelves.

It is apparent, that the inventors of all theſe fictions intend ſome exaltation of themſelves, and are led off by the purſuit of honour from their attendance upon truth: their narratives always imply ſome conſequence in favour of their courage, their ſagacity, or their activity, their familiarity with the learned, or their reception among the great; they are always bribed by the preſent pleaſure of ſeeing themſelves ſuperior to theſe that ſurround

round them, and receiving the homage of ſilent attention and envious admiration.

But vanity is ſometimes excited to fiction by leſs viſible gratifications: the preſent age abounds with a race of liars who are content with the conſciouſneſs of falſehood, and whoſe pride is to deceive others without any gain or glory to themſelves. Of this it is the ſupreme pleaſure to remark a lady in the play-houſe or the park, and to publiſh, under the character of a man ſuddenly enamoured, an advertiſement in the news of the next day, containing a minute deſcription of her perſon and dreſs. From this artifice, however, no other effect can be expected, than pertubations which the writer can never ſee, and conjectures of which he never can be informed: ſome miſchief, however, he hopes he has done: and to have done ſome miſchief, is of ſome importance. He ſets his invention to work again, and produces a narrative of a robbery or a murder, with all the circumſtances of time and place accurately adjuſted. This is a jeſt of greater effect and longer duration: if he fixes his ſcene at a proper diſtance, he may for ſeveral days keep a wife in terror of her huſband, or a mother for her ſon, and pleaſe himſelf with reflecting, that by his abilities and addreſs ſome addition is made to the miſeries of life.

There is, I think, an ancient law in Scotland, by which leaſing-making was capitally puniſhed, I am, indeed, far from deſiring to increaſe in this kingdom the number of executions: yet I cannot but think, that they who deſtroy the confidence of ſociety, weaken the credit of intelligence, and interrupt the ſecurity of life; harraſs the delicate with ſhame, and perplex the timorous with alarms; might very properly be awakened to a ſenſe of their crimes, by denunciations of a whipping-poſt or pillory: ſince many are ſo inſenſible of right and wrong, that they have no ſtandard of action but the law; nor feel guilt, but as they dread puniſhment.

ANECDOTE

OF

CHARLES the BOLD,

Duke of Burgundy.

CHARLES the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and Earl of Flanders, had a nobleman in ſpecial favor with him, to whom he had committed the government of a town in Zealand; where, living in a great deal of eaſe, he fell in love with a woman

woman of beautiful body, and a mind and manners no way inferior. He paſſed and repaſſed by her door; ſoon after grew bolder, entered into conference with her, diſcovered his flame, made large promiſes, and uſed all the ways by which he hoped to gain her; but all in vain; her chaſtity was proof againſt all the batteries he could make againſt it. Falling therefore into deſpair, he converts himſelf into villainy. He was, as I ſaid, a governor; and Duke Charles was buſied in war. He cauſes therefore the huſband of his miſtreſs to be accuſed of treachery, and forth-with commits him to priſon; to the end, that by fears or threats he might draw her to his pleaſure, or, at leaſt, quit himſelf of her huſband, the only rival with him in his love. The woman, as one that loved her huſband, went to the gaol, and thence to the governor, to entreat for him, and try if ſhe was able to obtain his liberty. "Doſt thou come, O my dear, to entreat me? (ſaid the governor.) You are certainly ignorant of the empire you have over me; render me only a mutual affection, and I am ready to reſtore you your huſband; for we are both under a reſtraint: he is my priſoner, and I am your's. Ah, how eaſily may you give liberty to us both! why do you refuſe! As a lover I beſeech you, and as you tender my life; as the governor I aſk you, and as you tender the life of your huſband. Both

are at ſtake; and, if I muſt periſh, I will not fall alone." The woman bluſhed at what ſhe heard, and, being in fear for her huſband, trembled, and turned pale. He perceiving ſhe was moved, and ſuppoſing that ſome force ſhould be uſed to her modeſty, throws her upon the bed, and enjoyed the fruit which afterwards proved bitter to them both. The woman departed confounded and in tears, thinking of nothing more than revenge; which was ſtill more inflamed by a barbarous act of the governor; for he, having obtained his deſire, and hoping hereafter freely to enjoy her, took care that her huſband, his rival, ſhould be beheaded in the gaol, and there was the body put into a coffin ready for burial. This done, he ſent for her, and in an affable manner, "What (ſaid he) do you ſeek for your huſband? You ſhall have him; and (pointing to the priſon) you ſhall find him there; take him along with you." The woman ſuſpecting nothing, went her way; but when ſhe ſaw the body, ſhe fell upon the dead corpſe; and, having long lamented over it, ſhe turned to the governor with a fierce countenance and tone. "It is true (ſaid ſhe) you have reſtored me my huſband; I owe you thanks for the favour, and will pay you. He endeavoured to retain and appeaſe her, but in vain, but, haſting home, ſhe called about her, her moſt faithful friends, and recounted

to

to them all that had paſſed. They all agreed that ſhe ſhould make her caſe known to the duke; who, amongſt other excellent virtues was a ſingular lover of juſtice. To him ſhe went, was heard, but ſcarce believed. The Duke was angry and grieved that any of his ſubjects, and in his dominions, ſhould preſume ſo far. He commanded her to withdraw into the next room, till he ſent for the governor, who by chance was then at court. Being come, " Do you know, (ſaid the Duke) this woman?" The man changed colour. " Do you know too (added he) the complaints ſhe makes of you? They are ſad ones, and ſuch as I wiſh ſhould not be true. He ſhook, faultered in his ſpeech, and betrayed all the ſigns of guilt. Being urged home, he confeſſed all, freed the woman from any fault, and caſting himſelf at the Duke's feet, ſaid, " He placed all his refuge and comfort in the good grace and mercy of his prince; and, that he might the better obtain it, he offered to make amends for his unlawful luſt, by a lawful marriage of the perſon he had injured. " The Duke, as one that inclined to what he ſaid, ſeemed ſomewhat milder. " You, woman (ſaid he) ſince it is gone thus far, are you willing to have this man for your huſband?" She refuſed; but fearing the Duke's diſpleaſure, and prompted by the courtiers

that

that he was noble, rich, and in favour with his prince, overcome, at laſt, ſhe yielded.

The Duke cauſed both to join hands and the marriage to be lawfully made. Which done, "You (he ſaid to the bridegroom) muſt now grant me this, that if you die firſt, without children of your body, that then this wife of your's ſhall be heir of all that you have." He willingly granted it: it was writ down by a notary, and witneſſed. This done, the duke turning to the woman, "There is his will, but there is not mine," ſaid he: and, and ſending the woman away, he commands the governor to be led to that very priſon in which the huſband was ſlain, and to be laid in a coffin headleſs, as he was. This done, he then ſent the woman thither (ignorant of what had paſſed;) who, frighted with that ſecond unthought of misfortune, of two huſbands, almoſt at one and the ſame time, loſt by one and the ſame puniſhment, fell ſpeedily ſick, and in a ſhort time died; having gained this only by her laſt marriage, that ſhe left her children by her former huſband very rich by the acceſſion of this new and great inheritance.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF

COUNT ZINZENDORFF.

THERE is no court in Europe, or it may be in the world, more jealous of its grandeur, than that of Vienna; and of courſe, the miniſters in no court whatever affect greater ſtate, or are at more pains to impreſs a very high degree of reverence and reſpect upon all who have the honour to approach them. But it ſometimes happens, that, even to candid obſervers, there are amazing littleneſſes, viſible in theſe otherwiſe great men; and broad ſtreaks of folly now and then appear through all the grave wiſdom, and refined policy, of theſe mighty ſtateſmen. They give law to great kingdoms—they decide on the fate of potent nations--they preſcribe rules even to lateſt poſterity—and in the midſt of all this attention to others, ſo it is, that they have great and glaring foibles, uncorrected in themſelves; which naturally tarniſhes that glory, and diminiſhes that eſteem, in which they ſhould ſeem to have placed their felicity. The truth of this obſervation was never more verified, perhaps, than in the following anecdote of the celebrated Count Zinzendorff, Chancellor

cellor of the court, miniſter for foreign affairs, and Knight of the order of the Golden Fleece, in the reign of the Emperor Charles the Sixth.

On his public days, there was an half hour, and ſometimes near a whole one, when he was altogether inacceſſible; and in reſpect to his employment at thoſe ſeaſons, as is ever the caſe as to the privacies of prime miniſters, there was great variety of deep as well as different ſpeculations. An inquiſitive foreigner, however, reſolved to be at the bottom, coſt what it would; and by a gratification to one of his pages, which might have procured a greater ſecret, he was let into this. In order to ſatisfy his curioſity, he was placed in a cloſet, between the room where the Count was, and the chamber of audience, when he had the ſatisfaction of beholding the following pleaſant ſcene.

The Count, ſeated in his elbow chair, gave the ſignal of his being ready for the important buſineſs, when, preceded by a page with a cloth on his arm, and a drinking glaſs, one of his principal domeſtics appeared, who preſented a ſilver ſalver, with many little pieces of bread elegantly diſpoſed: he was immediately followed by the firſt cook, who, on another ſalver, had a number of ſmall veſ-

ſels,

ſels, filled with ſo many different kinds of gravy. His Excellency, then tucking his napkin into his cravat, firſt waſhed and gargled his mouth, and having wiped it, dipped a piece of bread in each kind of ſauce, and having taſted with much deliberation, rincing his palate (to avoid confuſion) after every piece, at length, with inexpreſſible ſagacity, decided as to the deſtination of them all. Theſe grand inſtruments of luxury, with their attendants then were diſmiſſed; and the long expected miniſter, having fully diſcuſſed this intereſting affair, found himſelf at liberty to diſcharge next the duties of his political function. In a word, with a true Apician eloquence, he generouſly inſtructed all the novices in good living; and as Solomon diſcourſed of every herb, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyſſop on the wall; ſo he began with a Champignon, no bigger than a Dutchman's waiſtcoat button, and ended with a wild boar, the glory of the German foreſts!

INTEMPERANCE.

WAR its thouſands ſlays,
Peace its ten thouſands; in th' embattled plain,
Tho' death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not even there ſo abſolute,
So mercileſs as in your frantic ſcenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawleſs love,
He ſnares the ſimple youth, who nought ſuſpecting
Means to be bleſt:—But finds himſelf done.
Down the ſmooth ſtream of time the ſtripling darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal ſkies,
Hope ſwells his ſails, and paſſion ſteers his courſe,
Safe glides his little bark along the ſhore,
Where virtue takes her ſtand, but if too far,
He launches forth beyond diſcretion's mark,
Suddenly the tempeſt ſcowls, the ſurges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep
O! ſad—but ſure miſchance!

Thoſe men who deſtroy a healthful conſtitution of body by intemperance, and irregular life, do as manifeſtly kill themſelves, as thoſe who hang, poiſon, or drown themſelves.

Caſt

Caſt an eye into the gay world, what ſee we for the moſt part, but a ſet of quarrellous, emaciated, fluttering, fantaſtical, worn out in keen purſuit of pleaſure; creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet ſtill purſue their own infelicity! The decayed monuments of error! The then remains of what is called delight.

Virtue is no enemy to pleaſure, but its moſt certain friend: Her proper office is, to regulate our deſires, that we may enjoy every pleaſure with moderation, and loſe them without diſcontent.

It is not what we poſſeſs that makes us happy, but what we enjoy. If you live according to nature, you will ſeldom be poor, if according to opinion, never rich.

Temperance, by fortifying the mind and body, leads to happineſs. Intemperance, by enervating them, ends generally in miſery.

The virtue of proſperity is temperance, the virtue of adverſity, fortitude, which in morals is the moſt heroic virtue.

PASSION not to be ERADICATED.

THE VIEWS OF

WOMEN ILL DIRECTED.

THE folly of human wiſhes and purſuits has always been a ſtanding ſubject of mirth and declamation, and has been ridiculed and lamented from age to age, till perhaps the fruitleſs repetition of complaints and cenſures may be juſtly numbered among the ſubjects of cenſure and complaint.

Some of theſe inſtructors of mankind have not contented themſelves with checking the overflows of paſſion, and lopping the exuberance of deſire, but have attempted to deſtroy the root as well as the branches; and not only to confine the mind within bounds, but to ſmooth it for ever by a dead calm. They have employed their reaſon and eloquence to perſuade us, that nothing is worth the wiſh of a wiſe man, have repreſented all earthly good and evil as indifferent, and counted among vulgar errors the dread of pain and the love of life.

It is almoſt always the unhappineſs of a victorious diſputant, to deſtroy his own authority by claiming too many conſequences, or diffuſing his propoſition

propoſition to an indefenſible extent. When we have heated our zeal in a cauſe, and elated our confidence with ſucceſs we are naturally inclined to purſue the ſame train of reaſoning, to eſtabliſh ſome collateral truth, to remove ſome adjacent difficulty; and to take in the whole comprehenſion of our ſyſtem. As a prince in the ardour of acquiſition, is willing to ſecure his firſt conqueſt by the addition of another, add fortreſs to fortreſs, and city to city, till deſpair and opportunity turn his enemies upon him, and he loſes in a moment the glory of reign.

The philoſopher having found an eaſy victory over thoſe deſires which we produce in ourſelves, and which terminate in ſome imaginary ſtate of happineſs unknown and unattainable, proceeded to make further inroads upon the heart, and attacked at laſt our ſenſes and our inſtincts. They continue to war upon nature with arms, by which only folly could be conquered; they therefore loſt the trophies of their former combats, and were conſidered no longer with reverence or regard.

Yet it cannot be with juſtice denied, that theſe men have been very uſeful monitors, and have left many proofs of ſtrong reaſon, deep penetration and accurate attention to the affairs of life,

which

which it is now our buſineſs to ſeparate from the foam of a boiling imagination, and to apply judiciouſly to our own uſe. They have ſhewn that moſt of the conditions of life, which raiſe the envy of the timorous, and rouſe the ambition of the daring, are empty ſhows of felicity, which, when they become familiar, loſe their power of delighting; and that the moſt proſperous and exalted have very few advantages over a meaner and more obſcure fortune, when their dangers and ſolicitudes are balanced againſt their equipage, their banquets, and their palaces.

It is natural for every man uninſtructed to murmur at his condition, becauſe, in the general infelicity of life, he feels his own miſeries, without knowing that they are common to all the reſt of the ſpecies; and therefore, though he will not be leſs ſenſible of pain by being told that others are equally tormented, he will at leaſt be freed from the temptation of ſeeking by perpetual changes that eaſe which is no where to be found, and though his diſeaſe ſtill continues, he eſcapes the hazard of exaſperating it by remedies.

The gratifications which affluence of wealth, extent of power, and eminence of reputation confer, muſt be always, by their own nature, confined

to

to a very ſmall number; and the life of the greater part of mankind muſt be loſt in empty wiſhes and painful compariſons, were not the balm of philoſophy ſhed upon us, and our diſcontent at the appearances of an unequal diſtribution ſoothed and appeaſed.

It ſeemed, perhaps, below the dignity of the great maſters of moral learning, to deſcend to familiar life, and caution mankind againſt that petty ambition which is known among us by the name of vanity; which yet had been an undertaking not unworthy of the longeſt beard and moſt ſolemn auſterity.

For though the paſſions of little minds, acting in low ſtations, do not fill the world with bloodſhed and devaſtations, or mark, by great events, the periods of time, yet they torture the breaſt on which they ſeize, infeſt thoſe that are placed within the reach of their influence, deſtroy private quiet and private virtue, and undermine inſenſibly the happineſs of the world.

The deſire of excellence is laudable, but is very frequently ill directed. We fall, by chance, into ſome claſs of mankind, and, without conſulting nature or wiſdom, reſolve to gain their regard by thoſe qualities which they happen to eſteem.

I once knew a man remarkably dimſighted, who, by converſing much with country gentlemen, found himſef irreſiſtibly determined to ſylvan honours. His great ambition was to ſhoot flying, and he therefore ſpent whole days in the woods purſuing game; which before he was near enough to ſee them, his approach frighted away.

When it happens that the deſire tends to objects which produce no competition, it may be overlooked with ſome indulgence, becauſe, however fruitleſs or abſurd, it cannot have ill effects upon the morals. But moſt of our enjoyments owe their value to the peculiarity of poſſeſſion, and when they are rated at too high a value, give occaſion to ſtratagems of malignity, and incite oppoſition, hatred, and defamation. The conteſt of two rural beauties for preference and diſtinction is often ſufficiently keen and rancorous to fill their breaſts with all thoſe paſſions which are generally thought the curſe only of ſenates, of armies, and of courts; and the rival dancers of an obſcure aſſembly have their partiſans and abettors, often not leſs exaſperated againſt each other, than thoſe who are promoting the intereſt of rival monarchs.

It is common to conſider thoſe whom we find infected with an unreaſonable regard for trifling accompliſh-

accompliſhments, as chargeable with all the conſequences of their folly, and as the authors of their own unhappineſs: but perhaps, thoſe whom we thus ſcorn or deteſt, have more claim to tenderneſs than has been yet allowed them. Before we permit our ſeverity to break looſe upon any fault or error, we ought ſurely, to conſider how much we have countenanced or promoted it. We ſee multitudes buſy in the purſuit of riches, at the expence of wiſdom and of virtue; but we ſee the reſt of mankind approving their conduct, and inciting their eagerneſs by paying that regard and deference to wealth which wiſdom and virtue only can deſerve. We ſee women univerſally jealous of the reputation of their beauty, and frequently look with contempt on the care with which they ſtudy their complexions, endeavour to preſerve or to ſupply the bloom of youth, regulate every ornament, twiſt their hair into curls, and ſhade the faces from the weather. We recommend the care of their nobleſt part, & tell them how little addition is made by all their arts to the graces of the mind. But when was it known that female goodneſs or knowledge was able to attract that officiouſneſs, or inſpire that ardour, which beauty produces whenever it appears? And with what hope can we endeavour to perſuade the ladies, that the time ſpent at the toilet is loſt in vanity, when they

have every moment ſome new conviction, that their intereſt is more effectually promoted by a ribband well diſpoſed, than by the brighteſt act of heroick virtue?

In every inſtance of vanity it will be found, that the blame ought to be ſhared among more than it generally reaches; all who exalt trifles by immoderate praiſe, or inſtigate needleſs emulation by invidious incitements, are to be conſidered as perverters of reaſon and corrupters of the world: and ſince every man is obliged to promote happineſs and virtue, he ſhould be careful not to miſlead away minds, by appearing to ſet too high a value upon things by which no real excellence is conferred.

PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

IF we conſider the exerciſes of the human mind, it will be found, that in each part of life ſome particular faculty is more eminently employed. When the treaſures of knowledge are firſt opened before us, while novelty blooms alike on either hand, and every thing equally unknown and unexamined, ſeems of equal value, the power of the ſoul is principally exerted in a vivacious and deſultory

ſultory curioſity. She applies, by turns, to every object, enjoys it for a ſhort time, and flies with equal ardour to another. She delights to catch up looſe and unconnected ideas, but ſtarts away from ſyſtems and complications, which would obſtruct the rapidity of her tranſitions, and detain her long in the ſame purſuit.

When a number of diſtinct images are collected by theſe erratic and haſty ſurveys, the fancy is buſied in arranging them, and combines them into pleaſing pictures with more reſemblance to the realities of life, as experience advances, and new obſervations rectify the former. While the judgment is yet uninformed, and unable to compare the draughts of fiction with their originals, we are delighted with improbable adventures, impracticable virtues, and inimitable characters; but, in proportion as we have more opportunities of acquainting ourſelves with living nature, we are ſooner diſguſted with copies in which there appears no reſemblance. We firſt diſcard abſurdity and impoſſibility, then exact greater and greater degrees of probability, but at laſt become cold and inſenſible to charms of falſehood, however ſpecious; and, from the imitations of truth, which are never perfect, transfer our affection to truth itſelf.

Now commences the ruin of judgment or reaſon. We begin to find little pleaſure but in comparing arguments, ſtating propoſitions, diſentangling perplexities, clearing ambiguities, and deducting conſequences. The painted vales of imagination are deſerted, and our intellectual activity is exerciſed in winding through the labyrinths of fallacy, and toiling with firm and cautious ſteps up the narrow tracks of demonſtration. Whatever may lull vigilance or miſlead attention, is contemptuouſly rejected, and every diſguiſe in which error may be concealed, is carefully obſerved, till by degrees, a certain number of inconteſtible or unſuſpected propoſitions are eſtabliſhed, and at laſt concatenated into arguments or compacted into ſyſtems.

At length, wearineſs ſucceeds to labour, and the mind lies at eaſe in the contemplation of her own attainments, without any deſire of new conqueſts or excurſions. This is the age of recollection and narrative. The opinions are ſettled, and the avenues of apprehenſion ſhut againſt any new intelligence; the days that are to follow muſt paſs in the inculcation of precepts already collected, and aſſerſions of tenets already received; nothing is henceforward ſo odious as oppoſition, ſo inſolent as doubt, or ſo dangerous as novelty.

THE

THE OLD MAN's TALE.

AS I rode ſlowly along I perceived an old man ſeated under the ſhade of a large tree, which ſtood a little from the road ſide. Tears flowed down his cheeks, which were wrinkled with age, and ſeemingly with care. He was in the attitude of contemplating a ſmall miniature; and his countenance bore the impreſs of a ſettled melancholy. In ſhort, his whole appearance was ſo intereſting, that, unable to proceed, I alighted from my horſe, and advanced towards him. He did not perceive me, till I had got within a few paces of where he ſat; when rouzing himſelf from his melancholy poſture, he ſaluted me reſpectfully.

"Father," ſaid I, "excuſe the boldneſs of a ſtranger, who has preſumed to interrupt your meditations; but I find myſelf ſo much intereſted by you, that I am unable to reſtrain the curioſity which I feel to know your hiſtory. Were I to form a judgment from what I have juſt ſeen, you muſt have experienced much ſorrow.

The old man eyed me ſtedfaſtly for ſome time, and then replied—"My ſon, ſo much goodneſs of heart is apparent in you that I cannot refuſe to ſatisfy

ſatisfy you. Beſides, my ſorrows may receive ſome alleviation from the ſympathy of a fellow creature. Seat yourſelf by me, then, and I will briefly relate to you the events of my paſt life, and thoſe calamities with which it hath pleaſed Heaven to afflict me." I accordingly ſat down by his ſide under the tree; and he related the following tale, which I have recorded almoſt word for word, ſo ſtrong an impreſſion did it leave on my mind.

"I was, once," ſaid he, "by the bleſſing of Heaven, rich and proſperous. I lived in Paris, and acquired great wealth by merchandize. At the age of thirty, I married an amiable woman, who brought me two ſons; but the younger of them was hardly weaned, when the mother was ſeized with a violent fever, which carried her off in five days. For ſome time, my ſorrow was inconſolable; but when I reflected on what I owed to the two pledges which ſhe had left behind, I endeavoured to ſhake it off, that I might the better be enabled to fulfil my duty with regard to them. When they had arrived at a proper age, I provided maſters for them, who gave them leſſons at home; and my mind was amuſed in obſerving the progreſs which they made. Their good diſpoſitions unfolded themſelves daily; which, though very different, were equally calculated to delight the

the heart of a fond parent. Frederick, my elder boy, was lively, gay, and eaſy; Henry, who was two years younger, was grave, modeſt, and reſerved. The ſame deſire to pleaſe me was apparent in both; but their manner of doing ſo differed exceedingly; Frederick was deſirous of ſhowing his readineſs: Henry was backward, fearful leaſt he ſhould do wrong.

"The days of childhood rolled on, and no circumſtance interrupted the harmony of our little family. When buſineſs called me from home, I left my ſons under the care of the ſteward. This man was named Jacques; and, by living in my family for many years, he had become ſo attached to me, and I to him, that we never could bear the idea of parting from each other. He loved my children as if they had been his own; and they, in return, honoured and reſpected him as much as their own father.

"As the two lads advanced in years, I determined to let them follow the bent of their own inclinations; both from the love which I bore them myſelf, and as a tribute of reſpect to the memory of their departed mother. This indulgence, on my part, produced perfect love and confidence from them towards me; not as is generally the caſe,

caſe, rebellion, and diſobedience. My elder ſon had been inclined to the poſſeſſion of arms from his infancy; and, when he had reached his twentieth year, I purchaſed a commiſſion for him, and he was immediately ordered out on foreign ſervice. It was my wiſh to have kept them both near me till my death; but I ſmothered that ſentiment, as well as the ſorrow which I felt at his departure, leſt they might tend to diſcourage him; for ardour to acquire military renown beat high in his boſom, and I did not think it was my duty to check it.

"When he had been gone a few months, I grew weary of the noiſe and buſtle of the metropolis; and, my ſon Henry having expreſſed an inclination for a rural life, I determined to withdraw from the cares of buſineſs. Accordingly, having realized a handſome ſufficiency, I purchaſed an eſtate in a beautiful retired part of Switzerland. My houſe which was of a middling ſize, and neat, was erected upon a verdant lawn; on which numerous flocks of ſheep, & their young ones, were continually paſtured. On the extremity of the lawn, to the left-hand, a tranſparent ſtream flowed gently along, overſhadowed by willows and young poplars. From the houſe, our ears were continually delighted with the ſoft murmuring of the river, and the warbling of the birds in the trees. To the

the right a path led acroſs the lawn to our garden. Here every vegetable and every fruit grew in abundance, and the moſt grateful perfumes exhaled from a variety of flowers. In ſhort, nature and art ſeemed to have combined in forming for us a retreat the moſt beautiful, from the noiſy capital of France.

"In this delicious ſpot then, we took up our reſidence. My ſon daily exerciſed himſelf in acts of benevolence and charity. He rode among the poor neighbours, relieving the diſtreſſed, and adminiſtering conſolation to the unhappy. He, in return, was beloved by them univerſally. All their differences were referred to him, and perfect acquieſcence was always given to his deciſion.—Unhappy boy!" exclaimed the old man; "thy days were ſhort and full of ſorrow!"

After a ſhort pauſe, he again continued—"there lived," ſaid he, "in our neighbourhood, a perſon of very high rank, and poſſeſſed of great riches, named Moulville. Family pride was deeply rooted in his boſom, and almoſt extinguiſhed the nobler paſſions of the ſoul; and though, on ſome occaſions, the latter might get the aſcendant, they were ſoon made ſubordinate to the ruling paſſion. He had been united to a lovely woman, who mar-

ried him in obedience to the commands of her parents, though ſtrongly againſt her inclination. The conſequence was, that a deep ſorrow ſettled on her mind; which affecting her health, and threw her into a deep decline, of which ſhe died about a year and a half after the marriage. She left behind her one daughter who inherited much of the mother's diſpoſition. A melancholy ſweetneſs beamed from her large blue eyes, and ſat on her placid countenance. Her perſon was of a middling ſize, but graceful; her voice was gentle and harmonious: but the beauties of her mind far excelled thoſe of her body; ſhe was virtuous, humane, pious, and affectionate. In a word, Julia poſſeſſed every quality which can endear woman. Of her the father was paſſionately fond, and he ſpared no expence in beſtowing on her ſuch an education as from her ſituation in life, he thought her juſtly entitled to.

"With them we had maintained no correſpondence ſince our arrival at that part of the world; and it was by mere chance that we ever became intimate. It happened that, as Moulville and his daughter were one morning taking their accuſtomed ride, the horſe of the latter took fright, & galloped away at full ſpeed, in ſpite of Julia to ſtop it. Chance conducted the animal near our habitation,

juſt

juſt as Henry and I were returning from a ramble about the country. No ſooner did he perceive the danger to which the lovely girl was expoſed, than he flew, with the rapidity of lightning, to her aſſiſtance. The horſe was within a few yards of a fearful precipice, in which that part of the country abounds; Henry ſeized the bridle, and fortunately without receiving any injury. He caught Julia, almoſt lifeleſs, in his arms; and, having ſeated her on the graſs, he haſtened to the ſtream, which flowed near the ſpot where they were, for ſome water. Scarcely had the girl began to revive, when old Moulville rode up quite frantic and breathleſs. As ſoon as he perceived his daughter ſafe, and learnt to whom he was indebted for her preſervation, he flew round Henry's neck and loaded him with careſſes. When the firſt tranſports of his joy were over, they conducted Julia to my habitation, whence having perfectly recovered her ſpirits, ſhe was conveyed home.

" From that time an intimacy commenced, which has been the occaſion of moſt of my ſubſequent calamities. We were now continually at each other's houſe; and from the frequent opportunities which Henry and Julia had of being in each others company, a friendſhip commenced; which from the ſimilarity of their diſpoſition, terminated in a ſettled mutual affection.

" About the middle of that part of the ſpring which murmured by my habitation, a lofty oak reared its venerable head. It had ſtood there for ages; and time had rather increaſed than diminiſhed its beauty and its ſtrength. Round its trunk at the bottom, Henry had, for his amuſement, placed ſeats; and he delighted in retiring thither, at the cloſe of the day, to read or to play on his flute. Hither it was, too, that, after our connection with Moulville, he delighted to reſort with his beloved Julia. When the ſultry heat of day was paſt, they uſed to walk by the ſide of the water, under the ſhadow of the trees; and, when weary, ſeated themſelves beneath the oak, admiring the beauties which nature diſplayed on every ſide. The verdure of the ſurrounding country, the warbling of the birds on the neighbouring buſhes and trees, and the ſetting ſun which tinged the tops of the mountains with its laſt expiring rays, by turns called forth their admiration. They would frequently remain here till the ſhades of night entirely obſcured the hemiſphere; and, even then wondered at the rapidity with which the hours had flown away.

" Time, however, obliterates the ſtrongeſt impreſſions which are made on the human mind. It was now about a twelvemonth ſince our connection

tion with Moulville had commenced. Hitherto he had ſhewn no repugnance at the intimacy between his daughter and Henry; for he was ſtrongly ſenſible of the obligation which he lay under to the latter: the moment, however, that this ſentiment grew weaker, he began to reflect on the impolicy of allowing them to continue together any longer. He accordingly reſolved to ſeparate them, though he cautiouſly concealed his real motives for ſo doing; he clothed it under the pretence of the ſituation diſagreeing with him; and of his having ſome private buſineſs of the greateſt importance to tranſact at Paris, which required his conſtant attendance there. For my part, I clearly penetrated his true intention; and I too well knew, that no perſuaſion could make him alter his reſolution. As this was the caſe, I entreated Henry to ſhake off his ſorrow which had ſeized his mind on hearing Moulville's determination; and I exhorted him to endeavour to get the better of his attachment, by reflecting on the impoſſibility of obtaining the object of his affection.

"The day before Moulville's departure, we all met at my houſe. I was concerned at the ſadneſs which ſat on the countenances of the young people; but Moulville did not ſeem to obſerve it: he, however, put on a fair appearance, and expreſſed

preſſed deep ſorrow at parting with friends who were ſo dear to him, and to whom he was under laſting obligations. He likewiſe entreated us, if ever we came to Paris, to make his houſe our home. My ſon was, once or twice, on the point of declaring the mutual love which ſubſiſted between Julia and him, had I not checked him by a look. In truth I imagined ſuch a declaration might give the old gentleman occaſion to part in anger; and, as I hoped that abſence might extinguiſh their affection, I was unwilling that this ſhould be the caſe.

" In the afternoon, the weather being beautiful, Henry and Julia wandered out to their accuſtomed retreat. Here they walked up and down for ſome time in profound ſilence: they then ſeated themſelves under the tree; and the recollection of the pleaſure which they had ſo often enjoyed in each other's company in this ſpot, and the recollection of it's being, perhaps, the laſt time that they ſhould ever meet there again, cauſed the tears to trickle plentifully down their cheeks. Often did they attempt to ſpeak, and as often did their ſorrow deprive them of utterance. Henry, at length, recovered himſelf ſo far as to ſay, " Dear Julia, perhaps your father may return again: he, ſurely, cannot be ſo unkind as to ſeparate us for ever!

ever! Come what will, I am reſolved to follow you; for death itſelf would be preferable to ſeperation from you." Julia, who knew her father's diſpoſition and intentions but too well, looked at him penſively, and heaved a ſigh. As a token of her ſincere and unceaſing affection, however, ſhe preſented him with the ſmall miniature of herſelf, which you ſaw in my hand; and he received and preſerved it as ſomething ſacred.

" The ſhades of night were beginning to ſet in, when Moulville took his leave of me, as he intended to depart early the next morning. I accordingly accompanied him to the ſpot where Henry and Julia were ſeated; whence, having again bade us farewell, he took his departure homewards, with his daughter; and I, with Henry, directed my ſteps towards the houſe again.

" The melancholy which fixed on the young man, for ſome time after his departure, gave me the greateſt concern. Inſtead of purſuing the occupations in which he formerly took delight, he was continually wandering about the ſpots which he uſed to frequent with his beloved Julia. Sometimes he preſſed me to return to Paris, but I conſtantly objected to this; becauſe, as I ſaid before, I was in hopes that abſence would weaken his attachment,

tachment, and by degrees entirely extinguiſh it. I one morning took him into my ſtudy, and ſaid to him "My dear ſon, from the well known character of Moulville, from the pride of high rank and ſuperior fortune, I am well convinced in my own mind that he can never be brought to conſent to his daughter's being eſpouſed to the ſon of a merchant. Though, from a ſenſe of obligation to you, he has not openly avowed his real purpoſe in removing from hence, yet I clearly perceive it is to diſſolve the connection between you and his daughter. Since this is the caſe, then my dear Henry, ſhake off the melancholy which hangs on your mind, and do not let ſorrow prey on your health."

"He made no reply; but, as ſoon as I had ended, he roſe, and left the room: whence he haſtened to the tree, where he gazed for ſome time on the picture, and burſt into tears.

"Some time after this, he affected a chearfulneſs which but ill concealed the anguiſh of his mind. I imagined, however, that he began to ſee the propriety of what I had urged, and was endeavouring to follow my advice. I was pleaſing myſelf with the hope that he might ſoon ſucceed; but, alas! this expectation was blaſted by an event which plunged me in woe unutterable.

"One

" One morning—it was in the ſummer ſeaſon —I had riſen, as was uſual with me, about ſix o'clock. The weather was charming; and, being deſirous of taking a ramble about the country, I went to Henry's room, to aſk him to accompany me. As no anſwer was returned to frequent calls I opened his door, but the room was empty. Suppoſing then, that he had gone out before me, I wandered along, expecting to meet or overtake him. I paſſed by his favourite reſort, and purſued the road we uſually took together; but I ſaw no trace of him. I imagined, on this, that he might have taken a different road, and returned home to breakfaſt; but ſeveral hours had elapſed after it was over, without either ſeeing or hearing of him. I now grew very anxious; for he was always regular and punctual. Servants were diſpatched to different parts of the country to ſearch for him; but they all returned at night, without ſucceſs. I now feared that the agitation of his mind might have produced ſome fatal effect; and accordingly gave orders that his body ſhould be ſought for in all the neighbouring rivers and at the bottoms of the precipices; but, alas! after the moſt diligent enquiry for more than a week, I could not obtain the ſmalleſt intelligence of him.

Home now became a burden to me, and I reſolved to ſeek for Henry in perſon. Accordingly, having entruſted the management of my houſhold to Jacques, I directed my courſe towards Paris; ſuppoſing, now that he had gone thither, in the hope of meeting his beloved Julia. The idea of his having taken that road did not ſtrike me, at firſt, for two reaſons: firſt, becauſe I conceived it impoſible for him to have gone away without being ſeen by any of the neighbours; and, ſecondly, becauſe I did not believe that he would have taken ſuch a ſtep without conſulting my inclination. Now, however, it was the only honourable conjecture that remained; and I determined to haſten thither with all poſſible ſpeed.

"I accordingly proceeded with the greateſt expedition; but the heat, occaſioned by haſty travelling in a ſultry ſeaſon, combined with the violent agitation of my ſpirits, threw me into a burning fever, before I had half reached the end of my journey.

"I was obliged to ſtop at a little village, where I was put to bed; but my diſeaſe increaſed to ſuch a degree, that I entirely loſt the uſe of my reaſon and became diſtracted. I continued in this dreadful ſituation for ſome time; when through the

the goodneſs of my conſtitution, the fever abated, and my ſenſes by degrees returned. When they were reſtored, I perceived one of my ſervants ſeated by me, who had been diſpatched by Jacques immediately on hearing of my indiſpoſition; but hitherto no intelligence had tranſpired concerning Henry.

"It was a long time before I had ſo far recovered my ſtrength, as to have the power of riſing from my bed. When, however, I grew ſo well as to be able to travel again, I prepared to proceed towards Paris; but the phyſician who attended me, and who had been informed of the occaſion of my journey, gave me poſitive orders to the contrary. He declared, that a certain relapſe would be the conſequence; and, in that caſe, it would be impoſſible for me ever to recover. Accordingly, in obedience to his command, and advice, I took the road homewards: fully determined, however, to diſpatch my ſteward to Paris, the moment that I arrived.

"It was about ſun-ſet when the carriage ſtopped at the ſource of the ſtream which meandered by the ſide of my lawn. The evening was mild, and I determined to get out and walk towards the houſe. As I proceeded under the trees, a gentle melancholy diffuſed itſelf over my mind

when I reflected how often Henry and I had here wandered together and how often in this very ſpot, he had enjoyed the company of his lovely Julia. This ſenſation increaſed as I approached the tree; and I was on the point of turning back, left the ſight of it, the remembrance of paſt happineſs, compared with my preſent ſorrowful condition, ſhould overwhelm my mind, had not ſomething pleaſing in the recollection determined me to go on. As I approached the oak, I diſcovered ſomebody ſeated under it's ſhades; and on coming nearer, I perceived Jacques with his eyes riveted on the ground. An unuſual ſorrow appeared in his countenance, and I ſaw the tears trickle down his cheeks. When I had got within a few paces of the tree, I called him by his name. At my well-known voice he roſe up, and flew towards me; he then ſeized my hand, and preſſed it to his lips. I urged him to inform me whether he had yet heard any thing of Henry. When I pronounced that name, his tears redoubled: he attempted to ſpeak, but the poor fellow's heart was ſo full, that his voice was entirely choaked. At length he got out, with much difficulty—"My dear, dear maſter!—poor Henry returned laſt night, but I fear—" When he had thus ſpoken, I broke from him, and flew to the houſe: I haſtened

ened to my ſon's room, where he lay reclined upon a couch.

" The emaciated appearance of the young man ſtruck me. His fleſh was entirely fallen away; his colour was faded, and his eyes were ſunk in his head. He turned them towards me, as I opened the door, and ſtretched his hand, I ran to him, and claſped him in my arms. For ſome time our agitation was ſo great, that we were unable to utter a ſyllable; but at length, fearing leſt the diſorder of his ſpirits ſhould haſten on his diſſolution, which I too clearly perceived was approaching, I exhorted him to compoſe himſelf to reſt, and I ſat down by him.

" Sleep, however, fled from his eyes; and he paſſed the weary hours in relating to me, with a ſuffocated voice, what had befallen him ſince he had left home. He informed me that, at twelve o'clock at night, he had ſet out in diſguiſe; and that having walked about three miles to a place where a conveyance ſtood ready for him, he had bent his courſe to Paris; that, having arrived there, he went to the houſe of Moulville, who now threw off the maſk, openly denied him admittance, and deſired to be troubled with his viſits no longer: that this circumſtance had entirely broken his ſpirits; and, feeling his health likewiſe beginning

ning to decay, he had been ſeized with remorſe for the ſorrow he had occaſioned me, and had reſolved to return. He concluded by entreating my pardon for the ſtep he had taken; which, he declared, he never could have done, had he not been apprehenſive that I would have oppoſed his intentions. " Let me hear, " cried he, that I have your forgiveneſs, and I ſhall die content!"

" The poor youth was ſo exhauſted, that, I perceived all medical aſſiſtance would be vain. Nevertheleſs, I ſent for a phyſician, but he only confirmed me in my opinion. I accordingly prepared myſelf for the worſt, and became quite reſigned to the will of Heaven. The fourth day after his arrival, the near approach of death became apparent. In affect, about ſeven o'clock in the evening, he fainted away; and, when he had a little revived, he preſſed Julia's picture to his lips, feebly pronounced her name and mine; and then, heaving a deep ſigh from his boſom, expired!

" The effect which this event had on my mind, was entirely different from what I imagined. Inſtead of growing frantic, a deep melancholy ſeized my mind. As ſoon as I perceived that life had ceaſed to animate the frame of my ſon, I left the room, and wandering penſively acroſs the lawn

to

to the tree. I ſeated myſelf under its ſhade, in a ſtupefaction of ſorrow. Here I remained the whole night; nor could the moſt earneſt entreaties of my faithful ſteward prevail on me to retire to the houſe. In the morning I roſe up, and walked again towards it. I went up to the room where Henry lay, and ſat contemplating his lifeleſs image for ſeveral hours together. Poor Jacques, perceiving entreaties to be ineffectual, was obliged to employ force. He had me conveyed to a different apartment, where he made me take ſome little nouriſhment to ſupport nature. He thinking that the beſt method of diminiſhing my ſorrow, would be to remove the object of it, he gave orders with regard to Henry's burial without delay. He wiſhed to conceal his purpoſe from me, till it was over; but, by ſome means or other I learned his intention. Accordingly on the day which he meant to perform the laſt honours to my ſon, I told him that my ſpirit's felt more eaſy; and informed him, that I had been acquainted with his deſign: I begged him alſo as he valued my life, to allow me to accompany the body to the tomb.

Perceiving the eagerneſs with which I made the requeſt, and fearing leſt a refuſal might cauſe me to take ſome fatal reſolution, he complied. I accordingly followed the remains of my ſon, and

compoſed

compoſed my mind by reflecting that he was now in the arms of an all-wiſe and merciful Being, who would fully recompence him for the days of ſorrow which were allotted him on this earth.

"When the funeral ſervice was over, I again directed my ſteps to Henry's retreat. Here, as I ſat abſorbed in deep meditation and ſorrow, I heard the ſounds of a horſe's feet near me. At firſt, I took little notice of it, and did not even raiſe my eyes from the ground. The perſon, however, came on; and, having approached the ſpot where I was ſeated, made a ſtop. I now looked up, and perceived a gentleman in regimentals; but, gracious Heaven! how can I expreſs my aſtoniſhment, when I recognized the features of my eldeſt ſon. He leaped from his horſe, and claſped me in his arms; exclaiming—"My dear, dear father!" For my part, as ſoon as I diſcovered my Frederick, I ſwooned away. On recovering, I found myſelf in the parlour; and perceived my ſon looking ſtedfaſtly in my face, anxiouſly watching a returning animation.

"One extreme generally runs into another diametrically oppoſite. Frederick, who returned loaded with honour, and whoſe joy was inexpreſſible, when he reflected that he was, ere long, to throw

throw himſelf into the arms of a reſpected parent, and an affectionate brother, no ſooner learned the melancholy ſituation of affairs, than he ſunk into the loweſt deſpondency. This fixed ſo deeply on his mind, that no art could remove it: in ſhort, his reaſon became deranged; raving madneſs, and deep deſpair, poſſeſſed his mind by turns; and reaſon's fair empire was for ever loſt. The unfortunate young man is now confined in a private receptacle for lunatics, whence there is no proſpect of his ever being releaſed.

" As to poor Julia, ſhe ſurvived Henry but a ſhort time. When ſhe heard of his death, her health drooped; and ſhe ſunk into the grave, in the prime of her youth. Her father when too late became ſenſible of his error. Inward remorſe ſeized him: he was continually tormented by the throes of conſcience; and one night he diſappeared from Paris, nor has any intelligence been heard of him ſince.

" Thus was I plunged from the faireſt proſpects, to the loweſt depth of human miſery. I have long ſince left the ſpot which recalled ſo many mournful remembrances to my mind. I, however, daily offer up thanks to God, for granting me fortitude to ſupport calamities the moſt mournful. He it was that beſtowed children upon me, and

 aſſuredly

aſſuredly he had a right to diſpoſe of them as he might think proper. Far ſhould it be from mortal man to repine at the diſpenſations of Providence. The Almighty brings about his gracious purpoſes, by means of which we are, and ought to be entirely ignorant. For my part, I wait with patience for the time when he may pleaſe to call me hence, and feel comfort in relying altogether upon him. He, I humbly truſt, will provide a place for me in the manſion of everlaſting peace, where I ſhall be fully recompenſed for the miſeries which I have ſuffered on this earth."

Here the old man concluded his ſtory. We ſat in profound ſilence for ſome time; when, riſing from my ſeat, I ſeized his hand and preſſed it to my lips: then, having taken an affectionate leave of each other, I remounted my horſe, and rode forward.

Religious and Moral Duty TO BE ENCOURAGED IN CHILDREN.

CONSCIENCE is another natural power of the ſoul, wherein the principles of virtue and rules of duty to God and man are to be laid up: it is ſomething within us that calls us to account for

for our faults, and by which we paſs a judgement concerning ourſelves and our actions.

Children have a conſcience within them, and it ſhould be awakened early to its duty. They ſhould be taught to reflect and look back upon their own behaviour, to call themſelves often to account, to compare their deeds with thoſe good rules and principles laid up in their minds, and to ſee how far they have complied with them, and how far they have neglected them. Parents ſhould teach their children to pay a religious reſpect to the inward dictates of virtue within them, to examine their actions continually by the light of their own conſciences, and to rejoice when they can approve themſelves to their own minds; that they have acted well according to the beſt of their knowledge: they ought alſo to attend to the inward reproofs of conſcience, and mourn, and be aſhamed, and repent when they have ſinned againſt their light. It is of admirable uſe toward all the practices of religion and every virtue, to have conſcience well ſtored with good principles, and to be always kept tender and watchful; it is proper that children ſhould learn to reverence and obey this inward monitor betimes, that every wilful ſin may give their conſciences a ſenſible pain and uneaſineſs, and that they may be diſpoſed to ſacrifice

every thing elſe to conſiderations of conſcience, and to endure any extremities rather than act contrary to it.

NECESSITY OF PRUDENCE,

IN EVERY STAGE OF LIFE.

AT the firſt ſetting out in life, eſpecially when yet unacquainted with the world and its ſnares, when every pleaſure enchants with its ſmile, and every object ſhines with the gloſs of novelty, youth ſhould beware of the ſeducing appearances which ſurround them, and recollect what others have ſuffered from the power of headſtrong deſire. If any paſſion be allowed, even though it ſhould be eſteemed innocent, to acquire an abſolue aſcendant, their inward peace will be impaired. But if any which has the taint of guilt, they may date from that moment the ruin of their tranquillity.

Nor with the ſeaſon of youth does the peril end. To the impetuoſity of youthful deſire, ſucceed the more ſober, but no leſs dangerous attachments of advancing years; when the paſſions which are connected with intereſt and ambition begin their reign, and too frequently extend their influence over

over thoſe periods of life which ought to be the moſt tranquil.

From the firſt to the laſt of man's abode on earth, the diſcipline muſt never be relaxed of guarding the heart from the dominion of paſſion. Eager paſſions and violent deſires were not made for man: they exceed his ſphere; they find no adequate object on earth; and, of courſe, can be productive of nothing but miſery.

The certain conſequence of indulging them is, that there ſhall come an evil day, when the anguiſh of diſappointment ſhall acknowledge, that all which we enjoy availeth us nothing.

MATILDA:

OR THE

CONQUEST OF LOVE.

IN a ſmall recluſe village, on the borders of Wales, ſtands the caſtle of Howarth. The noble owner of this venerable ſtructure, from motives of choice, generally reſided in this ſecluded ſpot; and dedicated the chief of his time in improving the intereſts of his tenantry, and in adminiſtering

adminiſtering to the neceſſities of the indigent and worthy families of the hamlet. Among the many objects that ſhared in his benevolence, was a family of the name of Llandford, who once baſked in the ſunſhine of fortune, though at this moment ſtruggling in the toils of adverſity. The munificence of Lord Howarth, however, ſheltered them from want; and, in ſome meaſure, repaired the injuries they had experienced from the ingratitude of thoſe, in whom, in their proſperous days, they had placed an unbounded and fatal confidence. Matilda, their only child, at the moment they became acquainted with Lord Howarth, had juſt attained her fifteenth year. Her parents had uſed their utmoſt endeavours to form her mind as lovely as her perſon; and it was no ſmall alleviation to their misfortunes, to find that the object which they ſo anxiouſly ſought, had been effected even beyond their moſt ſanguine hopes.

Lord Howarth, in his frequent viſits to the habitation of Mr. Llandford, had imbibed a fatherly fondneſs for this lovely girl; and, anxious to compleat the ſtructure, the foundation of which had been laid by the judicious hand of paternal care, he had obtained permiſſion of her parents to ſend her to a boarding-ſchool, in the environs of this metropolis, where ſhe might purſue every polite and

and uſeful ſtudy, eſſential to the formation of an accompliſhed underſtanding.

The ſeparation of Matilda from her parents was a painful moment: but the mind that ſuffered moſt from this event, was that of Lovel Seymour, the orphan child of Llandford's ſiſter, who, having loſt his parents while very young, had been the play-mate of Matilda from her earlieſt ſtate of infancy. Between theſe young people there exiſted an attachment, which might be juſtly denominated love; though in all probability, they had not taught themſelves to conſider any more than playful fondneſs, which generally ſubſiſts between brother and ſiſter.

The parents of Lovel, at the time of their death, had committed the little infant, with the whole of his patrimony, which was ſomething leſs that 100*l.* a year, to the management of Mr. Llandford; and, with a ſcrupulous attention to honeſty, he had faithfully diſcharged the important truſt. Lovel had now numbered eighteen years, and his guardian propoſed ſending him to the univerſity; a propoſition which the young man readily cloſed with: for, ſince the abſence of Matilda, his life was become irkſome: and thoſe ſtudies and purſuits, which in her ſociety had afforded him the moſt

moſt exalted pleaſure, were no longer objects of delight. The walks in which he had ſo often ſtrayed, with his lovely companion, the ſcenes of nature which with her he was wont to view with delight, no longer poſſeſſed the power to charm. All around ſeemed a barren waſte; each ſucceeding hour became more painful; and, thus a ſtranger to happineſs, he bade adieu to Caſtle Howarth, with a too firm reliance on time and abſence for the recovery of that tranquillity which he had innocently loſt.

But, to return to the benevolent Earl; who, in ſome meaſure, participated in the anxieties of the lorn Seymour. His Lordſhip was not aware that the partiality he bore the infant beauty, was ſo nearly allied to love as her abſence had taught him. He endeavoured, by every means in his power, to drive her image from his mind: but though, like the reſtleſs tide, that leaves awhile the pebbly ſhore, and to its ſtated boundary again returns, it often retired from memory's retentive eye; yet ſtill the wanderer to its native home returned, which added luſtre and increaſing power.

In the early part of his life, his Lordſhip had been rejected, by a lady on whom he had placed his affections; and for many years laboured under the pangs

pangs of diſappointed love: but this incident, ſo fatal to his hopes of bliſs, had not ſoured his temper; and though careleſs of the ſociety of the ſex, his enlightened mind ſpurned with contempt the fatal doctrine, which inſtructs the heart to deem a ſecond love incompatible with juſtice, and an enemy to virtue. And ſurely, in weak—I had almoſt ſaid vicious—mind only, this pernicious principle will be found. Muſt I becauſe the rude, untutored finger of accident has ſnatched from my embrace the woman who firſt poſſeſſed my heart, for ever mourn a loſs which no earthly power can reſtore? Muſt I for this ever ſteel my heart againſt the power of beauty, and the more attractive charms of mind, and deny myſelf the firſt of human joys, connubial ſociety? Forbid it Reaſon and forbid it Juſtice! Seek not, then, ye miſtaken parents, to plant in the docile minds of your offspring this germe of error, ſo deſtructive to happineſs, ſo inimical to the growth of virtue, and ſo degrading to the noble feelings of humanity.

" Tho' flaunting lovely to the eye,
And ſweet the woodbine's honied breath;
As climb its tendrils ſmooth on high,
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Three years had now expired ſince Matilda left the village; during which time ſhe had kept up a regular correſpondence with her parents, and her generous patron, the noble Howarth, in which they ſaw with pleaſure the progreſs ſhe made in her ſtudies. It was thought expedient for her to quit the boarding-ſchool, and to engage in that ſociety for which her years and accompliſhments had qualified her. For this purpoſe the Earl propoſed a journey to London, to Mr. and Mrs. Llandford; and to invite Mr. Seymour to meet them there. To this arrangment the parents of Matilda aſſented; and in a few days after they begun their journey to the metropolis, in their way to which they called for Matilda.

If the beauty of the innocent girl, when emblematical only of the opening roſe, forcibly impreſſed the heart of the Earl, and kindled in his breaſt the flambent fires of love; what were his feelings, and what its effects, when the full blown flower met his enraptured ſight; Loſt in wonder and admiration, he gazed in ſilence on the beauteous maid; then claſped her in his arms; and, as he kiſſed her crimſon cheek, the tear of fondneſs gliſtened in his eye. But, checking the wild tranſports of his love, he reflected on the diſparity of their

their ages; and, for the firſt time, his boſom felt the pangs of deſpair,

Meantime the impatient Lovel waited their arrival. He alſo correſponded with Matilda; had made his fondneſs known; and received from the ingenuous maid a full confeſſion of the eſteem ſhe bore him.

The mind of love is too apt to regard every act of friendſhip and attention to its object, as being actuated by ſiniſter deſigns. Hence Lovel looked on the noble Earl, though verging near his fiftieth year, as a dangerous and powerful rival. Thus admitting into his mind the reſtleſs and perturbed ſpirit of jealouſy, the deportment of the lovely maid, at their meeting, appeared to him diſtant and reſerved. Her replies to his empaſſioned proteſtations of affection were leſs animated, he thought, than the chaſteſt modeſty might without a bluſh admit; and in ſhort, like Faulkland, he ſuſpected every action as regardleſs of his fondneſs and an enemy to his love; and, while he tormented his own moments with groundleſs jealouſies, and ill timed inquietudes, he embittered thoſe of the woman he loved.

Several weeks rolled on; and as the beauties of Matilda, and the rich culture of her mind, diſ-

cloſed themſelves to the attentive and enquiring eye of Earl Howarth, his paſſion ſtill increaſed. His unwearied attention, his repeated marks of benevolence, and paternal tenderneſs, had inſpired the boſom of Matilda with a filial regard; and gratitude taught her to look on her benefactor as the firſt& chiefeſt ſource of her happineſs. With theſe ſentiments warmly impreſſed on her mind, ſhe was ſitting one evening in the drawing-room, when his Lordſhip entered. He came reſolutely determined to diſcloſe the ſtate of his mind; and to hear from the miſtreſs of his heart the ſentence that was to make him the happieſt, or moſt wretched of men.

Seating himſelf, therefore, by the ſide of Matilda, he diſcovered to her, in a few words, the affection he entertained for her; and earneſtly entreated a candid and unequivocal anſwer to his ſuit. Wonder and ſurprize, at this unexpected declaration, for ſome moments held in ſilence the bluſhing maid. At length, ſhe raiſed her ſtreaming eyes; and with a look of mingled pity and regret, gazed on the expecting, trembling Earl.

"Too much of kindneſs," ſaid ſhe, "have I experienced from your bounty, for a whole life of gratitude to repay. Oh! do not, then, urge the acceptance of an honour too great for the humble merits

merits of the poor Matilda. From among the beauties of the court, where, with worth far greater, with beauty far excelling, that which a low dependant boaſts, illuſtrious birth and fortune's ſplendid charms unite to ſwell the train of greatneſs—from theſe ſelect ſome happy maid to ſhare your love, and baniſh from your thoughts——"

Never! never! interrupted the noble Earl, "can I drive Matilda's image from my doating mind. It is my greateſt bliſs to love you; and though you frown on my paſſion, and ſpurn me from you with contempt, I ſtill ſhall live your ſlave."

"Should I confeſs to you, my Lord, that my heart even before I knew your worth, was given to another, will that ſecure me from the importunities of your love?"

"Adverſity in love, Matilda, has armed my ſoul with fortitude to bear the pangs of diſappointment; nor will, I truſt, the noble virtue, in this conflicting moment, deny it's kind ſupport. Your candour charms me; and while I regret, I muſt applaud the conſtancy that dooms me miſerable." His Lordſhip bowed, and retired. Matilda roſe from her ſeat; and with a quick and uncertain ſtep, paced the room, in all the agony of grief.

In

In this ſituation the enamoured Lovel ſurprized her, and eagerly enquired the cauſe of her tears. Nor did he aſk in vain. The weeping maid told her ſad tale. The trembling lover liſtened with an almoſt breathleſs attention to her words: then, muſing awhile, embraced the partner of his grief; and with heroick firmneſs exclaimed—" Then let us, Matilda, ſhew to the world a conduct worthy of emulation; and prove by example, that friendſhip, raiſed on the baſis of love, is the greateſt felicity which human nature can enjoy! It were madneſs, the very height of folly, in us, to ſacrifice all for love! Accept, then, the hand of the noble Howarth; nor let ingratitude, while it wounds his breaſt, plant a ſcorpion in yours."

" And can Lovel, can he, who has ſo often ſwore eternal conſtancy, forget the maid he loves?"

" No, Matilda, no! Your worth and beauty will ever remain in my memory, will ever bloom there in undiminiſhed luſtre. But tell me, can you ſee the virtuous Howarth, whoſe foſtering care tranſplanted you from the bleak and barren waſte of Poverty, into the rich and grateful ſoil of Affluence; whoſe munificence raiſed the drooping fortunes of your family; and on thoſe brows, where dejected miſery brooding ſat, ſpread pleaſure's chearful ſmile—can you ſee, unmoved, ſuch exalted

exalted worth the prey of grief? Can you, regardleſs, view the pining anguiſh of his mind? Oh, no! your gentle nature would ſhudder at the ſcene; and keen repentance, too late in its aid to repair the ravages of guilt, embitter every future moment of your life."

Matilda leaned on the boſom of her lover, and wept aloud. The tortured Earl entered the room and beheld the conflicting paſſions that heaved her ſwelling breaſt. "My Lord," ſaid Lovel, "Matilda waits to throw herſelf at your feet, and aſk forgiveneſs for her fault. She has imprudently liſtened to my ſtill more imprudent, though artleſs tale of love. Convinced, however, of the error of our conduct, we have mutually agreed to cancel, and bury iu oblivion, the vows we have exchanged; and ſhe in giving herſelf, and I in reſigning her to your Lordſhip, experience an inward ſatisfaction far beyond expreſſion; and which no incident in our paſt lives ever did, and we are perſuaded of our future, ever can convey." Lovel, afraid to truſt his reſolution, hurried out of the room; and, without waiting to be informed whether his offer was accepted or rejected, inſtantly ſet out on his return to the univerſity.

His lordſhip could only admire in ſilence the manly fortitude of his rival, as his precipitate retreat

treat deprived him of the opportunity of replying to his firm and animated rejection of Matilda's hand. And now his utmoſt care was directed to the weeping maid—

" With ſoften'd accent, and expreſſive eye,
The faultleſs lord regards her quiv'ring fear;
His gentle voice repels the ſwelling ſigh,
His fond endearment ſtops the rolling tear."

Matilda reſolved to follow the example of her lover; and, aided by time, and the endearing fondneſs of his lordſhip, after a long and painful ſtruggle, ſuppreſſed the reſtleſs wiſhes of her rebel heart, and gave her hand, and with it her affections to the noble Earl. The firſt year of their marriage produced an heir to the ancient title and domains of Caſtle Howarth; the former of which, on the demiſe of the preſent Earl without iſſue, would have been extinct. It was at this happy period that the worthy Seymour, on the invitation of the noble Earl, viſited the caſtle. The chearfulneſs of his converſation, and eaſy manners, confirmed the conqueſt he had made over his paſſion; and he enjoyed ſeveral months of uninterrupted happineſs in the ſociety of the venerated Earl, and his dear Matilda: for ſtill they were dear to each other; but of ſuch a pure nature was their fond-

neſs

neſs, that even lynx-eyed ſuſpicion could not have felt alarm from its innocent indulgence.

During the reſidence of Lovel at the caſtle, the daughter of a neighbouring baronet, between whom and the Earl an intimacy of many years had ſubſiſted, paid a viſit to the counteſs. On this young lady the Earl, and his amiable conſort, ſought to attach the affections of Lovel; and in a ſhort time they found a mutual fondneſs had taken place. His lordſhip, to prevent any reluctance on the part of his friend to the choice his daughter had made, prevailed on the then encumbent of the living of Caſtle Howarth—who had received this eſtabliſhment from his lordſhip's father, and of courſe was pretty far advanced in years—to ſecede the rectory, on condition of receiving an equivalent during his life; and then, with his wonted liberality, preſented it to the former rival of his love.

Having thus provided an eſtabliſhment for his young friend, he himſelf wrote to Sir William Ackland, for his conſent to the union of the fair Laura with the worthy Lovel. His lordſhip's recommendation was ſufficient for Sir William; and, the uſual preliminaries being ſettled, the young couple were united in the preſence of the earl and

counteſs, and family of the bride. The ſubſequent lives of theſe couples ſhewed the world that, though diſappointed in their firſt love, they enjoyed unbounded felicity; and by their example, proved how impolitick, and how unjuſt, is the conduct of inexperienced youth, in yielding implicitly to the impulſes of a wayward paſſion, which though perhaps founded on the principles of virtue, may, in its completion, prove the ſource of wretchedneſs.

AN ACCOUNT OF GENERAL HARCOURT's SURPRISING THE REBEL GENERAL LEE, *During the American War.*

IN December 1776, Lieu. Col. Harcourt (afterwards Genl. Harcourt) went out to reconnoitre, determined to diſcover how the rebels were poſted; he took thirty men with him, rode all night, and got into the midſt of their poſts unperceived; in the morning he fell in with one of their advanced ſentinels, and diſpatched a dragoon, who cut him down; he had not gone far before he perceived another, whom he cauſed to be

be ſecured; while this was doing, a horſeman galloped up to the party before he perceived them: he was ſtopped and queſtioned by Colonel Harcourt; he had a letter from Lee to ſome rebel officers, yet denied knowing where Lee was quartered; but the Colonel ordering a rope to be got ready to tie him up, he, without further heſitation, pointed out the houſe; the party went directly to the place, received the fire of a guard poſted in an out-houſe, without loſs, killed the two ſentinels at the door, entered and took their priſoner, after killing all thoſe who reſiſted: he had in his company a Frenchman, who lately joined them from ſome of the French iſlands, but had not received his commiſſion from the congreſs. Colonel Harcourt's activity in this affair, as on every other, merits the higheſt encomiums: from the time of meeting the firſt ſentinel to mounting the priſoner, was ſcarce fifteen minutes: he was brought to head quarters; General Howe would not ſee him, he was properly taken care of at Brunſwick, in the Jerſeys.

THE DEPARTURE of the YEAR.

WHITHER ſo faſt? to woo thy longer ſtay,
Impatient year! the warmeſt pray'rs we'll try:
Vain are our wiſhes, and in vain we pray—
Unkindly, time! ah! ah, why ſo bent to fly?

Quick, bring the flute, and breathe a melting air,
Lull the fleet greybear with the charm divine;
Alas, how callous! he betrays no care,
Nor will one moment to the ſtrain incline!

Strike up the pipe, the tabor, and the dance;
We'll lure him back with ſprightlineſs and joy!
See, ſee! he faſter flies, nor deigns a glance;
But mocks our hope, and pities our employ!

"Let the churl go!" cries folly, with a ſtare;
"Blame not, but rather urge him on, his flight:
Time, when he's tardy, ſaddles us with care,
And care deſtroys life's principle, delight."—

Delight!—I wrong thee, or thou mean'ſt exceſs;
There all thy hope, thy deareſt joy, is plac'd!
Go, vacant dolt!—be frank, for once confeſs,
That horrors haunt thee, and that fevers waſte.

Delight's

Delight's the genuine temper of the ſoul,
That honour faſhions, and temptations proves;
How unlike thine, that ſtoops to the controul
Of ſenſual meanneſs, and the bondage loves!

Know, that the year, whoſe flight thou hold'ſt in ſcorn,
Gone to the records of eternal fate,
Swells thoſe memorials for the laſt, dread morn,
With all that honour'd or diſgrac'd it's date.

Could'ſt thou behold the tale of infancy,
Gone from thy mind, but branding there thy name;
Thou'd'ſt ſeek to hide thee from thyſelf, to fly—
Loſt as thou art, to honour, and to ſhame.

To thee is giv'n to greet the riſing year;
Haply, not thine to witneſs it's decay:
At heav'n's juſt bar, ere that, thou may'ſt appear,
The dreadful forfeit of thy crimes to pay.

Then ſeize the moment in the power of hope;
Lo! the deſtroying angel's on his courſe:—
Haſten, ere juſtice takes it's aweful ſcope,
And, by repentance, deprecate it's force!

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF

Mr. ORME,

The intelligent Hiſtorian of the War in India.

WHEN this gentleman preſided in the export warehouſe of Madras, one Davidſon, who acted under him, one day at breakfaſt being aſked by Mr. Orme, *of what profeſſion his father was?* Davidſon replied, that he was a ſadler. And pray, ſaid *Orme*, why did he not breed you a ſadler? "I was always whimſical, ſaid Davidſon, and rather choſe to try my fortune as you have done, in the Eaſt India Company's ſervice." "But pray ſir," continued he, "What profeſſion was your father?" "My father," anſwered the Hiſtorian, rather ſharply, "was a gentleman." "And why, retorted Davidſon, with great ſimplicity and bluntneſs, "did he not breed you up a gentleman."

ANEC-

ANECDOTE
OF A
LIGHT DRAGOON,
During the late American War.

A LIGHT dragoon was diſpatched by Lord Cornwallis to carry a letter of ſome conſequence, to an officer on one of the out poſts. In paſſing near a thicket, he was fired at by ſome of the provincials; he inſtantly pretended to fall from his horſe, hanging with his head down to the ground, which the light horſe do with great eaſe. The Americans, four in number, ſuppoſing him killed, ran from their cover to ſeize their booty; but when they came within a few yards of him, the light dragoon in an inſtant recovered his ſaddle, and with his carabine ſhot the firſt of them dead; he then drew his piſtol and diſpatched the ſecond, and immediately attacked the other two with his ſword, who ſurrendered themſelves his priſoners, and he drove them before him into the camp. In return for this act of bravery, General Howe made him a Serjeant, and repreſented the exploit to the King.

ANECDOTES
OF
SIR WILLIAM ERSKINE.

IN 1761, when Prince Ferdinand beat up the quarters of the French, they retired a great way without being able to reſiſt; however when they came to collect their force, and to recoil upon our army, Major Erſkrine, (who was afterwards knighted by his Majeſty, for his bravery in Germany) of the 15th regiment of light-dragoons, was poſted in a village in the front of our army. In a very foggy morning, ſoon after the patroles reported all was well, Sir William was alarmed by his vedettes having ſeen a large body of cavalry coming to ſurprize him: he inſtantly mounted his horſe, and ſallied out at the head of the picquet, of only fifty men; leaving orders for his regiment to mount and follow with ſpeed, without beating a drum, or making any noiſe; he attacked their advanced guard in the curſory way of light cavalry, and continued ſo to do, while his men were joined by fives and tens, and the French cavalry were forming to reſiſt his attack; before which, he collected the whole of his men, and then retired, the ſurgeon of the regiment in the mean time having carried off the baggage.

Among

Among many ſimilar inſtances of ſucceſs, in the courſe of the war, is that of this officer on another occaſion, where he diſplayed the moſt ſingular addreſs, and which therefore demands both applauſe and attention. After a repulſe and a march of about ſeventy miles in one day, when the men were fatigued, and ſcarce a horſe able to walk, he ſaw a regiment of French infantry drawn up, with a moraſs in the rear; he left his own corps, and advancing to the French, deſired to ſpeak to the commanding officer, whom he entreated to ſurrender, to prevent his men being cut to pieces by a large body of cavalry that were then advancing. The French officer deſired leave to conſult with his officers, which having done, they refuſed to ſubmit; but upon Major Erſkine's telling them that their blood muſt be on their own heads, and turning to move off towards his own corps, they called to him, and laying down their arms ſurrendered themſelves priſoners of war.

R SADAK.

SADAK.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

IN the imperial city of Schiras, gem of the Perſian empire, and ſun of the eaſt, lived the youthful Sadak, only ſon and prop of the declining years of the Vizier Amurat. Him had his father carefully educated in all the orders of oriental gallantry, and initiated in the principles of vice and debauchery. He knew how to curb the moſt fiery ſteed; ſurpaſt even the eagle in the rapid race; and, with the paſſing arrow, ſlay the flying deer. He took a particular pleaſure in theſe amuſements; and the chace and ſeraglio were his chief ſources of delight.

Thus nurtured in vice, he made a mockery of religion and learning. No readings of Zoroaſter had enlarged, or had any philoſophy of the Magii tempered, and poliſhed, a naturally capacious underſtanding. His ideas of Heaven were confuſed; and, though he had a lively genius, and an engaging air, his diſcourſe was ignorant, barbarous, and weak.

One morning, when Mithra had ſcarcely drawn back the curtains of delight, and diſſipated the gloomy clouds of darkneſs, Sadak aroſe, and proceeded

ceeded with bent bow to purſue the deer that range the mountains of Perſia. The chace began; Sadak, impatient, and thirſting for glory, was, as uſual, the firſt in the courſe, and loſt his companions in the heat of the purſuit.

He had not long enjoyed his delight, and the ſpires of the towering Schiras had juſt vaniſhed from his view; when an object, till then little noticed, attracted his attention. It was the beauty of the heavens, and ſplendor of the ſkies, that now raiſed his aſtoniſhment. He beheld the ſun darting his rays through the rolling clouds, and illumining the whole of the celeſtial canopy; the æther was pure, ſtill, and ſerene; except where thouſands of feathered warblers, poiſed on their airy wings, made the earth echo their divine notes. Sadak was amazed; he let the golden reins fall on the neck of his ſteed; and, plunged in admiration, ſurveyed the ſplendid picture. He had never troubled his mind with any thoughts of religion, and conſequently knew nothing of his Creator; but conſcience now told him, that he derived his exiſtence from a Supreme Power. Every beam of light, ſpoke its Maker; and Sadak ſtood half convicted of Ignorance and Atheiſm. As he was thus loſt in thought, and his ſoul buoyed up in ſuſpence, his ſteed, actuated by a divine im-

pulſe, entered a thick wood that ſtood adjacent. Sadak, turning his eyes from the heavens, was now ſtruck with the elegance of nature. The grand ſublimity of the firſt had raiſed his aſtoniſhment; the rural beauty of the latter excited his deſire. It was that ſeaſon, when Summer, with all her attributes, viſits the earth; and by her delicious exuberance, delights the heart of man. The trees were bending to the earth with fruits of the moſt luxuriant growth, and of the moſt exquiſite flavour. The ground as far as the eye could reach, was covered with the richeſt verdure, diverſified by flowrets of every hue, and blooming ſhrubs in infinite variety. The whole ſcene was engaging, chaſte, and delightful. Nature glowed with redoubled charms; and the whole preſented a beautiful landſcape of rural felicity. The heart of Sadak was raviſhed: he threw himſelf from his ſteed; and, ruſhing to the fruit with the agility of the mountain eagle, ſought only the means to gratify his luxurious palate. A neighbouring caſcade ſerved, in the mean time, to ſlake his thirſt, and ſound reſponſive to the notes of the birds. Thus ſurrounded with pleaſure, and environed by delilicacies, the heart of Sadak was for a while elate; but, like ſnow, melting before the rays of Mithra, the ſcene grew leſs charmful to his eye. His appetite

petite was cloyed, and the fruit no longer delicious; he reſolved, therefore, to return home: but, alas! he had not noticed his entrance, and could by no means diſcover any road by which he might retreat. He no ſooner broke one hedge than another appeared before him; and as he paſſed the oppoſing trees, a myriad of others aroſe.

The whole, in ſhort was a labyrinth of the moſt intricate nature. If Sadak felt before pleaſed at his ſituation, he now ſincerely deteſted it. Loſt in ignorance, he blaſphemed the power that conſtructed his priſon; curſed the hour in which he had entered it; and, in the height of his fury, exclaimed againſt his own exiſtence. He had not remained long in this ſtate of deſpair, when his attention was ſuddenly attracted by an object that touched his hand. He turned about, furious as the Lybian tyger, robbed of his prey, and thirſting for revenge; but, lo! a form that commanded peace ſtood at his ſide. It was a ſage, whoſe years ſeemed to out-number the ſtars of heaven; and whoſe beard, which was whiter than the mountain ſnow of Mauritania, when driven by the furious wings of the north-eaſt wind, ſwept his boſom, and fell below his girdle. His eyes, not dimmed by age, darted a poignancy which ſeemed to cut vice to atoms at the ſlighteſt glance; his whole frame

was

was majeſtic, and the poverty of his cloathing ſerved only to command a ſuperior reſpect. He had beheld the fury of Sadak; and, burſting through the buſhes, caught his hand, and thus addreſſed him—"Huſh! O inconſiderate youth! ceaſe to blaſpheme the works of thy Creator! Knoweſt thou not that perſeverance will vanquiſh every difficulty? and though, for a moment, thou ſeemeſt loſt and entangled, remember that there is a God, who will help thee, if ſincerely deſired? Follow me!" So ſaying, he gently led the youthful Perſian by a path toward the entrance, which he had not diſcovered; while he, aſhamed of his paſt conduct, kept his eyes fixed on the ground, not daring to look up in the face of his benign conductor.

The glade was now before them; and the domes of the aſpiring Schiras roſe in ſight, as the mounts of Mauritania, half-buried in the clouds. The heart of Sadak was overjoyed; he turned, to thank his conductor; but it ſeemed not him that he beheld. His aged body, bent with years and infirmities, was changed to an ærial frame, endowed with ſprightlineſs and activity. His face no more appeared a rugged field, which the ploughſhare of time had filled with furrows; but a celeſtial countenance where, beauty beamed like the reſplendent ſun.

Inſtead

Inſtead of clothes tattered and coarſe, two feathered pinions beat with celeſtial grace on his ſhoulders; and the figure of a hoary ſage was tranſormed to that of an empyreal cherub, ſurrounded by glory, and replete with the effulgence of heaven. Sadak was confounded: the ground ſeemed to ſhake beneath his feet; his knees ſmote each other; and his whole frame, labouring in convulſive agonies, fell vigourleſs to the ground: when a voice, ſofter than the breath of Zephyrs, bearing the odoriferous ſpices of Arabia, thus addreſſed him, "Ariſe, O Sadak! lift thy body from the earth, and hearken to the voice of wiſdom. No more be lulled to ſlumber in the manacles of vice, and diſdain the chains of impiety. I am a miniſter of the almighty, ſent from the manſions of the bleſſed, to reveal thy chaotick mind the allegory of this day's adventures, which point out the errors of thy life. Attend, O youth! open thine ears to virtue, and be no more a ſlave of ignorance. The chace you this morning commenced free, and joyful as the ſoaring lark begins his courſe; ſo was you born. Your mind was unimpreſſed by care, and unloaded with ſin: you beheld the ſplendor of heaven, and the glory of the upper regions; but they could not charm you ſufficiently to impreſs the ſtedfaſt belief of an overruling power; neither could your birth, and preſervation

ſervation from numberleſs dangers, elevate your heart to the graceful adoration of your heavenly maker: but, as the fruit by its beauteous hue, and delicious taſte, led you to eat and indulge your appetite, unſuſpicious of danger, ſo did vicious purſuits draw your affection to them, by diſplaying the chains of ſin covered with flowers of pleaſure. What was the reſult? In the wood you was loſt and entangled; and in life you have been ſatiated with joys, that cloyed as they became familiar. You attempted to drown the ſenſe of ſatiety by plunging deeper in vice, and hurrying from the ſeraglio to the chace, or ſome other ignorant and wicked enjoyment. Had you then abandoned pleaſure, and attended to truth, you ſhould have reached a pinnacle of unknown happineſs: but as during your profane and blaſphemous execrations in the wood, you perceived not the path by which I eaſily led you out; neither could you diſcern, in your career of vice, the road formed by Morality, which would have conducted you to everlaſting bliſs. May I, my ſon, conclude my parellel, by adding, that as I have led you from the boſom of a mazy wood; ſo your ſoul, enlightened by my words, will riſe, freed from the fetters of ignorance, the manacles of ſin, and the chains of licentiouſneſs, to praiſe, with myriads

of

of the legions of heaven, the beneficent creator of all exiſtence, & the liberal diſpenſer of every good.

" My miſſion is now expired; yet, ere I go, let me initiate thee, O youth! in the precepts of virtue. Avoid malice, envy, and detraction; hate laſciviouſneſs, love chaſtity; deteſt voluptuouſneſs, effeminacy, and luxury; but adore temperance, vigour, and humility. Aim not at pomp and grandeur, that paſſeth away like the wind; but delight in acts of charity, which will afford the mind a pleaſure of more ſtability. Be it thy care, O Perſian! not to ſwell the fiery blaſt of contention, againſt whomſoever raiſed; but rather, to allay the fury of the ſpiteful, and ſtop the intended revenge: and believe me, dear youth, if thou diligently followeſt theſe rules, and zealouſly purſueth the walks of virtue, a hoary head, crowned with content, will ſucceed a youthful one environed with peace, and endowed with virtue."

As he thus ſpoke, even as the laſt ſentence ſounded in the ear of Sadak, a cloud aroſe from the earth, like the morning dew; and, ſpreading its ærial ſubſtance beneath his feet, gently uplifted him to the opening heavens. The whole atmoſphere was perfumed, with a fragrance far ſweeter than the aromantic gales of Arabia; while an awe-

ful and tremendous roll of thunder, on the right, announced the ſucceſs of the heavenly embaſſy.

Sadak aroſe, his heart impreſſed with virtue and wiſdom; and, leaving his pompous palace, he paſſed a life of piety and peace, in a humble cottage.

THE DISAPPOINTED DELIA,

A Story founded on Fact.

DELIA, unlucky Delia! how cameſt thou ſo fond, ſo enraptured with Claudio? Anſwer, raſh fates, for poor Delia: the *Parcæ* ſo determined it. Then, thou art not to blame.

But to the ſtory. In an aukward hour, and a ſtill more aukward moment, Delia ſaw Claudio; ſhe ſaw, alas! ſhe ſaw one of the fineſt youths in the county of Cornwall; ſhe was not framed without paſſions—nature had done her juſtice, in every regard. She felt, even from the heart, and true to all its fires.

Claudio was heir to a conſiderable eſtate, conſiſting of tin mines, and he was conſidered as a very

very amiable and reſpectable character by all his acquaintance. Every female in his neighbourhood, who was a candidate for matrimony, had her eye upon him; but his diſpoſition was for roving, and liberty was his invariable motto; and many beautiful damſels had reaſon to wiſh his ſentiments were of a different caſt. If he had not done them juſtice, poſterity had, however, no cauſe to complain, for he had amply paid attention to the riſing generation, who, probably, will be greatly increaſed by his amorous aſſiduities.

Notwithſtanding Delia had theſe numerous examples of Claudio's infidelities before her eyes, her vanity flattered her ſhe had charms ſufficient to captivate him into a huſband; and her ambition prompted her to the deed.

Her rivals were numerous, but her glaſs whiſpered her, and in prevailing accents, that her charms tranſcended them all. Fatal infatuation! Treacherous mirror!

Delia, though only the daughter of a farmer, had received as polite an education as a Corniſh borough would admit of; her father had ſome parliamentary influence, & he was not without hopes, that, at the next general election, his daughter might captivate a candidate, or at leaſt a canvaſſer.

He knew that Claudio, when he came of age, which would be in a few months, was to be one of their repreſentatives, and therefore did not diſcourage his addreſſes to Delia. But though he had avowed himſelf an intended candidate for the borough, he had not declared himſelf a candidate for a connubial repreſentation. He had, however made ſuch an impreſſion on Delia's heart, that ſhe miſtook his artful declaration for ſincerity, and ſhe, at length, implicitly yielded to his moſt ſanguine wiſhes.

The borough became vacant by the death of one of the members, juſt as Claudio had attained his twenty-firſt year. Old ſquare toes immediately put him in nomination, and as he was of the miniſterial party, little canvaſſing was requiſite. He was returned and chaired in the twinkling of an eye.

Delia now thought ſhe ſhould be completely happy; for, notwithſtanding ſhe had yielded every thing but her hand, for he had long been in poſſeſſion of her heart, ſhe imagined ſhe ſtill had ſuch an aſcendency over Claudio, that as there was no remaining obſtacle to their marriage, (his father having lately departed this life, and whoſe conſent, the artful ſpoiler had inſinuated was the ſole cauſe

of

of their not having yet repaired to the temple of Hymen) a hint alone would be ſufficient to accomplish all her wiſhes. But in this opinion ſhe was egregiouſly miſtaken.

Her hints were all thrown away, and even her poſitive ſolicitations were of no avail. She literally ſtooped to conquer, but in vain. Claudio finding Delia too preſſing in her matrimonial purſuit, ſeldom viſited her, and even neglected thoſe appointments he made with her, when he could not avoid fixing them. He had agreed to an interview at an adjacent farm houſe, where they had frequently the moſt agreeable and propitious Tête á Têtes. But the time was now paſſed when the force of her charms were in full play—beſides, ſhe was on the point of being a mother, and he had a new attachment in his preſent reigning favourite Cordelia, for whom he was now waiting in conſequence of a previous aſſignation.

Delia gueſſed at her rival, and after in vain reminding him of his appointment with her, retired, and was ſoon in ambuſh a ſpectator of a ſcene that cauſed her—*diſſolution!* She returned home, and was found the next morning hanging in her garters. Upon her toilet was found a billet conceived in the following words.

" Wretched

" Wretched—too wretched Delia—no joy—no bliſs, no comfort remains for thee in this mundane ſtate! Heavens, pardon the deed—but to thee I hope to fly for that ſolace, which I ne'er can meet on earth.

Alas! poor Delia—may this ſtory prove a leſſon to thy ſex!

SIGNS and TOKENS.

IF you ſee a man and woman, with little or no occaſion, often finding fault, and correcting each other in company, you may be ſure they are huſband and wife.

If you ſee a lady and gentleman in the ſame coach, in profound ſilence,—the one looking out at one window, and the other at the oppoſite ſide, be aſſured they mean no harm to each other, but are huſband and wife.

If you ſee a lady accidentally let fall a glove, or a handkerchief, and a gentleman that is next to her tell her of it, that ſhe may herſelf pick it up, ſet them down for huſband and wife.

If

If you ſee a man and woman walk in the fields, at twenty yards diſtance, in a direct line; and the man ſtriding over a ſtile, and ſtill going on, you may ſwear they are huſband and wife.

If you ſee a lady whoſe beauty attracts the notice of every perſon preſent, except one man, and he ſpeaks to her in a rough manner, and does not appear at all affected by her charms, depend upon it, they are huſband and wife.

If you ſee a male and female continually thwarting each other, under the appellation of *my dear*, *my life*, &c. reſt aſſured they are huſband and wife.

New Interpretation for old Words.

IN ſpeaking of the epithet *worth*, it can be applied to a ſcoundrel or rogue, as well as an honeſt man—that is, if he ſhould be *worth* ten thouſand pounds.

Angel, was once a name for a ſuperior order of celeſtial ſpirits, who executed the commands of the Supreme Being;— it is now a common name for a certain order of inferior beings, who haunt the crowded ſcenes of gaiety and diſſipation.

The

The adjective *Divine*, has undergone a ſimilar change.

Devilish— this adjective once ſignifying, or belonging to the Devil, was conſequently taken in a bad ſenſe. It is now become a common term of approbation— as, "ſhe is a deviliſh fine girl;" or, "he is a deviliſh good fellow," &c.

CURIOUS
ANECDOTE.

A CLERGYMAN, who came to London from Durham juſt before the winter theatres cloſed, went the laſt evening of Mrs. Siddon's performance to the play at Drury-lane, and deſired a country ſervant, who was to come with the carriage at a certain hour, to remain with it at the corner of Bow-ſtreet, that he might not loſe himſelf from his ignorance of the town. The coachman was on the box, and the lad continued inflexibly upon the ſpot, ſtanding with his back againſt one of the wheels; while he was in this ſituation, a fellow, who was running very faſt, came up to him, and aſked him in a whiſper, whether he was a "ſtander or a runner?" The boy heſitated a moment, but thinking it related to the duty of ſervants

vants round the theatre, and remembering his maſter's orders, anſwered, "a ſtander." "Then take care of this," ſaid the fellow, putting a gold watch with valuable appendages into his hand, and ſcampering away immediately. Before the boy had recovered from his ſurprize, his maſter came up, and commending his diligence, obſerved, that he had loſt his watch.—"No, Sir, here it is," ſaid the lad; and on inſpection it actually proved to be the very watch which had been taken from his maſter a few moments before.

AN

OBSERVATION by Mr. POPE.

THOSE aërial ladies (the muſes) juſt diſcover enough to me of their beauties to urge my purſuit, and draw me on in a wandering maze of thought, ſtill in hopes (and only in hopes) of attaining thoſe favours from them, which they confer on their happy admirers. We graſp ſome more beautiful idea in our own brain, than our endeavours to expreſs it can ſet to the view of others; and ſtill do but labour to fall ſhort of our firſt imagination. The gay colouring which fancy gave

at the firſt tranſient glance we had of it, goes off in the execution,—like thoſe various figures in the gilded clouds, which while we gaze long upon, to ſeparate the parts of each imaginary image, the whole faints before the eye, and decays into confuſion.

BON MOT of a SEA OFFICER.

A SEA OFFICER who for his courage in a former engagement, where he had loſt his leg, had been preferred to the command of a good ſhip; in the heat of the next engagement, a cannon ball took off his deputy, ſo that he fell upon the deck; a ſeaman thinking he had been freſh wounded called for the ſurgeon; No, no, ſaid the captain, the *carpenter will do.*

A GRECIAN ANECDOTE.

THE Athenians having declared war againſt the Eginites, on ſome very frivolous pretext, marched out to attack them. A very bloody engagement enſued, in which the Athenians were ſo totally defeated, that one man only remained to carry

carry back the intelligence to Athens. This unfortunate man eſcaped the enemy only to encounter a more wretched fame at home. The women rendered deſperate by the loſs of their huſbands, and fired with indignation that the ſole ſurvivor ſhould dare to appear before them with the diſmal relation of his country's diſaſter, fell upon the man with their pins and claſps, leaving him dead upon the ſpot. The magiſtrates of Athens ſhocked at their cruelty, in order to puniſh the women with the moſt flagrant diſgrace, made a law to oblige them, from that period, to dreſs after the mode of the Jonians, thereby depriving them of any advantage from thoſe things, of which they had made ſuch an ill uſe.

THE USEFULNESS of ADVICE.

THE DANGER of HABITS.

THE NECESSITY of REVIEWING LIFE.

NO weakneſs of the human mind has more frequently incurred animadverſion, than the negligence with which men overlook their own faults, however flagrant, and the eaſineſs with which they pardon them, however frequently repeated.

It ſeems generally believed, that, as the eye cannot ſee itſelf, the mind has no faculties by which it can contemplate its own ſtate, and that therefore we have not means of becoming acquainted with our real characters; an opinion which, like innumerable other poſtulates, an enquirer finds himſelf inclined to admit upon very little evidence, becauſe it affords a ready ſolution of many difficulties. It will explain why the greateſt abilities frequently fail to promote the happineſs of thoſe who poſſeſs them; why thoſe who can diſtinguiſh with the utmoſt nicety the boundaries of

vice

vice and virtue, ſuffer them to be confounded in their own conduct; why the active and vigilant reſign their affairs implicitly to the management of others; and why the cautious and fearful make hourly approaches towards ruin, without one ſigh of ſolicitude or ſtruggle for eſcape.

When a poſition teems thus with commodious conſequences, who, can without regret confeſs it to be falſe? Yet it is certain that declaimers have indulged a diſpoſition to deſcribe the dominion of the paſſions as extended beyond the limits that nature aſſigned. Self-love is often rather arrogant than blind; it does not hide our faults from ourſelves, but perſuades us that they eſcape the notice of others, and diſpoſes us to reſent cenſures leſt we ſhould confeſs them to be juſt. We are ſecretly conſcious of defects and vices which we hope to conceal from the public eye, and pleaſe ourſelves with innumerable impoſtures, by which, in reality, nobody is deceived.

In proof of the dimneſs of our internal ſight, or the general inability of man to determine rightly concerning his own character, it is common to urge the ſucceſs of the moſt abſurd and incredible flattery, and the reſentment always raiſed by advice, however ſoft, benevolent, and reaſonable. But flattery, if its operation be nearly examined, will

will be found to owe its acceptance, not to our ignorance but knowledge of our failures, and to delight us rather as it conſoles our wants than diſplays our poſſeſſions. He that ſhall ſolicit the favour of his patron by praiſing him for qualities which he can find in himſelf, will be defeated by the more daring panegyriſt who enriches him with adſcititious excellence. Juſt praiſe is only a debt, but flattery is a preſent. The acknowledgment of thoſe virtues on which conſcience congratulate us is a tribute that we can at any time exact with confidence; but the celebration of thoſe which we only feign, or deſire without any vigorous endeavours to attain them, is received as a confeſſion of ſovereignty over regions never conquered, as a favourable deciſion of diſputable claims, and is more welcome as it is more gratuitous.

Advice is offenſive, not becauſe it lays us open to unexpected regret, or convicts us of any fault which had eſcaped our notice, but becauſe it ſhews us that we are known to others, as well as to ourſelves; and the officious monitor is perſecuted with hatred, not becauſe his accuſation is falſe, but becauſe he aſſumes that ſuperiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what we deſired to conceal.

For this reaſon advice is commonly ineffectual. If thoſe who follow the call of their deſires without enquiry whither their going had deviated ignorantly from the paths of wiſdom and were ruſhing upon the dangers unforſeen, they would readily liſten to information that recalls them from their errors, and catch the firſt alarm by which deſtruction or infamy is denounced.

Few that wander in the wrong way miſtake it for the right; they only find it more ſmooth and flowery, and indulge their own choice rather than approve it: therefore few are perſuaded to quit it by admonition or reproof, ſince it impreſſes no new conviction, nor confers any powers of action or reſiſtance. He that is gravely informed how ſoon profuſion will annihilate his fortune, hears with little advantage what he knew before, and catches at the next occaſion of expence, becauſe advice has no force to ſuppreſs his vanity. He that is told how certainly intemperance will hurry him to the grave, runs with his uſual ſpeed to a new courſe of luxury, becauſe his reaſon is not invigorated nor his appetite weakened.

The miſchief of flattery is, not that it perſuades any man that he is what he is not, but that it ſuppreſſes the influence of honeſt ambition, by raiſing an

an opinion that honour may be gained without the toil of merit; and the benefit of advice ariſes commonly not from any new light imparted to the mind, but from the diſcovery which it affords of the public ſuffrages. He that could withſtand conſcience is frighted at infamy, and ſhame pevails when reaſon was defeated.

As we all know our faults and know them commonly with many aggravations which human perſpicacity cannot diſcover, there is perhaps, no man, however hardened by impudence or diſſipated by levity, ſheltered by hypocriſy, or blaſted by diſgrace, who does not intend ſome time to review his conduct, and to regulate the remainder of his life by the laws of virtue. New temptations indeed attack him, new invitations are offered by pleaſure and intereſt, and the hour of reformation is always delayed; every delay gives vice another opportunity of fortifying itſelf by habit; and the change of manners, though ſincerely intended and rationally planned, is referred to the time when ſome craving paſſion ſhall be fully gratified, or ſome powerful allurement ceaſe its importunity.

Thus procraſtination is accumulated on procraſtination, and one impediment ſucceeds another, till age ſhatters our reſolution, or death intercepts the

the projects of amendment. Such is often the end of ſalutary purpoſes, after they have long delighted the imagination, and appeaſed that diſquiet which every mind feels from known miſconduct, when the attention is not diverted by buſineſs or by pleaſure.

Nothing ſurely can be more unworthy of a reaſonable nature, than to continue in a ſtate ſo oppoſite to real happineſs, as that all the peace of ſolitude, and felicity of meditation, muſt ariſe from reſolution of forſaking it. Yet the world will often afford examples of men, who paſs months and years in a continual war with their own convictions, and are daily dragged by habit, or betrayed by paſſion, into practiſes which they cloſed and opened their eyes with purpoſe to avoid; purpoſes which, though ſettled on conviction, the firſt impulſe of momentary deſire totally overthrows.

The influence of cuſtom is indeed ſuch that to conquer it will require the utmoſt efforts of fortitude and virtue; nor can I think any man more worthy of veneration and renown, than thoſe who have burſt the ſhackles of habitual vice. This victory however has different degrees of glory as of difficulty; it is more heroic as the objects of

guilty gratification are more familiar. He that from experience of the folly of ambition reſigns his offices, may ſet himſelf free at once from temptation to ſquander his life in courts, becauſe he cannot regain his former ſtation. He who is enſlaved by an amorous paſſion, may quit his tyrant in diſguſt, and abſence will, without the help of reaſon, overcome by degrees the deſire of returning. But thoſe appetites to which every place affords their proper objects, and which requires no preparatory meaſures or gradual advances, are more tenaciouſly adheſive; the wiſh is ſo near the enjoyment, that compliance often precedes conſideration, and before the powers of reaſon can be ſummoned, the time for employing them is paſt.

Indolence is therefore one of the vices from which thoſe whom it once infects are ſeldom reformed, Every other ſpecies of luxury operates upon ſome appetite that is quickly ſatiated, and requires ſome concurrence of art or accident which every place will not ſupply; but the deſire of eaſe acts equally at all hours, and the longer it is indulged is the more increaſed. To do nothing is in every man's power; we can never want an opportunity of omitting duties. The laſpe to indolence is ſoft and imperceptible becauſe it is only

only a mere ceſſation of activity; but the return to diligence is difficult, becauſe it implies a change from reſt to motion, from privation to reality.

Of this vice, as of all others, every man who indulges it is conſcious; we all know our own ſtate, if we could be induced to conſider it; and it might perhaps be uſeful to the conqueſt of all theſe enſnarers of the mind, if at certain ſtated days life was reviewed. Many things neceſſary are omitted, becauſe we vainly imagine that they may be always performed; and what cannot be done without pain will for ever be delayed, if the time of doing it be left unſettled. No corruption is great but by long negligence, which can ſcarcely prevail in a mind regularly & frequently awakened by periodical remorſe. He that thus breaks his life into parts, will find in himſelf a deſire to diſtinguiſh every ſtage of his exiſtence by ſome improvement, and delight himſelf with the approach of the day of recollection, as of the time which is to begin a new ſeries of virtue and felicity.

A DISSERTATION upon TASTE.

TASTE conſidered only as a ſenſation is purely arbitrary, that is to ſay, every one has a right to boaſt of his own, and to give it the preference to that of others. This would not be difficult to prove: but without entering upon this vague diſquiſition, I ſhall confine myſelf to a ſpiritual, a mataphyſical taſte; as I am of opinion that there muſt neceſſarily be one that is invariable and immutable, independent of place, time, age, or country; in a word, alike in all men, as it can have no other baſis than truth, which never varies, and which unites in every thing, under the ſame idea, every mind that it enlightens. Taſte may be defined, an idea of truth univerſally received, and thoroughly underſtood upon every thing of which we form a judgement: therefore to have a good taſte, is to eſtimate or criticiſe ſentimentally, and by an implicit judgment of the mind, what reaſon eſtimates and appreciates, after having duly examined it.

This ſenſible idea ſhould not be too much, or too little extended; for when it ſwerves from preciſion, taſte becomes defective. So that all who purſue

purſue truth, ſhould perceive it in the ſame light; perfection having but a ſingle appearance, and, conſidered every way, has but one face.

The exiſtence of a ſovereign truth being admitted, it muſt, when conſulted, equally enlighten reaſon, whoſe eſſence is the ſame in all men. The ſoul of an European is of the ſame nature as that of a Chineſe; and thoſe of the firſt ages were not of a different ſpecies from thoſe of our times. If their external operations are not the ſame, if their judgments differ upon the ſame ſubject, this is no juſtification of the difference in either reſpect: for if there be but one truth to enlighten reaſon, all thoſe who do not conſult it, and who are not enlightened by it, are in darkneſs: ſo that we in vain have recourſe to ancient or modern manners, to authoriſe a diverſity of taſtes; we muſt ever recur to the eſſence of reaſon in its primitive inſtitution.

Shall we ſay that ſuch a work was good at that time, but is no longer ſo; good for men of a peculiar caſt, or country, but not for others? This is mere ſophiſtry. Goodneſs in an object is an independent and permanent truth; wherefore the judgment pronounced upon it depends neither upon times, nations, or genius: no other concluſion can be drawn from the contrary opinions of men

men with reſpect to the qualification of objects, but that ſome judge well, and others ill.

Every object that preſents itſelf to the mind has truth that characteriſes it, and conſtitutes it good or bad, perfect or imperfect, agreeable or diſagreeable; the more truth there is in this object, the more ſatisfaction is derived from it by the man of real taſte.

To diſcover with preciſion this truth, and conſequently feel its impreſſion, is to have taſte. But to judge of it by its perſonal diſpoſitions, by the opinions of others, by popular prejudice, this is being deſtitute of taſte, or at leaſt, having no other than a bad taſte: ſo that neither the peculiar manners of a nation, nor the various agitated paſſions, nor ancient opinions nor charms of novelty, nor the illuſions of faſhion, nor other vulgar prejudices, ought to impoſe or determine the judgment when the object is the formation of taſte.

We muſt ſeek for this truth, of which we are ſpeaking, in the very eſſence of the object, in its relations and its ends; that is to ſay, examine whether it is really in itſelf what it ſhould be, and if it fulfils its deſtination and connexions: I ſay really; for, once more, taſte is regulated upon theſe marks of truth, more or leſs evinced; otherwiſe it would not

not be certain; judgments would be formed upon opinion, paſſion, and the other impoſtors of error; and we ſhould not trace that truth which we are deſirous of being acquainted with.

It is an invariable maxim, that we may find falſity in every thing; in ſentiments, manners, characters, productions of genius, the choice of diverſions, the conſtruction of buildings, the aſſortment of furniture, or dreſs, in politeneſs and gallantry, and in a thouſand things, the enumeration of which would be tedious. In reſpect to all theſe, there is nothing ſo eaſy as being miſtaken, and giving proofs of a very bad taſte, if we have not juſt ideas, which depict the definition of objects, and their deſign.

They may at firſt be all reduced under one general definition, in ranging on one ſide all the works of nature, and on the other all thoſe of art. Be they of whatever kind, a knowledge ſhould be obtained of their eſſence and end, in order to diſcover the truth which characteriſes them. This is the only means of forming a taſte upon what nature preſents to our viſual faculties, and upon what the human mind can produce, either with reſpect to arts or ſciences. This rule compriſes every thing, and we have no other by which we

can

can diſcover the true impreſſion which things ſhould make upon a man of real taſte.

But as the objects are not ſufficiently ſpecified by this diviſion, we ſhall extinguiſh them under ſeveral claſſes, which compriſe almoſt the whole, at leaſt thoſe that are worthy of attention.

I call thoſe works of nature, which are produced by the Creator, and remain as they came from his hands. According to the common opinion, there are three different kinds, namely, intelligent, ſenſible, and inanimate. We are not allowed, as he has judged them fitting, and *videt quod esset bonum*, to analize their perfection, or whether they might have been carried to a ſtill greater heighth.

They are each ſettled according to the laws of infinite wiſdom, which allow our ſpeculations no other liberty than that of admiration. Nevertheleſs, the prodigious diverſity of theſe beings furniſhes our taſte a ſufficient field to exert itſelf in; for creatures having various degrees of perfection, ſubordination, and dependency, and connexions more or leſs intimate with man, they muſt communicate to his ſoul a ſcale of preference, whereby their ranks are in his eſteem regulated. Now the making a juſt diſtinction between objects capable

pable of exerciſing in our hearts a variety of ſentiments proportioned to each in particular, is, doubtleſs, having taſte; as it is, certainly, being diveſted of it, to confound them without diſtinctively appreciating them, without comparing them, and without eſteeming them, according to their preciſe value: for taſte is not a mere ſpeculative idea, but a ſenſible one, which makes an impreſſion upon the heart.

We may go ſtill farther with reſpect to man, who is, as we may ſay, the maſter piece of the Divine Architect. It is true, that his author having determined his eſſence and his principal end, we are forbid to judge of them, or to find any defect in them. But as man is a free being, and as he in ſome meaſure directs his own operation, he expoſes himſelf to the judgment of others when he acts, and he enables them to apply their taſte to the appearance of his actions,—his diſcourſe and his thoughts.

With reſpect to works of art, if it be neceſſary to ſubdivide them, in order to examine how many different ways they may be ſubject to the lights of judicious criticiſm, this would carry us almoſt to infinity. We ſhall fix upon ſome, which we ſhall analize as occaſion may offer, in order to

ſhew that there can be no juſt taſte which is not founded upon the idea of truth, and to point out the means of diſcovering it.

If men of another period, or another nation, have a different taſte from ourſelves, this neither juſtifies nor condemns ours or theirs. They ſhould both blend in all their productions of arts and ſciences ſuch rays of truth as are capable of expreſſing nature, and the deſign of ſuch works as they are engaged in, and ſuch objects as they propoſe deſcribing; this neither depreciates nor heightens the value of the taſte of either. Every thing ſhould be decided in favour of truth, that is to ſay, by thoſe who have been led by it, and whoſe reaſon is thereby enlightened.

In other reſpects this ſtudy requires no deep diſquiſitions or meditations; it is inſtantaneouſly determined by a judicious perſon, not only with regard to ſimple objects, but thoſe that are the moſt complex. Philoſophy points out to us how many ideas muſt neceſſarily be combined in an inſtant, to judge only of the quality, the diſtance, and ſituation of a tree we perceive in the middle of an open country: the mind, nevertheleſs, performs all this, without perceiving that it thinks. And it is the ſame with reſpect to the manner in which

which an object promps our taſte. If many have not ſucceeded after repeated endeavours, this is no defect in the rule, but in their penetration; and no other concluſion can be drawn, than that they are perſons who have no propenſity to taſte. It is ſcarce poſſible to communicate it to thoſe who have no diſpoſition for it: the maxims we propoſe will not work this miracle; they only point out thoſe who are poſſeſſed of taſte, and ſet forth the means of obtaining it to thoſe who are ſuſceptible of it.

We ſeldom fail obtaining a knowledge of the eſſence of objects. If we are more eaſily deceived with reſpect to the knowledge of their end, it is for want of recollecting that they have all one general deſign, which is the pleaſure and uſe of man. Man himſelf, beſides the end which is peculiar to him, hath this one alſo in common with the reſt of creatures, as far as the commerce of the world and ſociety ſubject him to connections with the human race. But as it is neceſſary, in order to ſettle this propoſition upon a ſolid baſis, to define all the terms, we muſt recollect what is the nature of man, in order to know what we are to underſtand by the pleaſure and utility that is neceſſary for him. Man is an intelligent and mortal being: wherefore his pleaſure and utility ſhould be con-

nected with the nature of his being. It is therefore neceſſary to enquire in what manner this conformity is found in all the objects which we examine.

It may perhaps, be ſaid the tendency of this reaſoning is eaſily diſcovered; and that to ſupport ſimilar definitions, is overthrowing many ideas. But what other method is to be purſued, if we are willing to be diſabuſed, and lay aſide the cuſtom of judging amiſs? We ſhall have occaſion for various examples to apply thoſe principles which we have eſtabliſhed.

The works of nature, beſides the end which we have attributed to them, namely, the pleaſure and uſe of mankind, have all of them one more, which is to ſerve in the glorification of their author. We ſhall not conſider them here in this point of view; we ſuppoſe that they have obtained this ſuperior deſtination, and we confine ourſelves ſolely to the conſideration of them as deſigned for the uſe of man.

We muſt, according to this idea, as we have already ſaid, give them a proper rank in our eſteem: but in order to obſerve the juſt degree of their merit, we ſhould not ſeek for it in the immediate connection they have with our pleaſures and

perſonal

perſonal advantages; but in the influence which they have upon the common good of all mankind, and the ſhare they have in the ornament and harmony of the whole world.

Thus the ſun appears to us more eſtimable than a flower, a field covered with a plenteous crop more liable to excite gratitude, than a ſhrub in a garden. It is the ſame with reſpect to the other creatures, compared with one another, and according to their various uſes.

But as, according to the works of nature, man forms a ſeparate order, let us conſider how we muſt judge with diſcernment of his figure or his humour, his genius or his projects. Suppoſe then we are to form our taſte upon the character of a mind. If we at firſt ſtudy its eſſence and end, we ſhall diſcover immediately, according to our principles, that it is an intelligence ſuperior to the ſenſes, which, by its deſtination, ſhould contribute to a happineſs worthy of it as well as that of others. We will afterwards apply to this truth which we have diſcovered, the talents and qualities of this mind; and as far as theſe talents and qualities expreſs the marks of truth, in the ſame degree ſhould the object inſpire eſteem, and make an impreſſion upon a man of good taſte. For it is not ſufficient

that

that we find in this mind, extent, penetration, vivacity, and joyouſneſs; he ſhould examine whether theſe qualities, eſtimable in themſelves, are actuated for the deſign of the ſubject in which they are placed.

Now, I maintain, that all men ſhould univerſally think in the ſame manner upon the character of that man whom we examine; and that the diverſity of taſtes, if there be ſuch, is accounted for only by the greater or leſs conformity which thoſe who examine them find by their prejudices and other perſonal diſpoſitions. It is proper to obſerve that this manner of examining objects, which appear dry and little intereſting, does not prevent our feeling all that is agreeable in them. At the ſight of a work of nature or of art, we are at liberty to touch upon what is agreeable & pleaſant, provided we eſtimate it only at its proper value; that in theſe emotions of pleaſure we preſerve an idea of truth, and that the ſpeculative principles conſtantly reign over the mind.

The qualities of an object, however badly ſuited to their deſtination, may by ſurprize inſpire agreeable ſentiments, which no way affect man's diſcernment, unleſs theſe ſentiments are procured by an idea that is more advantageous than that which

which ſeems to cauſe them. We ſhould be ignorant of the human heart to believe that we can be diverted at a thing we do not regard.

A man who holds a frivolous diverſion in no kind of eſteem, and who nevertheleſs ſeems pleaſed with it, though he be acquainted with its vanity, has not a leſs refined taſte, whilſt he continues to form a proper judgment. But if he once conſidered this diverſion as ſomething very elegant, and he deſpiſed thoſe who did not partake of it, condemning their taſte upon this account, he would himſelf have a very bad one, as from this moment he would in this reſpect no longer entertain an idea of truth: wherefore his amuſement which vitiated his taſte would not ariſe from joy, but from the falſe idea he conceived of it. With reſpect to thoſe things whereupon the taſte is externally expreſſed, we may through politeneſs conform to thoſe cuſtoms eſtabliſhed by reaſonable people of our time and country, reſerving the right of judging ourſelves according to the ideas of truth. But a man ſhould never run directly counter to the opinions generally received, though they may be bad: people are nettled when even their prejudice are not treated with ſome kind of reſpect; and upon theſe occaſions nothing is more conſiſtent with good taſte than politeneſs.

Moreover,

Moreover, there is much difference between a man who is prejudiced by a ſudden natural impreſſion and one who feels it, knowing the cauſe, and with an enlightened taſte. The one blindly purſues his diſpoſition, by which his intellects are often duped; a ſlave to his prejudices and vulgar opinions, he is driven in the ſtream of theſe foreign impulſions: whilſt the other, who enjoys the privileges of reaſon, and whoſe ſentiments cannot be miſguided, as founded in truth, either leaves or purſues what affects him, eſteems it only according to its value, and is not driven to the ſhame of receding from the admiration of what was not deſerving of it.

It were needleſs to object that perſons of excellent taſte often entertain a liking for things without knowing what it is that recommends them. I acknowledge that the reaſons are not always diſcovered why ſome particular objects pleaſe us; wherefore I at firſt defined a good taſte to be an implicit judgment, becauſe it ſuppoſes in an enlightened mind a knowledge independent of reflection, a determination without inveſtigation; and if we conſider whence ariſes our affection more for one ſentiment than another, our judgment and reflection conſtantly trace the clue. Every man who is incapable of aſſigning a cauſe for

for his taſte, is abſolutely unable to have a good one.

It is neceſſary to have a perfect taſte, not only to form a juſt idea of every thing, but alſo to be acquainted with the idea that is formed of it by others. Nothing is more eaſy than to perceive it; for the different impreſſions that objects make upon us may be reduced to three kinds of ſentiments, eſteem, indifference, and contempt. Taſte declares for one of theſe three, without a formal definition qualified with the object in queſtion. Thus in a ſtory told by a perſon, we find if the tone of admiration, which he gives it agrees or not with the ſubject treated of; if his ſerious or jocular ſtile deſtroy or confirm the ideas that muſt be framed of it; this uſually ſuffices to penetrate into the diſcernment of an infinite number of perſons, and from this maxim an inference might be drawn, which would eaſily prove it.

Taſte is liable to many errors, againſt which we ſhould be upon our guard. I. The agreement of objects with our natural diſpoſitions, inevitably form in us a phyſical prepoſſeſſion. II. The intereſts of ſelf love, either contradicted or flattered by an object, prevail over us, and determine the judgments we paſs upon it. III. The leaſt re-

ſemblance between new objects and thoſe which formed in us either pain or pleaſure, leads to ancient traces, which recall our paſt taſte, and makes us apply it to preſent objects. IV. The paſſions, which increaſe and disfigure all that is offered to our ſenſes, create in us an infinite number of ideas which diſguiſe truth and render us incapable of comparing objects with their proper deſtination. V. In fine, the ſame continued impreſſion, however affecting and lively, becomes by degrees leſs ſenſible, and ſolely becauſe it has continued for a length of time, it no longer awakens the ſame taſte. The attractions of novelty are not more ſucceſsful in recommending it: what pleaſes through them cannot long be agreeable, becauſe it cannot long retain its novel influence. Now an object ceaſes to be new in our eyes, as ſoon as it loſes its power of creating new ideas; and as ſoon as its appearance adds nothing to the ſight, it no longer ſtrikes or ſurpriſes.

Here are numerous ſhoals to be avoided, and which ſhould induce us to be upon our guard with reſpect to our ſentiments, and perfectly to diſtinguiſh their cauſes and origin, in order to aſcertain whether they are inſpired by truth.

But ſuppoſe that taſte were not formed upon the idea of truth, that is to ſay, upon the relation between

tween the eſſence of objects, and their deſtination, there would then be no prejudice or opinion whereby the value of things would be eſtimated: for in this caſe why ſhould one deciſion take place ſooner than another? Every one would be at liberty to determine by ſaying it is my taſte: as in the taſte of ſenſation, where we boldly ſay, you like what is ſweet, and I what is bitter, and in this I am equally right as yourſelf. Nearly the ſame reaſoning would take place with regard to ſpiritual taſte. For if it be not the idea of truth that pleaſes in the proportions of an edifice, its moſt diſproportionate parts may pleaſe me, without my being liable to be accuſed of having a bad taſte. My inclination, however extravagant it may be, will become a well received reaſon; becauſe thoſe who are fond of proportion are not inveſted with a better. All judgments would then be confuſed—all deciſions would become arbitrary, and ſubject to the caprices of prejudiced minds; while neither beauty nor truth would be caught, but mere chimeras generated by fancy.

The idea of truth is then ſo far the ſole rule to judge by, and the only ſcale whereby thoſe ſentiments ſhould be proportioned on which taſte is founded, that no others can be conſulted, without admitting into different minds the moſt abſurd

contradictions. For if, for inſtance, the paſſions are allowed to decide the merit of an object, what man would be debarred recurring to his own? One finds a perſon agreeable, becauſe he continually receives kindneſs from him: another finds him deteſtable, becauſe he is continually perſecuted by him; which of theſe taſtes is right? If we are to judge of a nation by their manners, to which ſhould we give the preference, the Engliſh or the Ottomans? The one cultivates the ſciences, the other neglects them; which are in the right? It may be ſaid both equally, as they conform to the cuſtomary education of their country. This reply is not ſatisfactory. We ſhould conſider which of theſe practiſes agrees beſt with the nature and deſign of man—with an intelligent mortal being—with his utility and pleaſure. This is the truth to be ſought for to form a taſte, and confer approbation to the one or the other.

It is the ſame with reſpect to temporary judgments. It is ſaid we ſhould tranſport ourſelves to the time of Homer, to admire what is now agreeable to our taſte in his poems. I acknowledge that after my imagination has performed this irkſome journey, I do not return the leaſt more ſatisfied. But without engaging in a long detail upon this ſubject, let us obſerve what occaſionally relates to it.

Doth

Doth it agree with the eſſence of the divinity to act like Homer's gods? It will be anſwered, that the author cannot repreſent them but like what they were thought to be at that time. And to this I reply, that as at that period extravagant ideas were entertained of the divinity, I cannot reliſh extravagancies either in themſelves, or in the author who wrote them. But it is added, that juſtice ſhould at leaſt be done to his art; we ſhould admire the beauty and deſcription of his paintings, the variety of cadences in his expreſſions. I admire, if they will, all theſe traits in themſelves, but not in their application, or with regard to what they expreſs. I am ſenſible that in ſeveral groteſque deſigns, we may reliſh the ſkill of the artiſt; but if the painter gave them us for regular figures, I ſhould eſteem neither the work nor the workman.

Taſte may be inſpired by the repreſentation of a portico; but it ſhould not then be ſaid that it was deſigned for a belfrey; for in this caſe we ſhould no longer be able to deſcry the idea of truth. Fiction, as it is expreſſed in poems of Homer, contributes neither to the real utility, or the real pleaſure of man. When I am deſirous of finding wholeſome morality and inſtructive allegories, I will not ſeek for them in his works; I know where to meet with much better and finer. Let who will

then

then admire his poetical eloquence: when he employs it only in fictions, I no longer admire its uſe; or if there be any thing good in itſelf, by abſtracting it from its application, it is nothing more than a vague ærial ornament. Beſides the partizans of this poet would not be ſatisfied with ſo trifling an elogium upon him; they want one to have a taſte for all the beauties of the deſign, all the wiſdom of compoſition, for the boldneſs and juſtneſs of the compariſons, for the diſpoſition of the narration; in a word, they would have one think his works ſhould be regarded as the models of epic poetry. But of what is it to us that theſe ſhould be any models for this kind of poetry? Would our minds be impoveriſhed without epic poems? Is any great advantage to be derived from them to letters? Would the imagination be leſs joyous? I comprehend of what utility are models for hiſtory, treatiſes of politics and morality, and for the various kinds of eloquence; but an epic poem, which is no more than a ſeries of indifferent and puerile fictions, doth not entitle its author to a rank ſuperior to all others, or his production, conſiſting of frivolous events, to be compared to the majeſtic ſublimity of holy writ. For to ſuch exceſs have things been carried, that Homer's friends therefrom draw ſerious compariſons, which are really riſible.

DUKE

Duke of Bedford.

THE foundation of the honours and riches, which appertain to this diſtinguiſhed young nobleman, is ſomewhat curious, as the following incident will prove: When Philip, King of Caſtile, father of the Emperor Charles V. was forced by hard weather into Weymouth haven, he was hoſpitably received at the ſeat of Sir Thomas Trenchard, when a Mr. RUSSEL appeared as a principal gueſt. This gentleman being converſant in the languages of Europe, and accompliſhed in his manners, contributed highly to the entertainment of the ſtrange Monarch; and in conſequence his Majeſty wrote to his friend Henry VII. telling him he had a young ſoldier in his realms who had loſt an eye at the ſiege of Montreile, which was the fact, that would do honour to any court.—Henry, in conſequence, ſent for him, and ever held him in eſtimation; but the completion of his fortune was reſerved for Henry VIII. who made him Comptroller of the Houſhold & Privy Counſellor; and in 1538 created him LORD RUSSEL, and made him Keeper of the Privy Seal. On the diſmembering of the Abbey Lands, ſome valuable acquiſitions were allotted to *Lord Russel*; two mitred territories were among theſe gifts, *Tavistock* and

and *Thornhaugh*. On the death of Henry VIII. he was created by Edward VI. EARL OF BEDFORD. He died in 1554.

HEALTH.

THOUGH good health be one of the greateſt bleſſings of life, it is thought neceſſary prudently to caution women againſt making a boaſt of it, and exhort them to enjoy it in grateful ſilence. For men ſo naturally aſſociate the idea of female ſoftneſs and delicacy with a correſpondent delicacy of conſtitution, that when a woman ſpeaks of her great ſtrength, her extraordinary appetite, and her ability to bear exceſſive fatigue, we recoil at the deſcription in a way ſhe is little aware of.

TACITUS.

WHAT the pen can do by engraving ideas, is yet unknown to us. A man ſhall write ten volumes, and yet ſaying nothing that will leave an impreſſion on our minds, ſo as to read him again. Tacitus only writes two lines, and thoſe two lines make us reflect for ſeveral days.

Let

Let us fancy a Tacitus, who ſhould write during three ages on different ſubjects, with ſuch a genius formed to combine the moſt diſtant coherences; we ſhould ſoon ſee libraries vaniſh, whoſe books would be no longer diſtinguiſhed from the walls. A pen equal to his, whoſe every word would raiſe ſeveral ideas, would cauſe many volumes to diſappear, which our ſhort ſight ſtill pry into. The writer who has made us conceive the empire one man could have over the whole, is no more. To know how to read him now-a-days, is perhaps no leſs a rare merit, than knowing how to write.

The mechaniſm of Tacitus, his ſtyle, is truly original. With him the ellipſis is very frequent; as he bounds from one object to another, he rarely touches more than the predominate points; his delicacies muſt be underſtood; he ſuppreſſes the intermediate ideas; he is an abſtruſe mind, that ſeems to have many points of ſenſibility at once.

It is certainly the impulſe of a writer's mind that determines his language. The motion and meaſure of the expreſſion form, as one may ſay, the action that diſcovers the ſentiment more or leſs lively.

Tacitus, with bold preciſion, obſerves the unalterable order of ideas. It has been imagined his

ſtyle was perpetually abrupt, but it is for want of well underſtanding him: by the help of conjunctions he manages great things; and when he perceives many connections, he chains by grammatical links, his phraſes all depending one on the other, although governed by the primitive idea. His conſtructions are of the boldeſt capacity; and when he probes the inmoſt receſſes of the tyrants' heart he imitates the ſinuoſities of their character, and his penetrating pen dives into the hidden receſs where their crimes lie concealed. The ſtyle of this great writer appears complex only becauſe it is rich, rapid, vehement; that he at once gives philoſophical and moral impulſes; that he expoſes the fibrous motives of human actions. Anatomiſe him, and you will conſtantly find him endowed with an eaſy and rapid energy. How natural is his diſorder—how genuine his wit! His tongue moulds itſelf to his vigorous conceptions; and one would be inclined to think he borrows the veil of policy, whilſt the writer, as the laſt ſtroke of his pencil, leaves the reader to form or finiſh reflection.

I will not here examine whether he gives the conduct of the Emperors the artifices of his own preceptions, and if mounted on the throne, he would not have been, if he had a mind, even as great a diſſembler as Tiberius. He will have every action

action to proceed from a direct cauſe; he grants ſcarcely any thing to impulſe, from hence it will reſult, a great deal of wit is neceſſary to be a bad emperor.

He ſaw clearly into the utmoſt receſſes of the human heart; but he treats every thing as a politician; he always aſcribes the depths of his own genius to characters who could not make ſuch curious obſervations: one would imagine he looked upon nature and fortune as nothing, as he does not ſeem to entertain any idea of their power. He turns plain and common actions into ſubtile and complicated meaſures; he forgets that diſpoſition ſways our actions, and that in all the emotions of crowned heads, temper has a ſhare. But it will be ſomewhat dangerous that a Prince ſhould read, underſtand and perfectly comprehend Tacitus; it is the buſineſs of a private man to ſift his author, and dive into his profound conceptions.

ANECDOTE

OF

DAVID GARRICK, Eſq.

DAVID GARRICK, Eſq. ſome years ago, had occaſion to file a bill, in the court of Chancery, againſt an attorney at Hampton, to ſet aſide an agreement, ſurreptitiouſly obtained, for the purpoſe of an houſe there; and while the late Edmund Hoſkins, Eſq. was preparing the draught of the bill, Mr. Garrick wrote him the following lines:

To his Counſellor and Friend, Edmund Hoſkins, Eſq. Tom Fool *ſends greeting*.

On your care muſt depend the ſucceſs of my ſuit,
The conteſt I mean, 'bout the houſe in diſpute;
Remember, my friend, an attorney my foe,
And the worſt of his tribe, tho' the beſt are *ſo ſo*.
In law, as in life, I know well 'tis a rule,
That a knave will be ever too hard for a fool;
To which rule one exception your client implores,
That the fool may for once turn the knave out of doors.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE.

OF

DIONYSIUS the YOUNGER.

WHEN Philip, King of Macedon invited Dionyſius the younger to dine with him at Corinth, he felt an inclination to deride the father of his royal gueſt, becauſe he had blended the characters of prince and poet, and had employed his leiſure in writing odes and tragedies. "How could the king find leiſure," ſaid Philip, "to write theſe trifles?" "In thoſe hours," anſwered Dionyſius, "which you and I ſpend in drunkenneſs and debauchery."

ANECDOTE

OF

The DUKE of BUCKINGHAM.

THE Duke of Queenſbury, in his journey to Scotland, heard that Buckingham lay at a certain Inn, not many miles from the road, in an illneſs from which he could not recover. His grace charitably paid the ſick man a viſit, and aſked him if he would have a clergyman?

"I

" I look upon them," ſays Buckingham, " to be a parcel of ſilly fellows, who do not trouble themſelves about what they teach."

Queenſbury then aſked, if he would have his chaplain, who was a Preſbyterian: " No" ſaid Bucks, " theſe fellows always make me ſick with their whine and cant." Queenſbury, taking it for granted that he muſt be of ſome religion, and of conſequence a Roman Catholic, told him there was a Popiſh Lord in the neighbourhood, and aſked him if he ſhould ſend for a Prieſt. " No, " ſays the dying man, theſe raſcals eat God: but " if you know of any ſet of fellows that eat the " Devil, I ſhould be obliged to you if you would " ſend for one of them."

A COMBAT

Between LAW and PHYSICK.

DOCTOR SAUNDERS, ſome time ſince, going to his country houſe in his carriage, was delayed by a turnpike-man, who refuſed to take the ſixpence tendered, ſaying, " it was a bad one," the doctor looking at it again would have that it was good, and upon the fellow's perſiſting bade his man drive on. The

The turnpike man directly ſeizcd the horſes reins, when the coachman whipped him moſt unmercifully, till he was obliged to let go his hold. Doctor S. being known, an action was immediately commenced, but put aſide in two courts by the eloquence or intereſt of the defendant.

However it was inſtantly renewed in another againſt the coachman, and not againſt the doctor. Here the plaintiff obtained a verdict of £30 damages, and caſt the defendant in coſts of ſuit. But, when he came to Doctor S. thinking he would pay for his ſervant, he found, unfortunately for him that the coachman, having fallen ſick whilſt the action was pending, had been put under the care of———, a friend of his maſter, in Guy's hoſpital, who had put him ſafe under the ground three days before! Thus *phyſick* got the better of *law*.

A

MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

WHILE active thought unſeals my eye,
And midnight darkneſs ſhades the ſky,
Be huſh'd, my ſoul ye moments ſtay,
While I rejudge the guilty day.
See conſcience glares, more dreadful made
By ſilence and the awful ſhade,
She points her poignard to my breaſt,
And bids my juſtice ſpeak the reſt.
Then think, my ſoul, while Heav'n gives breath,
And antidate the ſtroke of death!
Reflect how ſwift the moments fly,
Nor linger, unprepar'd to die!
Penſive revolve, 'ere yet too late,
The ſcenes of an eternal ſtate,
A ſeries of unnumber'd years,
Or crown'd with joys, or loſt in tears,
What awful hints theſe thoughts inſpire,
They chill the blood, they pall deſire,
They teach the ſoul her Heavenly birth,
And baniſh all the pomps on earth,
Here, as in air, a bubble toſt:
Her worth unknown, her genius loſt,
At pleaſure's fancy has ſhe drove,
Forgetful of her ſeat above!

Oh!

Oh! what ſuch folly can atone?
Reaſon dejected from her throne;
Let humble penitence reſtore,
And bid my ſoul to err no more.
All-clement thou, O God! all juſt,
The good man's rock, the ſinner's truſt;
Accept the blood my Saviour ſhed,
To ſave from woe this guilty head.
Oh! ſend thy life reſtoring grace,
Effuſe the luſtre of thy face;
From guilt and ſorrow ſet me free,
And guide me, till I come to thee.

DAMON AND ARAMINTA;

OR, THE

Sentimental Lovers.

ARAMINTA was endowed with the moſt precious gifts, wit, gracefulneſs, and beauty. With ſo many charms, and fifty thouſand pounds, was it poſſible that ſhe could fail to pleaſe? Her ſuitors ſoon were numerous. Beaus, lords, men of actual fortune, and others who were in expectation of one; in ſhort, all who thought themſelves amiable, (the number of which is great

enough) crowded to pay their homage to her. The ſimperings of the one, the ſtudied compliments of the others, the manners of all, their ſpeeches, their behaviour, amuſed her. How could they do more? Her judgment was as ſolid as her heart was tender: to pleaſe her, it was neceſſary to reſemble her; and whole ages do not produce a ſoul like her's. She imagined, however, that ſhe had found it in Eraſtus. To a great deal of wit he joined a fine perſon. Long poſſeſſed of the talent of ſubduing the fair, he thought the conqueſt of Araminta wanting to crown his glory. He made his addreſſes to her, ſighed, talked of love, was ſo ſeducing, and ſaid things with ſo perſuaſive an air, that ſhe was almoſt miſtaken: but ſoon recovering herſelf, ſhe ſaw through his motive. "No, Eraſtus," ſaid ſhe to him, "you will not deceive me: vanity is the principle of all your actions: you never knew what love is, and nothing elſe can touch me. Eraſtus withdrew: the part he was acting began to be irkſome to him.

A few days after, Damon arrived from his travels. At an age when young people think of nothing but pleaſure, ſtudy was his only occupation. Diſtinguiſhed by his birth, heir to a conſiderable eſtate, handſome, and poſſeſſed of every qualification becoming a gentleman, all that knew him

him were aſtoniſhed at his manifeſt diſlike of the uſual diverſions of thoſe of his years. It was not that his philoſophy was either harſh or gloomy: he always dreſſed gaily, frequented the beſt of company, and even ſaid ſweet things to the ladies: it was cuſtomary ſo to do, and he complied with the cuſtom. Though he had often declared that he was determined never to marry, he at the ſame time felt within himſelf that ſuch a female as his heart deſired, would eaſily make him alter that reſolution. "To think (ſaid he) of finding in this age a wife both handſome and affectionate, would be a mere chimera" His error did not laſt long: he ſaw Araminta: ſo many perfections made him feel ſentiments which had to him the charms of novelty: he would have diſſembled to himſelf that it was love." "I eſteem her, I admire her," ſaid he to one of his friends, "I will even own to you, that if her heart is as tender as her phyſiognomy and manners ſeem to ſpeak it to be, I would wiſh no greater happineſs than that of pleaſing her; but how can I be ſure of it? Appearances are ſo deceitful! Every thing, now-a-days, is ſacrificed to coquetry." A few converſations unveiled to him Araminta's mind: he ſaw in it ſuch delicate ſentiments, ſo ſtrong an averſion to trifles, ſo much ſolidity, ſo much virtue, that he ſoon became deeply ſmitten. Other ſentiments

may be miſtaken, but true love never can: the marks which characterize it are too remarkable to admit of doubt. Araminta felt the ſweetneſs of being beloved. Damon's tenderneſs triumphed over her indifference; ſhe loved.

"Yes Damon," ſaid ſhe to him one day, "you have found the way to perſuade me, you have found the way to pleaſe me, Why ſhould I bluſh at owning it to you? But, for my ſatisfaction, for my repoſe, for my happineſs, go, remove to a diſtance from hence for two years: if your ſentiments are not altered by the end of that time, my hand ſhall be the reward of your conſtancy."

Damon remonſtrated againſt the cruelty of his ſentence, and every argument to induce her to repeal it, and complained of an exceſs of delicacy which would render him the moſt unhappy of men. "The putting of my love to a trial," ſaid he, "implies a doubt of my ſincerity." "It is endeavouring to ſecure the happineſs of my life; I love too much, not to be beloved with equal ardour. My huſband ſhall be my lover, and I will have in my lover as much conſtancy as delicacy." Damon replied, but could not gain any thing. Araminta perſiſted in her reſolution. He ſet out. Araminta had placed in Damon's ſervice a valet-de-chambre, who was quite devoted to her intereſt,

reſt, and who was to inform her of all his maſter's actions.

When arrived at the town which he had choſen for his place of abode, he ſhut himſelf up in his habitation. If he went out ſometimes, it was only to take a walk: the moſt unfrequented and moſt retired places were thoſe which pleaſed him beſt: no friend, no acquaintance, no connection with any one: he ſeemed to have renounced all communication with mankind. His books and Araminta's letters were his only pleaſures. He heard from her often; the moſt refined ſentiments dictated what ſhe wrote. How happy did he eſteem himſelf in his misfortune, to be loved with ſuch delicacy.

The young lady, regularly informed of the life her lover led, ceaſed not to applaud the choice ſhe had made. "In an age when love is looked upon as no better than an amuſement," ſaid ſhe ſometimes to her friends, "in which frivolouſneſs is become the appendage of both ſexes, in which every thing is ſacrificed to vanity, intereſt, and debauchery; am I not happy in having found a heart like that of Damon's? He alone knows how to love. How pure and ſerene will be the days which we ſhall enjoy together! What heart felt pleaſures will follow our union! The tendereſt

reciprocal

reciprocal affection will give them birth, and love will crown all our deſires."—The end of Damon's baniſhment grew near: he was on the point of ſeeing the long and ardently wiſhed for moment, when he received a letter from Araminta couched in the following terms:

" I was not born to be happy: I have juſt now experienced it: from the moſt brilliant ſituation, I am at once fallen into the moſt ſhocking indigence. A misfortune, as ſudden as it was unforeſeen, has ſtripped me of all my riches. It is not them that I regret, I aſſure you; but have I not cauſe to complain of fate, which tears from me a ſo tenderly beloved lover? For to imagine that your love can be proof againſt ſuch a ſtroke, would be flattering myſelf too much. Such delicacy of ſentiments is no longer known; it would be unjuſt to require it. Poor is the reſource which perſonal accompliſhments afford, when they ceaſe to be ſupported by money! What I have left, will juſt ſuffice to board me in the country; which, in the deplorable ſituation of my affairs, is the only ſtep I can take: I ſhall there have time to bewail my misfortunes, to weep for the loſs of my lover. Happy, if I can recover that tranquillity of mind, which will from henceforth be the object of my deſires!"

" How

" How happy am I, dear Araminta, cried Damon, when he had read this letter: " I ſaw in you no fault whatever, but that of being too rich: a thouſand times, yes, a thouſand times have I wiſhed that you had been born in the very boſom of poverty: I ſhall then have the extatic pleaſure, the pleaſure ſo divine to ſenſible hearts, of heaping wealth upon, of honouring, and of rendering happy the perſon whom I love. Let us away this moment, let us fly; love ſhall atone for injuſtice of fortune."

He ſet out directly, animated with the pleaſing hope of ſeeing again the dear object of all his tenderneſs. Araminta, informed of his departure, took the juſteſt meaſures to carry on the ſtratagem which ſhe had deviſed.

He found her buſied in preparing, with her own delicate hands, a frugal repaſt. A room, which the ſun hardly ever lighted, was her apartment, and in it was only a wretched bed, and a few old chairs. " What occupation! what place of dwelling! Araminta," cried he: " dear Araminta, what a change is this! to how low an ebb has fortune reduced you! But, no; fortune cannot reduce you to leſs than your real value. Can any one do otherwiſe than admire ſuch moderation, ſuch

ſuch fortitude, under ſo cruel and ſo ſudden a blow? The greatneſs of your ſoul ſhines with ſplendour which far eclipſes all the tinſel glittering of human grandeur. You thought me capable of ſacrificing you to ſordid intereſt. Ah! Araminta, did you do juſtice to my ſentiments? Thoſe eyes, thoſe lovely eyes, the ſweetneſs of which charms, enchants, tranſports into extaſy: thoſe finely framed features, that air, that preſence, that ſhape, thoſe graces, that ſprightly wit, that ſolid ſenſe, that heart ſuperior to all praiſe; thoſe are the riches which I eſteem." "No, I will no longer complain of the rigours of fortune," replied Araminta; "I have on the contrary, cauſe to praiſe them. How ſweet is it to me to be beloved with ſuch delicacy!"

"How agreeable do your ſentiments, dear Damon, flatter mine! Our hearts are made for each other: nothing but their re-union can render us happy; and had it not been for the (ſhall I call it happy or unhappy) event which has deprived me of all my riches, ſhould I ever have taſted ſo pure a pleaſure as that which I now feel? Too delicate, too fond, not to have created to myſelf imaginary pains, I ſhould perhaps have imputed your love to a motive of intereſt. Thanks to fortune, my fears are baniſhed, and my happineſs

pineſs is ſure; at leaſt I venture to flatter myſelf with that idea."

What did Damon not do to expreſs to Araminta his extreme ſenſibility of all her kind and endearing words? He fell at her feet: his ſighs, ſome tears, his ſilence, ſpoke for him. In ſuch a ſituation as Damon's was, ſilence is the moſt pathetic eloquence. Nothing oppoſed the happineſs of our two lovers: they both thought it time to ſeal it: the day was fixed for the celebration of their marriage. With what pleaſure did Damon ſee that ſo wiſhed-for a day arrived! Every thing was ready for the ceremony, when Araminta was taken with a dizzineſs, the conſequences of which were dreadful. The ſmall-pox appeared upon her with the moſt alarming ſymptoms. Two days of illneſs brought her to the laſt extremity. Damon is informed of Araminta's danger; he flies to her apartment, notwithſtanding her ſtrict command that he ſhould not come near her then. In what a condition does he find her! A livid paleneſs, eyes which had loſt all their livelineſs, a difficulty of breathing, all ſeemed to portend a ſpeedy death. What a ſight was this for a lover!—"Ah! Damon," ſaid ſhe, with a feeble and faultering voice, "what have you done? Why have you diſobeyed my orders? Why are

you come to diſturb my laſt moments? Your tenderneſs doubles my ſufferings, by encreaſing the love of life ſo natural to man. With what reluctance do I reſign myſelf to the will of Heaven! Dear lover, dear huſband, you alone poſſeſs all my thoughts, even in thoſe moments when they ought to be far differently employed. How cruel is that idea of not ſeeing you again!" Too deeply afflicted to be able to complain, Damon could not utter a word. Dejectedneſs, anguiſh, tears, and heart-breaking ſighs, ſpoke ſufficiently for him.

Heaven took pity on his ſufferings. After ſome days of alarms, Araminta began to mend, and there were hopes that ſhe might recover. Her youth, and the goodneſs of her conſtitution ſaved her. What joy to Damon! With what tranſports did he receive the news of her recovery! It muſt be owned, pain always heightens the enjoyment of pleaſure. The greater the fear of loſing Araminta had been, the ſweeter did the happineſs of poſſeſſing her ſeem to Damon.

The young lady her-ſelf was not quite ſo contented: ſhe was afraid for her beauty. Not that, like moſt women ſhe devoted all her care, all her regard, and all her peace of mind, to ſo frivolous an

an advantage: no, doubtleſs, Araminta thought too ſolidly to ſet any great value upon a thing ſo frail, upon a flower which the leaſt breath of wind may fade: but that beauty ſecured to her the heart of a lover tenderly beloved, could ſhe do otherwiſe than fear to loſe him?

She was no ſooner out of danger, than, not chuſing to be ſeen by Damon in the condition ſhe then was, ſhe ſent him word that ſhe begged of him to let ſome time paſs before he came to her again. Damon complained; but he loved, and conſequently obeyed.

Araminta conſulted her glaſs every day; it taught her whether ſhe was to hope or fear. Her fluctuating between fear and hope ended. The maſk which disfigured her face dropped off, and all her features re-appeared as fine as before: her complection reſumed its former delicacy, ſhe never was ſo handſome.

"A thought comes into my head," ſaid ſhe one day to one of her friends, from whom ſhe kept nothing ſecret, "you will think it a mad one; but I am determined to try it, be the conſequence what it will: Damon loves me, I cannot doubt it: but if that love is founded on that little ſhare of beauty ought I to expect to keep his heart long? It

is on the poſſeſſion of that heart that the happineſs of my life depends. Can I take too many precautions to be ſure of it? I will not have a tranſient happineſs; I ſhould feel too deeply any change therein. Neither abſence, nor the ſuppoſed loſs of all my riches, have been able to alter Damon. Let us ſee whether his love will bear the loſs of my beauty."—

In vain was it remonſtrated to Araminta that this would be too ſevere a trial; that in building ſo high the fabric of her happineſs, ſhe ran a hazard of ſeeing the whole ſtructure tumble down; that people become habituated to the figure of a perſon, and that the changes which happen to it are neither ſo great nor ſo ſudden as to endanger what ſhe apprehended; that at her age thoſe changes were to be ſeen at ſo great a diſtance, that it was ſilly to be uneaſy about them; that beſides, Damon diſcovering every day in her a thouſand amiable qualities, would not even perceive the diminution of her beauty: all was to no purpoſe. Immoveably fixed in her reſolution, ſhe wrote the following letter to Damon:

"It is now that my misfortunes are paſt all remedy: fortune has at length exhauſted upon me all her ſpite. That beauty which women prize ſo much;

much; that beauty which was ſo dear to me becauſe I believed all your affection for me was owing to it, is for ever loſt, and with it the hope of being Damon's bride. Cruel reflection! If you doubt the truth of what I ſay, let your own eyes convince you. May I yet depend upon your heart? I have nothing but love to offer you: will that be enough for Damon? It would be enough for the affectionate and unhappy Araminta."

"It will be enough for me too," cried Damon with tranſport; "your affection can alone crown all my wiſhes." He flies to Araminta's: ſhe expects his coming; and had with drugs prepared for the purpoſe, and applied to her face, entirely altered her countenance. Damon did not know her, but by the emotion he felt. What a moment was this for Araminta! Her fate was going to be determined: ſhe loved to diſtraction; could ſhe be eaſy?

"No, Araminta," ſaid Damon, "aſtoniſhingly amazing as this alteration is, it ſhall not produce any in me; I ſtill am the ſame: wonderful as your beauty was, it was not that which charmed me: the excellencies of your mind, the ſweetneſs of your temper, and, above all, that heart which would alone diſpenſe you from any other merit;

theſe were the objects which inſpired me with a paſſion, which will not end but with my life. Defer then no longer the completion of my happineſs; let the ſacred rites of marriage unite us inſtantly." "It was too much, my dear Damon, anſwered Araminta, "it was too much: you ſhall be happy; deſerve to be ſo; your heart is ſuch as mine deſires; nothing will from henceforth diſturb our felicity; all that I have done, was only to try you: you ſhall judge yourſelf whether I am ſtill worthy to pleaſe you." At theſe words ſhe wiped off the kind of maſk which disfigured her: never was ſhe ſo beautiful. "What do I ſee!" cried Damon, tranſported with ſurpriſe: "Do you know that my delicacy does not at all reliſh the trick you have played me? You doubted then of my ſincerity, and of the continuance of my love." "I did not doubt it, Damon; but I was afraid of loſing your heart in loſing my beauty: I now am ſatisfied, and completely happy. I will tell you more; the loſs of my fortune was only an invention to try your love: I ſtill am miſtreſs of the ſame riches." "What! new ſubjects of complaint! Could you think me capable of being influenced by mercenary views? Ah, Araminta! did I deſerve ſuch ſuſpicions?"

Love undertook Araminta's defence: nothing could be laid to her charge but too much delicacy:

cy; ſhe was ſoon juſtified in Damon's opinion: he fell at her knees, and beſought her no longer to oppoſe his happineſs. They were married the ſame day. Leſs huſband and wife, than lovers, their union proved to them an inexhauſtible ſource of pleaſures.—In an age, in which men think they wrong themſelves in loving their wives, Damon's affection was at firſt turned into ridicule, and a thouſand inſipid jokes were afterwards cut upon it. He ſtood them, and a general eſteem ſucceeded the ill-placed raillery.—Such is the uſual effect of virtue. Damon was ever after looked upon as the model of lovers, and of huſbands.

THE
FATAL SEPARATION.

THAT peace is a bleſſing of ineſtimable value, and that war is a calamity deeply to be deplored, every man who feels the ſlighteſt emotions of philanthrophy in his boſom, muſt readily allow. What mournful ſcenes in private families have the flames of war already occaſioned! How many more ſuch ſcenes may juſtly be apprehended! During the laſt American war, an amiable girl, the daughter of an ingenious manufacturer in the north

north of England, had ſuch ſtrong prepoſſeſſions in favour of a young man, the ſon of a reputable neighbour of the ſame profeſſion, that ſhe looked upon him as abſolutely neceſſary to her happineſs; and her attachment to him was accompanied with the moſt pleaſing reflections, as ſhe diſcovered in every part of his behaviour the moſt flattering regard from her. Charles and Sally (their ſir names are of no conſequence) were not only fondly attached to each other, but felt a conſiderable addition to their mutual ſatisfaction by the approbation of their reſpective parents; who, with an equal deſire to form a family alliance, ſoon proceeded to lay a foundation for their future felicity.

When the fathers, on both ſides, had ſettled every thing of the pecuniary kind, for the advantage of their children, they permitted them to make preparations for their wedding.

This intelligence was received by the affectionate couple with all the pleaſure expected from the communication of it; and they both behaved in the moſt filial manner upon the animating occaſion. So exemplary indeed, was their whole deportment, that it is not eaſy to ſay whether the father of Sally, or the father of Charles, were the moſt parentally delighted.

Sally,

Sally, aſſiſted kindly by a mother who was unexceptionable in the character of a wife, in providing what was neceſſary for her ſetting out in a new ſtyle, received alſo from that mother what was of no ſmall importance to her, a great deal of wholeſome advice.

Some of her admonitions, though trite, may be read with profit by many of the young women of the age, on the point of matrimony; by thoſe eſpecially who are ſo well ſatisfied with their abilities for the conduct of a married life, as to ſuppoſe any conjugal inſtructions affronts to their underſtandings.

In the following language, Sally was, one day, addreſſed by her mother, a plain, ſenſible woman, who without the ſelf-ſufficiency and affectation of a fine lady was intrinſically of more worth than half the fine ladies in Kent or Chriſtendom.

You are now, my dear, going to be your own miſtreſs, and I have ſo good opinion of you as to believe that you will pride yourſelf on being a good wife. I believe too, that you very well know the behaviour proper for a wife in every ſituation: but though I have ſuch a favourable opinion of you, I cannot help mentioning a few particulars relating to a woman's behaviour to the

man ſhe marries, which well deſerve your conſideration—In the firſt place, my dear Sally, make yourſelf thoroughly acquainted with the temper of your lover, as your are inſeparably united to him (for no man's temper can be thoroughly known before marriage) and accommodate your own to all its various changes, ſo that he may never have reaſon to charge you with having put him out of humour, Secondly, endeavour to make him place an unlimited confidence in you; and when you have gained that point, take every opportunity to do ſomething to encreaſe his dependence on your diſcretion. Thirdly, be particularly attentive to every thing committed to your care; and in the management of your domeſtic affairs let your huſband ſee that you ſtudy to act agreeable to his judgment, and to give him ſatisfaction.

Theſe admonitions, with ſeveral others, equally well intended, were heard with patience. and remembered with pleaſure: and it is highly probable that Sally would have ſquared her conduct after marriage, by them, had her wiſhes been compleated.

While Charles and Sally were preparing, with equal alacrity, to enter into the ſtate to which their inclinations ſtrongly led them, the latter met with

with a conſiderable diſappointment, in conſequence of the unlooked for behaviour of the former; which ſhocked her ſpirits to ſuch a degree, that her health was evidently injured by it.

Charles, having received a letter from a young fellow of his acquaintance, a town's-man, an Enſign in one of the regiments ſent to reinforce the army in America, was ſo animated by the account he gave of our ſucceſs there, and with the encouragement given to all thoſe who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their courage or conduct, that he felt himſelf ſeized with the military fever, and ardently longed to "bind his brows with victorious wreaths."

Charles, under the influence of his paſſion now appeared in a very romantic light to all his relations, and moſt of his friends, as he ſeemed not, ſetting aſide his perſonal proweſs, to be properly qualified for a ſoldier's life, his new paſſion, however, did not weaken the force of his attachment to his Sally, but all which even ſhe could urge in order to prevent the needleſs expoſure of his perſon in a remote country, was not forcible enough to make him give up his martial deſigns: he offered, indeed, to marry her before he embarked a volunteer to the American continent: but ſhe

choſe rather to wait for his return to his native land, than to undergo the double anxieties of a fond miſtreſs, and a widowed wife. She had no doubts of his fidelity; but ſhe had many, innumerable fears for his ſafety. With ſighs ſhe ſaw him wave his hand to her while he was under ſail; and when her ſtrained eyes could no longer perceive, with diſtinctneſs, the handkerchief which ſhe had herſelf worked for him, ſhe was conveyed, bathed in tears to her father's houſe, unable to ſupport the pangs of ſeparation. There her conſiderate, and much affected parents, did all in their power to conſole her, and hoped to alleviate the weight of her tender ſorrows, by reminding her of his parting expreſſions.—"Be aſſured, my deareſt Sally, (ſaid he, when he took leave of her,) that I ſhall do nothing during my abſence from you, to make you aſhamed of your choice; and that I ſhall return with tranſports to your affectionate arms, when I have merited the applauſe of my king, by contributing to the defeat of his enemies."

The repetition of theſe ſpirited expreſſions only ſerved to render Sally more afflicted; for knowing her lover had a large ſhare of that ſort of courage which borders upon temerity, ſhe could not think of his putting himſelf under military diſcipline, without ſuppoſing at the ſame time, that his intrepidity

pidity would hurry him with a precipitance more to be admired than commended, unto dangerous ſituations.

With an impatience not to be deſcribed, Sally waited for news from her Charles, who had promiſed to write to her as ſoon as he came to New York, where he intended to land, having letters of recommendation in his pocket to ſeveral merchants in that town.

In a ſhort time after Charles' departure from England, the father of Sally, in conſequence of his connection with a bold adventurer, was reduced to a very diſtreſsful ſtate. In that ſtate, however, he was viſited by an opulent gentleman, who promiſed to reſtore him to his former proſperity, if he would give him his daughter in marriage; who was, he ſaid, abſolutely neceſſary to his happineſs, and who had poſitively, he alſo ſaid, refuſed to comply with his ſolicitations. Poor Sally was now plunged into a new affliction; and a ſevere conflict did ſhe endure between her love for Charles and her filial affection.

While ſhe was in this perplexing condition, a letter came to her father from one of his American correſpondents, which informed him that Charles had fallen in the firſt battle that was fought after his arrival. Sally

Sally wept bitterly when this melancholy intelligence was imparted to her; but hearing in a few minutes afterwards, that her father was on the point of being ſent to priſon, ſhe conſented to marry the man whoſe generous offers ſhe had rejected. Scarce had Sally been married a "little month," when Charles returned, not only full of health, and full of love, but a with conſiderable ſhare of military reputation. He had not fallen in the field of battle; but it was the death of an officer of his name, which had occaſioned the information received by the father of his miſtreſs concerning him.

The firſt news which Charles heard upon his return to England, was the marriage of his Sally; the firſt news which ſhe heard of it almoſt unhinged her intellects. His return indeed, proved very unfortunate both to her and himſelf: it plunged her into a torpid ſtate, which deprived her of all reliſh for exiſtence; and it drove him into a life of ebriety, for the diſperſion of reflections not to be ſupported: from which he was, it is true ſoon releaſed, but in a manner greatly lamented by all who loved and eſteemed him—by his own raſh hand.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF

DEAN SWIFT.

IN the year 1726, Swift attended the levée of Sir Robert Walpole, at Chelſea; where he ſat down by the door, and drew the notice of the company by that ſingularity. Nobody knew him till Sir Robert entered, and went up to him very obligingly, Swift, without riſing up, or other addreſs, ſaid, "For God's ſake, Sir Robert, take me out of that curſed country, and place me ſomewhere in England." 'Mr. Dean,' (ſaid Sir Robert) 'I ſhould be glad to oblige you, but I fear removing you will ſpoil your wit. Look at that tree; (pointing to one under the window) 'I tranſplanted it from the hungry ſoil of Houghton to the Thames ſide, but it is good for nothing here! The company laughed, and the Doctor hurried off without reply.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE
OF
SIR EDWARD PELLEW.

THE French General's Lady, who was on board the *Virginie*, lately captured by Sir Edward Pellew, was in bed when the action commenced, but was ſoon removed to a place of more ſafety; and in three minutes after ſhe had left the bed, a ſhot tore it in pieces, knocked off the head of one man, and the arm of another. She was removed to the *Indefatigable*, and appeared to be overcome with terror and affliction. Sir Edward remonſtrated with her, ſaid all danger was over, that ſhe and her ſon were ſafe, and promiſed her every protection in his power, begging of her, at the ſame, to ſay what was the cauſe of her terror. She acknowledged that ſhe had been told, if ſhe was taken by the Engliſh, ſhe would be illtreated; but Sir Edward ſoon quieted her fears on that head. Seeing ſoon after an American veſſel, he brought her to, and paid the Captain a ſum of money to carry her and her ſon to her huſband at Rochfort: he accompanying her to the veſſel, and, on parting, ſhe held out her hand to him, ſaid ſhe had not words to thank him, and put a diamond-ring in his hand, which he inſtantly returned, ſaying,

ing, he could not think of accepting it; and, ſaluting her, aſſured her he was amply repaid for any little attentions he had been able to ſhew her. Such an anecdote relieves one's mind amdiſt the horrors of war, and ſpeaks much in favour of our gallant countryman.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

ALEXANDER SEVERUS, the Romam emperor, was by nature liberal, and by principle an œconomiſt; affable in his manners, frugal in his diet, and ſimple in his dreſs. The majeſty of the empire, ſays he, is to be ſupported by virtue, and not by the oſtentation of riches. This prince would never ſuffer any office of truſt or power to be ſold, remarking that he who bought by wholeſale, muſt ſell by retail.

When ſome merchants made application to him for a piece of ground which the Chriſtians had ſet apart for building a church on, he replied, it was of much more conſequence that God ſhould be adored in any manner, than that merchants ſhould have any particular ſpot aſſigned them in preference to another, to carry on their commerce.

THE city of Dantzick takes its name from the German word Dantzen, which ſignifies *to dance.* The ſtory of this etymology is, that certain peaſants being accuſtomed to aſſemble upon the ſpot where Dantzick now ſtands, to celebrate feſtivals with rural ſports, took a fancy to build a village upon it; for this purpoſe, they applied to the Biſhop, who was the owner of the domain, who granted them as much ground as they could encircle, holding each other by the hand in a ring, and dancing round it.

ANECDOTE

OF

The EMPEROR—JOSEPH II.

THE Emperor's generoſity was not confined to men of diſtinguiſhed merit, whom it is an honour to oblige. His purſe was always open whenever he met with a proper though obſcure object of charity. Going one morning into an elegant coffee-houſe, he aſked for a diſh of chocolate: he was ſimply dreſſed, and the waiters inſolently refuſed it, under pretence that it was too early. He walked out without ſaying a word, and went into a ſmall coffee-houſe, nicknamed the

the one-eyed; he aſked for a diſh of chocolate, and the landlord anſwered him politely, that it would be ready in a moment. While he waited for it as the coffee-houſe was empty, he walked up and down, and was converſing on different ſubjects, when the daughter of the houſe, a very pretty girl, came down ſtairs: the count wiſhed her a good day, the ordinary ſalutation in France, and ſaid to her father, that it was time for her to be married. "Alas! replied the old man, if I had a thouſand crowns, I could marry her to a handſome young man who is fond of her; but the chocolate is ready." The Emperor having drank and paid, aſked for paper, pen, and ink; the girl runs to fetch them, having no idea how they were to be employed; Count Falkenſtein gave her an order on his banker for ſix thouſand livres.

ANECDOTE
OF
The PRINCE of WALES.

PREVIOUS to the laſt maſquerade at the King's theatre, his Royal Highneſs was ſo ſeriouſly indiſpoſed as to require the attendance of Dr. Reynolds, who, upon being aſked whether

the Royal Patient might with ſafety venture to the Opera Houſe, gave his decided negative. The Prince was diſſatisfied with the Doctor's mandate, at the ſame time aſſured him, no exertion on his part would be requiſite, as he intended going in a *Domino*. The ſtern and inexorable doctor, ſtill perſiſting in his opinion, added, that he would not anſwer for the conſequence of ſuch imprudence, it might occaſion his Royal Highneſs's death; upon which the Prince immediately ſaid, "*Beati sunt illi, qui moriuntur in Domino.*"

AN
ODE on SCIENCE,
By DEAN SWIFT.

OH heavenly born! in deepeſt cells
If faireſt ſcience ever dwells
Beneath the moſſy cave;
Indulge the verdure of the woods;
With azure beauty gild the floods,
And flowery carpets lave;
For melancholy ever reigns
Delighted in the ſylvan ſcenes
With ſcientific light;

While

While Dian, huntreſs of the vales,
Seeks lulling ſounds and fanning gales,
Tho' rapt from mortal ſight.
Yet, goddeſs, yet, the way explore
With magic rites and heathen lore
Obſtructed and depreſs'd:
'Till wiſdom give the ſacred nine,
Untaught, nor uninſpir'd to ſhine,
By reaſon's power redreſs'd.
When Solon and Lycurgus taught,
To moralize the human thought
Of mad opinion's maze,
To erring zeal they gave new laws.
Thy charms, O liberty? the cauſe
That blends congenial rays.
Bid bright Aſtræa gild the morn,
Or bid a hundred ſuns be born,
To hecatomb the year;
Without thy aid in vain the poles:
In vain the zodiac ſyſtem rolls:
In vain the lunar ſphere.
Come faireſt Princeſs of the throng,
Bring ſweet philoſophy along
In metaphyſic dreams;
While raptur'd bards no more behold
A vernal age of purer gold
In Heliconian ſtreams.

Drive thraldom with malignant hand,
To curſe ſome other deſtin'd land
By folly led aſtray:
Ierne bear on azure wing;
Energic let her ſoar and ſing
Thy univerſal ſway.
So when Amphion bade the lyre
To more majeſtic ſound aſpire,
Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To ſculpture turn'd by magic ſound,
And petrifying ſong.

AN
ANECDOTE.

"MY LORD, (ſaid a prig of a ſheriff once to Judge Burnet, on the circuit) there is a white bear in our town; your lordſhip, be ſure, will go and ſee him: ſhall I have the honour to attend your lordſhip?"

"Why," replied the judge, "I am afraid it cannot be; becauſe, you know, Mr. Sheriff, the bear and I both travel with trumpets: and it has never

never yet been ſettled, which ſhould make the firſt viſit."

The ſame perſonage, when he was only plain Tom Burnet, took it into his head to write a pamphlet, which did ſome execution, againſt the miniſtry. The great man complained to the biſhop, who ſending for Tom, "What," ſays he, "could induce you to do ſuch a thing?" I make you a very handſome allowance. You could not write it for bread." "No, ſir," ſaid Tom. "What did you write it for then, ſirrah?" "For drink, ſir."

ON

SELF APPROBATION.

OF all intellectual pleaſures, Lord Shafteſbury obſerves, that ſelf-approbation, that ſunſhine of the ſoul, is the greateſt and moſt laſting; the eye is not ſo ſatisfied with ſeeing, nor the ear with earing: the pleaſures of the imagination, tho' great, affect but a ſmall part of mankind; and as our faculties decline, they loſe their reliſh; but ſelf-approbation, from early youth to decrepid old age, is a continual ſource of joy.

GRA-

GRATITUDE.

A Mark of true Magnanimity: Exemplified in the Hiſtory of Topal Osman.

TOPAL OSMAN, who had received his education in the Seraglio, being in the year 1698, about the age of twenty five, was ſent with the Sultan's orders to the Baſhaw of Cairo. He travelled by land to Saed; and, being afraid of the Arabs who rove about plundering paſſengers and caravans, he embarked on board a Turkiſh veſſel, bound to Damietta, a city on the Nile. In this ſhort paſſage they were attacked by a Spaniſh privateer, and a bloody action enſued. Topal Oſman gave here the firſt proofs of that intrepidity, by which he was ſo often ſignalized afterwards. The crew, animated by his example, fought with great bravery; but ſuperior numbers at laſt prevailed, and Oſman was taken priſoner, after being dangerouſly wounded in the arm and thigh. Oſman's gallantry induced the Spaniſh captain to pay him particular regard: but his wounds were ſtill in a bad way when he was carried to Malta, whether the privateer went to refit. The wound in his thigh was the moſt dangerous, and he was lame of it ever after; for which he had the name of Topal or Cripple. At that time Vincent Arnaud,

naud, a native of Marſeilles, was commander of the port of Malta, who, as his buſineſs required, went on board the privateer, ſo ſoon as ſhe came to anchor. Oſman no ſooner ſaw Arnaud, than he ſaid to him, can you do a generous action? Ranſom me, and take my word, you ſhall loſe nothing by it. Such a requeſt from a ſlave in chains was uncommon; but the manner in which it was delivered, made an impreſſion upon the Frenchman; who turning to the Captain of the privateer, aſked what he demanded for the ranſom. He anſwered one thouſand ſequins (near five hundred pounds) Arnaud, turning to the Turk, ſaid, I know nothing of you; would you have me riſk one thouſand ſequins on your bare word? Each of us act in this, replied the Turk, with conſiſtency, I am in chains, and therefore take every method to recover my liberty; and you may have reaſon to diſtruſt a ſtranger. I have nothing at preſent but my word to give you; nor do I pretend to aſſign any reaſon why you ſhould truſt to it. I can only ſay, that, if you incline to act a generous part, you ſhall have no reaſon to repent." The commander upon this, went to make his report to the Grand Maſter, Don Perellos. The air with which Oſman delivered himſelf, wrought ſo upon Arnaud, that he returned immediately on board the Spaniſh veſſel, and agreed with the cap-

tain for ſix hundred ſequins, which he paid as the price of Oſman's liberty. He put him on board a veſſel of his own, and provided him a ſurgeon, with every thing neceſſary for his entertainment and cure. Oſman had mentioned to his benefactor, that he might write to Conſtantinople for the money he had advanced; but finding himſelf in the hands of a man who had truſted ſo much to his honour he was emboldened to aſk another favour; which was to leave the payment of the ranſom entirely to him. Arnaud diſcern'd, that in ſuch a caſe things were not to be done by halves, He agreed to the propoſal with a good grace; and ſhewed him every other mark of generoſity and friendſhip.

Accordingly Oſman, ſo ſoon as he was in a condition, ſet out again upon his voyage, The French colours now protected him from the privateers. In a ſhort time he reached Damietta, and ſailed up the Nile to Cario. No ſooner was he arrived there, than he delivered one thouſand ſequins to the maſter of the veſſel, to be paid to his benefactor Arnaud, together with ſome rich furs; and he gave the maſter of the veſſel himſelf five hundred crowns, as a preſent. He executed the orders of the Sultan his maſter with the Baſhaw of Cario; and ſetting out for Conſtantinople,

was

was the firſt who brought the news of his ſlavery. The favour received from Arnaud, in ſuch circumſtances, made an impreſſion upon a generous mind too deep to be eradicated. During the whole courſe of his life, he did not ceaſe, by letters and other acknowledgments, to teſtify his gratitude.

In the year 1715 war was declared between the Venetians and Turks. The grand Vizir, who had projected the invaſion of the Morea, aſſembled the Ottoman army near the iſthmus of Corinth, the only paſs by which this peninſula can be attacked by land. Topal Oſman was charged with the command to force the paſs; which he not only executed ſucceſsfully, but afterwards took the city of Corinth by aſſault. For this ſervice he was rewarded by being made a Baſhaw of two tails. The next year he ſerved as lieutenant-general under the grand Vizir, at the ſiege of Corfu, which the Turks were obliged to abandon.

Oſman ſtaid three days before the place, to ſecure and conduct the retreat of the Ottoman troops. In the year 1722 he was appointed Seraſkier (general in chief) and had the command of the army in the Morea. When the conſuls of the different nations came to pay their reſpects, to him in this quality, he diſtinguiſhed the French

by peculiar marks of friendſhip and protection. Inform Vincent Arnaud, ſays he, that I am fonder of my new dignity, as it enables me to ſerve him. Let me have his ſon in pledge of our friendſhip; and I will charge myſelf with making his fortune." Accordingly Arnaud's ſon went into the Morea, and the Seraſkier not only made him preſents, but granted him privileges and advantages which ſoon put him in a way of acquiring an eſtate. Topal Oſman's parts and abilities ſoon raiſed him to a greater command. He was made a Baſhaw of three tails, and Beglerberg of Romania, one of the greateſt governments in the Empire, and of the greateſt importance, by its vicinity to Hungary.

His reſidence during his government was at Nyſſa. In the year 1727, Vincent Arnaud and his ſon waited on him there, and were received with the greateſt tenderneſs. Laying aſide the baſhaw and governor, he embraced them, cauſed them to be ſerved with ſherbet and perfumes, and made them ſit on the ſame ſopha with himſelf; an honour but rarely beſtowed by a baſhaw of the firſt order, and hardly ever to a chriſtian. After theſe marks of diſtinction, he ſent them away loaded with preſents. In the great revolution which happened at Conſtantinople, Anno 1730 the

the grand Vizier Ibrahim periſhed. The times were ſo tumultuary, that one and the ſame year had ſeen no fewer than three ſucceſſive Vizirs. In September 1731 Topal Oſman was called from his government to fill this place; which being the higheſt in the Ottoman empire, and perhaps, the higheſt that any ſubject in the world enjoys, is always dangerous, and was then greatly ſo.

He no ſooner arrived at Conſtantinople to take poſſeſſion of his new dignity, than he deſired the French Ambaſſador to inform his old benefactor of his advancement; and that he ſhould haſten to Conſtantinople while things remained in the preſent ſituation adding that a grand Vizir ſeldom kept long in his ſtation. In the month of January 1732 Arnaud with his ſon, arrived at Conſtantinople from Malta, bringing with them variety of preſents, and twelve Turks whom he had ranſomed from ſlavery, theſe by command of the Vizir, were ranged in order before him. Vincent Arnaud, now ſeventy-two years old, with his ſon, was brought before Topal Oſman, grand vizir of the Ottoman empire. He received them in the preſence of the great officers of ſtate, with the utmoſt marks of affection. Then turning to thoſe about him and pointing to the ranſomed Turks: "Behold, ſays he, theſe your brethren, now enjoying

joying the ſweets of liberty, after having groaned in ſlavery: this Frenchman is their deliverer. I was myſelf a ſlave; loaded with chains, ſtreaming in blood, and covered with wounds: this is the man who redeemed and ſave me; this is my maſter and benefactor: to him I am indebted for life, liberty, fortune, and every thing I enjoy. Without knowing me, he paid for me a large ranſom, ſent me away upon my bare word, and gave me a ſhip to carry me. Where is there a Muſſulman capable of ſuch generoſity?" While Oſman was ſpeaking, all eyes were fixed on Arnaud who held the grand Vizir's hands cloſely locked between his own: the Vizir then aſked both father and ſon many queſtions concerning their ſituation and fortune, heard their anſwers with kindneſs and attention, and then ended with an Arabic ſentence *Alla Herim* (the providence of God is great,) he made, before them, the diſtribution of the preſents they had brought, the greateſt part of which he ſent to the Sultan, the Sultana mother and the Kiſler Aga (chief of the black Eunuchs). Upon which the two Frenchmen made their obedience and retired.

After this ceremony was over, the ſon of the grand Vizir took them to his apartments, where he treated them with great kindneſs. Sometime before they left Conſtantinople, they had a conference

ence in private with the Vizir, who diveſted himſelf of all ſtate and ceremony. He let them underſtand, that the nature of his ſituation would not permit him to do as he deſired, ſince a miniſter ever appears in the eyes of many, to do nothing without a view to his own particular intereſt; adding that a Baſhaw was lord and maſter in his own province, but that the grand Vizir at Conſtantinople had a maſter greater than himſelf. He cauſed them to be amply paid for the ranſom of the Turks, and likewiſe procured payment of a debt which they had looked on as deſparate, he alſo made them large preſents in money, and gave them an order for taking a loading of corn at Salonica: which was likely to be very profitable, as the exportation of corn from that Port had been for a long time prohibited. As his gratitude was without bounds, his liberality was the ſame. His behaviour to his benefactor demonſtrated that greatneſs of ſoul which diſplayed itſelf in every action of his life. And this behaviour muſt appear the more generous, when it is conſidered what contempt and averſion the predjudices of education create in a Turk againſt a chriſtian.

THE

THE FRIEND.

THE faſteſt Friend the world affords
Is quickly from me gone;
Faithleſs behold him turn his back,
And leave me all alone!

"My friend, ſincerely yours *till death*:"
The world no further goes;
Perhaps, while *earth* to *earth* is laid,
A tear of pity flows.

Be thou, my *Saviour* then my *friend*,
In thee my ſoul ſhall truſt,
Who falſe will never prove in death,
Nor leave me in the duſt.

Home while my other friends return,
All ſolemn, ſilent, ſad,
With thee my fleſh ſhall reſt in hope,
And all my bones be glad.

TO

TO

SUBDUE PRIDE.

CONSIDER what you ſhall be. Your fleſh returns to corruption and common earth again; nor ſhall your duſt be diſtinguiſhed from the meaneſt beggar or ſlave; no, nor from the duſt of brutes and inſects, or the moſt contemptible of creatures. And as for your ſoul, that muſt ſtand before God, in the world of ſpirits, on a level with the reſt of mankind, and diveſted of all your haughty and flattering circumſtances. None of your vain diſtinctions in this life ſhall attend you to the judgment-ſeat. Keep this tribunal in view; and pride will wither, and hang down its head.

ANECDOTE

OF

Duc De Guiſe, called Le Balafre.

IN 1640, the Parliament of Paris gave this diſtinguiſhed prince the noble title of "the preſerver of his country;"—an honourable title, which his eminent qualities of mind and of body well deſerved, had they not been tarniſhed with inſolence and ambition.

At the battle of Renti, M. de St. Fal, one of his lieutenants, advancing too haſtily towards the enemy, he gave him a ſtroke with his ſword upon his helmet, and ſtopped him. After the battle, the Duke being told that St. Fal was much hurt at the affront he ſuppoſed himſelf to have received, ſent for him to the King's tent, in which were the ſovereign and the principal general officers, and told him, "M. de St. Fal you are offended, I find, at the blow which I gave you for advancing too haſtily; but it is ſurely much better, that I ſhould have given it to you to make you ſtop, than to make you advance. The blow is ſurely more honorable than diſgraceful to you. I aſk the opinion of theſe gentlemen." They one and all declaring, that a blow given to repreſs an exceſs of ardour, and of courage, conferred more honor than diſgrace. St. Fal was ſatisfied.

THE *GENEROUS RIVAL.* A TALE.

I HAVE always been of opinion, that thoſe harmleſs deluſions which have a tendency to promote happineſs, ought, in ſome meaſure, to be cheriſhed. The airy viſions of creative fancy, ſerve

ſerve to divert the mind from grief, and render leſs poignant the bitter ſtings of misfortune. Hope was given to man, to enable him to ſtruggle with adverſity; and, without her chearing ſmile, the moſt trifling diſtreſs would cut the thread of life. It was this faſcinating deity that eaſed the love-lorn Edwin's fears: her gentle whiſpers ſoothed each froward care, and extended his view to ſcenes of fancied bliſs—to that unhappy moment when propitious fortune ſhould preſent him with the hand of Laura. Pleaſing deluſion! delightful thought! that made the moment of ſeparation leſs painful, that ſoothed the rugged front of peril, and ſoftened the rude aſpect of terrifick war.

Edwin was the ſon of a merchant of ſome repute in the metropolis: at the commencement of the preſent war, he received an appointment in the army, and was ſoon after ſent with his regiment to the continent.

Laura was the daughter of a banker of conſiderable eminence, a member of the Britiſh ſenate, and poſſeſſed of a very extenſive fortune.

The attachment that ſubſiſted between theſe young people was unknown to Laura's father, the proud, imperious Mr. Dalby, who expected to marry her to ſome perſon of diſtinction; or at leaſt,

with one who was equal in point of wealth to himſelf. For this purpoſe, he invited the moſt wealthy part of the ſenate, peers and commons, to his ſplendid manſion at the weſt end of the town; having totally deſerted that which had been for many generations the reſidence of his anceſtors, in the eaſt.

Miſs Dalby poſſeſſed, in an eminent degree, the beauties of the mind, as well as thoſe of the perſon; which, excluſive of her fortune, were ſufficiently attractive to a man of ſenſe and diſcernment. Many of theſe viſitors became candidates for her election: moſt of them, however were rejected by her father, to whom ſhe was enjoined to report the name and rank of each perſon who addreſſed her on the ſcore of love. Some, the moſt wealthy, ſhe was inſtructed to flatter with hopes of being the happy man; reſerving her affections for him whom the venal parent ſhould ſelect to be her huſband. It was ſome time before Dalby could fix his choice, which long hung ſuſpended between an Earl and a Viſcount, of nearly equal fortune: at length, the appearance of a ducal coronet baniſhed from his mind both the one and the other; and he vainly flattered himſelf, in future to addreſs his daughter by the high ſounding title of— *Your Grace.*

The

The young Duke Delancy, led by curioſity to behold the lady who was thus expoſed to ſale—for it ſeems, the intention of Mr. Dalby was generally known—became enamoured of her perſon; and, on converſing with her, found her every thing he could wiſh. He inſtantly made propoſals to Mr. Dalby; which, it is almoſt needleſs to ſay, were as inſtantly accepted. His grace, knowing that the conſent of the daughter would avail him but little, without poſſeſſing that of the father, had not diſcovered to Laura the partiality he entertained for her; but having, as he imagined, ſecured the main chance, made a formal declaration of his love.

Laura liſtened with profound attention to the impaſſionate aſſurance of affection of the noble duke; and when he pauſed, in expectation of receiving a confirmation of his hopes, ſhe raiſed her bluſhing eyes, wet with the tears of anguiſh, from the ground; and thanking him for the honour he intended her, candidly acknowledged the pre-engagement ſhe was under to the abſent Edwin.

Charmed with her candour, and intereſted by her artleſs tale, he determined to reſign his pretenſions, and ſupport the cauſe of the young ſoldier.

Laura had preſerved a regular correſpondence with

with her lover; and he was, therefore, but too well informed of the deſperate ſituation of his ſuite. He longed to fly to the arms of his miſtreſs, but ſcorned to deſert his poſt. At length, fortune gave him an opportunity of realizing his wiſhes, at a moment when he leaſt expected it. The Republican army ſuddenly attacked, in great force, the allied troops: an obſtinate battle enſued, in which Edwin particularly diſtinguiſhed himſelf; the enemy were completely routed; and the young ſoldier, for the courage he diſplayed in the action, was ſent to England with the gladſome tidings of victory. Having delivered the diſpatches with which he had been charged, he haſtened to the houſe of Mr. Dalby; and, gained admittance, ran up ſtairs into the drawing-room, where he diſcovered his noble rival with the miſtreſs of his heart. His ſudden and unexpected appearance threw the lovely Laura into ſome diſorder; and it was with much difficulty ſhe retained ſpirits ſufficient to meet her lover's fond embrace.

At this critical moment, Mr. Dalby entered the room; having from his ſtudy ſeen an officer croſs the hall, and aſcend the ſtaircaſe. The words, "My dear, dear Laura! and do I once more behold thee in my arms?" from the enraptured Edwin,

win, caught the ears of the aſtoniſhed Dalby, who ſtood fixed and motionleſs, mute, and almoſt diſcrediting the organs both of ſight and hearing. "Had I known, Sir," ſaid his Grace, who beheld with as much pleaſure and delight the agitation of Dalby, as the happineſs of the youthful pair, "that the affections of your daughter had been placed on another object, I ſhould not have offered the ſmalleſt violence to her inclination.

"My Lord—my Lord!" ſtammered out the enraged parent, "ſhe is under no ſuch engagement as you ſuppoſe" Then ſtepping up to Edwin—"And, pray, who the devil are you, Sir? Some fortune-hunter, I ſuppoſe! but you have miſſed your mark, young man: be pleaſed, therefore, to leave my houſe, and, if you venture here again, I ſhall find means—"

"My dear father!" ſaid Laura, interrupting him, "you ſurely forget yourſelf! The gentleman whom you thus rudely threaten, is our neighbour's ſon, Mr. Langley, the Weſt India merchant, in Lombard ſtreet.

"Mr. Langley's ſon!"

"Yes, Sir, returned Edwin;" and, though not bleſſed with equal fortune with yourſelf, I have yet ſufficient to ſupport the rank of a gentleman. I love

love your daughter, I long have loved her; and ſhe has taught me to believe that ſhe returns my affection. I aſk no fortune; give me my Laura, and diſpoſe of your wealth in whatever manner you pleaſe!"

"Very romantic, faith!—And pray, fellow, do you know who you ſpeak ſo freely to?"

O, very well, Sir!

"That I am George Dalby, Eſq. a member of the houſe of commons?" Edwin bowed. "And that I have an eſtate, free and unincumbered—look you, Sir, free and unincumbered—that netts 10,000*l.* a year!"

"To none of theſe acquiſitions am I ſtranger, Sir" returned Edwin.

"And you, Laura, will you ſo far diſgrace yourſelf and me, to throw yourſelf away on a dry ſalter's ſon?—A fortune hunter!—A beggar!"

"A what, Sir!" interrupted Edwin, with much warmth. "But I forgot myſelf—you are my Laura's father!"

"Sir, ſaid Laura, "I confeſs that I entertain a partiality for Edwin. I know his worth; and will renounce

renounce all titles, rank and diſtinction, wealth and pleaſure, to live the partner of his life!"

"Then, by heaven! as I know my worth, I will renounce you for ever! and, hence with your paramour!——you ſhall never more enter my doors!"

"Be it ſo," ſaid the Duke, "mine are open to receive them! My houſe, my home, my fortune, all are theirs; they ſhall uſe them at their pleaſure; they ſhall live in eaſe, in competence, and enjoy the pleaſures of their loves: while mad ambition, inſatiate avarice, and increaſing pride, ſhall torture you with never-ceaſing pangs, and embitter every future moment of your life!"

The diſappointed, mercenary parent, flew, with bitter imprecations, from his tormentors; the lovers retired with their noble patron, and after having ſpent ſeveral days in a fruitleſs attempts to gain the conſent of Dalby, were united in the holy bands of wedlock. Edwin has ſince, from his profeſſional merit, and the intereſt of his grace, attained a diſtinguiſhed rank in the army; and the diſlike of Mr. Dalby to his daughter's choice has decreaſed, in proportion as he is riſen to diſtinction. Several interviews have taken place, through the medium of their noble friend, and it is be-

lieved that time will root from the mind of Mr. Dalby every unfavourable impreſſion the want of fortune in his ſon-in-law occaſioned; and that Edwin and Laura will, at laſt, become the heirs of his immenſe property.

The union of this amiable pair has been bleſſed with two fine boys; and this increaſe of family has enlarged their happineſs: they ſtill continue to receive the notice of his grace, whom they conſider as the author of their felicity, and invariably diſtinguiſhed him by the appellation of *The Generous Rival.*

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE is certainly a condition, upon which the happineſs or miſery of life does very much depend; more than indeed moſt people think before hand. To be confined to live with one perpetually, for whom we have no liking and eſteem, muſt certainly be an uneaſy ſtate. There had need be a great many good qualities to reconcile a conſtant converſation with one, where there is ſome ſhare of kindneſs, but without love, the very beſt of all good qualities will never make a conſtant converſation eaſy and delightful. And whence

whence proceed thoſe innumerable domeſtic miſeries, that plague and utterly confound ſo many families, but from want of love and kindneſs in the wife or huſband; from theſe come their neglect and careleſs management of affairs at home, and their profuſe extravagant expences abroad. In a word, it is not eaſy, as it is not needful, to recount the evils that ariſe abundantly, from the want of conjugal affection only. And ſince this is ſo certain, a man or woman runs the moſt fearful hazard that can be, who marries without this affection in themſelves, and without good aſſurances of it in the other.

Let you love adviſe before you chuſe, and your choice be fixed before you marry. Remember the happineſs or miſery of your life depends upon this one act, and that nothing but death can diſſolve the knot.

A ſingle life is doubtleſs preferable to a married one, where prudence and affection do not accompany the choice; but where they do, there is no terreſtrial happineſs equal to the married ſtate.

There cannot be too near an equality, too exact an harmony betwixt a married couple; it is a ſtep of ſuch a weight as calls for all our foreſight and penetration, and, eſpecially the temper and edu-

cation muſt be attended to. In unequal matches the men are generally more in fault than the women, who can ſeldom be chuſers.

Wiſdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much leſs
To make your fortune than your happineſs.

Marriages founded on affection are the moſt happy. Love (ſays Addiſon) ought to have ſhot its roots deep, and to be well grown before we enter into that ſtate. There is nothing which more nearly concerns the peace of mankind—it is his choice in this reſpect on which his happineſs or miſery for life depends.

Though Solomon's deſcription of a wife and good woman, may be thought too mean and mechanical for this refined generation, yet certain it is, that the buſineſs of a family is the moſt profitable and honourable ſtudy they can employ themſelves in.

The beſt dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is when ſhe has in her countenance, mildneſs; in her ſpeech, wiſdom; in her behaviour, modeſty; and in her life, virtue. Better is a portion in a wife, than with a wife. An inviolable fidelity, good humour, and complacency of temper in a wife, outlive all the charms of a fine face,

face, and make the decays of it inviſible. The ſureſt way of governing both a private family and a kingdom, is, for a huſband and a prince to yield at certain times ſomething of their prerogative.

A good wife, ſays Solomon, is a good portion; and there is nothing of ſo much worth as a mind well inſtructed.

Sweetneſs of temper, affection to her huſband, and attention to his intereſts, conſtitute the duties of a wife, and form the baſis of matrimonial felicity. The idea of power on either ſide, ſhould be totally baniſhed. It is not ſufficient, that the huſband ſhould never have occaſion to regret the want of it; the wife muſt ſo behave, that he may never be conſcious of poſſeſſing it.

ANECDOTE.

A HOUSEKEEPER being ſummoned to ſerve upon the grand jury, under the deſcription of his being a *hop-merchant*, when he came into court, he declared himſelf ineligible to the office, ſince he could ſafely ſwear he ſhould not be poſſeſſed of three hundred pounds, when all his debts were paid; ſaying the law therefore would not admit

admit of his ſerving upon the jury. The court expreſſed ſome ſurprize that a man in ſo capital a line of trade as that of a *hop-merchant*, ſhould avow himſelf in ſuch indifferent circumſtances; when the party ſummoned explained the miſtake, by ſaying, that though he had been uſually honoured among his convivial friends with the appellation of a *hop-merchant*, he was in reality nothing more than a *Dancing Master!*

ANECDOTE
OF A
CARPENTER.

A HUMOROUS fellow, a carpenter, being ſubpœna'd as a witneſs, on a trial for an aſſault; one of the counſel who was given very much to brow-beating the evidence, aſked him what diſtance he was from the parties when he ſaw the defendant ſtrike the plaintiff? The carpenter anſwered, "Juſt five feet, five inches and a half." "Prithee, fellow," ſays the counſel, "how is it poſſible you can be ſo exact as to the diſtance?" "Why, to tell you the truth," ſays the carpenter, "I thought, perhaps, that ſome fool or other might aſk me, and ſo I meaſured it."

STORY

STORY OF HONORIA.

I AM the youngeſt daughter of a gentleman, who had more gaiety in his temper than œconomy, ran out of the greateſt part of his fortune, and, dying when I was about twelve years old, left me and two ſiſters very ſlenderly provided for. But though my mother did not flatter herſelf that we ſhould make that figure in life which ſhe otherwiſe might have thought equal to her birth, yet ſhe did not omit the leaſt care in our education, in order to have us accompliſhed, as if we had very large fortunes to depend on. But in nothing more was her tenderneſs and anxiety ſhewn, than in giving our minds the ſtrongeſt impreſſions of Religion and Virtue. The manner of her laying before our eyes the effect of the leaſt deviation from honour, was, beſides being juſt, very moving. Her talk never failed to touch our hearts: nor did ſhe move our paſſions only; her own would riſe at the diſcourſe, and tears ſtart affectingly from her. How often has ſhe looked earneſtly at us, and then, with a ſigh, broke out, "My dear, dear girls, I wiſh it had pleaſed Heaven you had not been of a ſex which is expoſed to ſo many dangers and difficulties before you can be ſettled in the world: you will have more perſonal accompliſhments, than temptations of fortune; but remember, that though

though beauty may have many admirers, few of them may be men of real honour. Carefully ſhun what the world calls innocent gallantry; there are unforſeen dangers in it, which young people had better avoid than run the temptation of; and depend on it, you will always find that to be *virtuous is to be happy.*"

When confirmed in theſe ſentiments, I was recommended to a lady of diſtinction, as a companion for her daughter, who was much about my own age. She being acquainted with my relations, approved of me; nor was it long before the young lady did me the honour to grant me a large ſhare in her friendſhip. Suppoſe me to have lived about a year in this ſcene of life, and to have attained ſome greater degree of knowledge and elegant accompliſhments, as well as additional improvements in my perſon, when the young gentleman, who was the only ſon of his family, returned home from his travels. In ſhort, it was about ſix months ago that Bellamond (for ſo ſhall I call the young lady's brother) came to England from the tour of Italy. He had not made that tour merely to ſay he had travelled, but to ſhew what improvements a rational mind may receive from travel. He had been educated in an Engliſh Univerſity, and

might

might give foreigners a better idea of Engliſh gentlemen than they commonly receive.

Such was Bellamond, when ſuddenly after his arrival he took an opportunity to make his addreſſes to me. I took them only for a modiſh gallantry, and paid no regard to them; but his importunity, and manner of ſpeech, ſoon convinced me he had further views than I firſt imagined.

Be it ſufficient that I ſay his deſigns were far from being honourable; nor could I, conſidering my ſtate and fortune, expect they ſhould be ſo. I ſtudiouſly avoided all opportunities of private converſation, which he as induſtriouſly found or made. On this I expoſtulated with him in the moſt earneſt manner which he endeavoured to put off with a genteel kind of raillery; and if I argued, he laughed. Frequency of converſation gave a greater boldneſs to his expreſſions, as well as mind; and at length he fairly offered, in his phraſe, *to take care of me, and ſettle three hundred a year on me for life.* I rejected his propoſal with ſuch ſcorn and indignation for his treatment, that he became ſenſible this method would never prove effectual. In a few days after, he found me alone in his ſiſter's chamber, and began to be rude and boiſterous;

boiſterous; but on my running to the window, and ſcreaming out, he left the room.

It was now, I thought, too dangerous to truſt myſelf to his importunities, and I was reſolved to leave the family. I acquainted the young lady of my reſolution, and was forced, by her, and her mother's entreaties, to tell the cauſe. The old lady deſired me to remain eaſy a little time longer, and ſhe would take ſuch meaſures as ſhould prevent my future diſquietude. I ſtaid with ſome anxiety: and the next day I could not help obſerving that Bellamond frequently looked at me in a ſtedfaſt manner, which ſeemed to ſpeak concern. I attributed it to ſome compunction of mind, on having his baſe intentions diſcovered to his mother, who had taken an extraordinary fondneſs for me.

After dinner, Bellamond, his mother, and my young lady retired together, and I went to my own apartment. As I was ſitting there, loſt in a melancholy meditation, Bellamond entered, and, approaching me with much reſpect, deſired me not to be confuſed. He ſaid he came by his mother's orders to make reparation for the injury he had offered; which was, if I thought proper, to *accept me with honour.* I was in ſuch confuſion,

ſion, that at firſt I could give no anſwer; but, recovering a little, deſired him, tho' he had made me the object of his gallantry, not to make me that of his jeſts. He vowed he was in earneſt, and, ſtepping out of the room, introduced the lady as witneſs of his ſincerity. His mother immediately bid me look on her as my own mother; for, as her ſon really loved me, all other objections in regard to her entirely ceaſed.

Farther deſcription of my behaviour would be tedious. I could not give a denial to ſuch a propoſal, and Bellamond had really engaged my heart; and my ſenſe of *virtuous honour* was his only obſtacle in his amour: but though that amour has ended in marriage, it was what I could never have flattered myſelf with. I ſhall in gratitude endeavour to make his life a continued ſcene of felicity and content, having in an uncommon manner experienced *that to be virtuous is to be happy.*

AN ANECDOTE.

A JOURNEYMAN, who lived with a capital Baker in the city of London, ſucceeded to an eſtate of one thouſand five hundred pounds a year. Having taken poſſeſſion, he invited his maſter and miſtreſs to his country ſeat; and, at parting, told them, that, as he had the eſtate of a gentleman he would aim at the qualifications: for which purpoſe he would make the tour of Europe. The idea he conceived of the advantage ariſing from travel, made him deaf to the remonſtrance of his friends, who foreſaw the ruin of his eſtate; but he anſwered them, "That he had a good trade in his belly, and could never break till he had broke his neck." His expences abroad made a conſiderable hole in his eſtate, which after his return, he ſoon ran through entirely. When all was ſpent, he engaged again with his former maſter, and when his old acquaintance aſked him what he could think when he acted ſo imprudently, he would ſay, "Why, I thought of nothing but my pleaſure; my eſtate gratified my inclinations while it laſted; and now it is gone, has left this advantage, that I have ſeen more of the world than any journeyman baker in town, and I dine at my maſter's table, which I never did before."

A SHY QUAKER.

A BAILIFF who having a writ againſt a Quaker, made many, but very fruitleſs attempts at arreſting him, fell a few days ago upon the following method. He arrayed himſelf carefully in the *coſtume* of the fraternity, and repairing to the Quaker's houſe enquired for *friend* Abimeleck, the houſekeeper ſhewed him in, ſaying, ABIMELECK ſhall *ſee thee*.

After waiting about an hour, he rang the bell, and the houſe keeper re-appeared, "Where," demanded the Bailiff, is our friend ABIMELECK."

"Ah Friend," replied the knowing hand-maid, "ABIMELECK hath *ſeen thee*, but he doth not *like thee*.

ANECDOTE.

A GENTLEMAN who poſſeſſed a ſmall eſtate in Glouceſterſhire was allured to town by the promiſes of a courtier, who kept him in conſtant attendance for a long while to no purpoſe; at laſt the gentleman, quite tired out, called upon his

his pretended friend, and told him, that he had at laſt got a place. The courtier ſhook him very heartily by the hand, and told him he was very much rejoiced at the event. But pray, ſir, ſaid he, where is your place? *in the Glouceſter coach*, ſaid he, ſir, I ſecured it laſt night; and you, ſir, have cured me of *higher ambition*.

REPARTEE.

DR. L——in Oxfordſhire had the poet Stephen Duck for his ſervant, who was very quick at repartee. As they were one froſty morning riding through a river together, the doctor's horſe ſtumbles, and threw him into the water, and then fell to drinking: at which Stephen laughed very heartily. "Sirrah, do you laugh at me?" "No, ſir, ſays Stephen, I don't laugh at you, but I laugh to think that your horſe can't drink *without a toaſt this cold morning*.

THE

THE HAPPY SHIPWRECK.

WRETCHED object of my ſighs and tears! O my child, how I pity thee! Alas! what will be thy hapleſs fate? We ſhall die in this ſavage place! O rigorous Heaven! let me not ſee my child expire. Since I muſt die, let me die, at leaſt, before him. O keep from a fond mother, the heart-breaking cries of her ſon! Thus the unfortunate Julia, weeping and watching her poor babe ſleeping in his cradle; thus the unfortunate Julia expreſſed her anguiſh.

She looks around. Alas! nothing appears but the humiliating ſequels of her misfortunes—naked walls, in a wretched hovel, almoſt without furniture; her beautiful hair once adorned with flowers, now hangs diſhevelled on her ſhoulders. Her countenance, in which the laughing graces were wont to play, is all bathed in tears. She deplores her melancholy fate. Now ſhe accuſes her father; now her huſband, and now all nature. Then fixing an eye of mingled anguiſh and pity on her babe, ſhe ſits, and ſighs, and looks—in all the penſive acquieſcence of woe.

Julius awakes, and ſmiling on his mother, ſtretches his little arms towards her. He clings to her neck, careſſes her, and aſks her for bread. —O my child, ſaid the weeping mother, kiſſing him with the unutterable ſenſation of mingled love and grief. " O my child, wait a little. Your father will ſoon bring ſome, the earnings of exceſſive labour, and we will divide his bread of miſery together."

At length Dorival returns, exhauſted with fatigue. He puts ſome coarſe proviſion on the table. He ſees his ſmiling boy and ſighing Julia. He ſits down—he covers his face with his hands —he weeps—he cannot ſpeak—

This wretched pair, paſſionately in love with each other, had been unable to procure the conſent of Waſtein, the father of Julia. In a moment of paſſion and imprudence, Dorival had dared to carry her off.

Five years had theſe hapleſs lovers wandered from place to place, flying from the reſentment of an irritated father, with the unhappy fruit of their clandeſtine marriage. At length, they embarked for America. The veſſel in which they ſailed was ſhipwrecked; but, by the aſſiſtance of a fiſhing-boat they were ſaved, and landed on an iſland almoſt unknown.

Here

Here they had remained about a month. Dorival had entered into the ſervice of a planter, named Palemon, who reſided on the iſland. Every day he laboured in the ſultry clime, and in the evening returned to find Julia and his boy in the cottage, There they wept over their unhappy lot. The good old planter would often come to ſoothe their griefs. He would relieve them, and bid them hope for happier days.

Nine years did Dorival live on this iſland, by the labour of his hands, and the bounties of Palemon. Not a day paſſed, but this good man did ſome kind office to leſſen the grief that preyed upon them.

Julius was now fifteen years old. Palemon had a daughter of the ſame age, named Lucilia. Soon was it perceived that the young folkes could not live aſunder. Already they felt a certain ſweet compulſion, that led them to ſee and to ſpeak to each other every day—every moment.

Julius, in the plaineſt dreſs, had all the winning attractions of youth, as if nature herſelf had taken care to adorn him. His flowing ringlets are negligently tied behind by a ribband which Lucilia had given him. His eyes were ſparkled with a vivacity tempered with benignity and ſweetneſs.

When he ſmiles, he diſplays two beautiful rows of ivory, and on his animated cheeks ſit the ſprightly train of love. His open countenance, which yet had never bluſhed, bears the ſacred image of innocence. A natural and affecting action enlivens his converſation. An innate obligingneſs of diſpoſition, an eagerneſs to anticipate every wiſh, his youth, his graceful perſon,—every thing in Julius, ſeems alike formed to delight and to charm.

And Lucilia, in the dreſs of a country maid, is alſo beautiful as the graces, and blooming as the roſe with which Julius adorns her boſom. Her fine eyes never appear ſo charming as when tenderly fixed on Julius, nor moves ſhe with ſuch alacrity, as when ſhe runs after him in innocent playfulneſs and gaiety.

Palemon perceives their growing paſſion with delight. One day he thus ſpake to Lucilia. "You love Julius. I obſerve it with pleaſure. Fortune has not been kind to him. He is not rich; but his good qualities are in themſelves a treaſure. Never, my dear daughter, will I be like thoſe barbarians, who ſacrifice the felicity of their children to the ſordid views of intereſt. The example of the unfortunate Julia is too ſtriking not to confirm me in theſe principles. No, my child, never

will

will I reduce thee to the deplorable ſituation of deteſting marriage and its relations. Be diſcreet, and continue to love Julius. He merits your affection. I love you both, and you ſhall be each my children. O my daughter! I have not a wiſh but for your happineſs; and my fondeſt hope is to ſee you united to Julius, under the auſpices of a tender paſſion."

Lucilia thanks her father, and, haſtening to her lover; relates all that had paſſed. " Yes, Julius," ſaid ſhe, " Palemon loves us. This good parent, how he weeps with tenderneſs whenever he ſpeaks of you! He loves you as if you were his own ſon. He pities the ſituation of your parents. He would fain ſee you all happy. How charming is it, my dear friend, to meet with ſuch a man to ſoothe one in adverſity!" " Ah! Lucilia, anſwered Julius," could you know the reſpect with which my parents inſpire me for your excellent father! " The moment my mother perceives him coming towards our hut, O my ſon," ſays ſhe; behold our benefactor. Entreat heaven to bleſs him. " When he enters, I fly into his arms. And then he embraces me ſo tenderly! My dear Lucilia, how delightful is it thus often to ſee one's benefactor!" Thus Julius and Lucilia were mutually delighted

and in their innocent tranſports they embraced each other, repeating often theſe endearing converſations.

Although the two lovers were now inſeparable, it gave no uneaſineſs to their parents, for innocence preſided over every word and action. Friendſhip, rather than love, brought them together, ſometimes in a ſhady wood, ſometimes on the flowery margin of a brook, and ſometimes on the ſea-ſhore. The warbling of birds; the murmuring of the water, which with difficulty ſeems to force its way through a rocky channel; or the tempeſtuous roaring of waves;—theſe are the objects that attract their attention,—theſe their only pleaſures.

In the mean time, Julia, far exiled from her father, and oppreſſed with the weight of his hatred, inceſſantly wept over her flight and her unhappy fault. Dorival endeavoured to conſole her. "Julia," ſaid he, "my dear Julia, weep no more, Heaven, which witneſſes your grief, has already pardoned you. Your father; whom intereſt and ſeverity have deprived of his daughter, already, without doubt, laments you. Yes! he demands you again of every object that ſurrounds him. He reproaches himſelf with his ſeverity, and pities us." —"My dear huſband," anſwered Julia, "ſuffer me

me to regret a father, who would have ever loved me but for that fatal paſſion. Alas! perhaps he is no more, and I hurried him to his grave! O my father; if you yet live, if my dying voice can yet but reach you, hear the cries of this remorſe that preys upon me. Forgive a wretched daughter, who would implore that forgiveneſs at your feet, and would then expire with agony and ſhame."

At this moment Palemon enters," "Dorival, reſumes Julia, behold this venerable man. My father, if he be yet living, is now of his age." In ſpeaking theſe words, ſhe regarded Palemon with a moſt affecting look;—ſhe ſighed. "O my children," exclaimed Palemon, I am the meſſenger of happineſs, "Live Julia." "What happineſs?" ſays ſhe, eagerly: "Angel of joy, have you any news of my father? does he yet live?" "Alas! my dear Julia, I know not whether he be living or dead; but, O this happieſt of my days, I yet bring you joy."

Fortune has at laſt crowned my fondeſt wiſhes. A conſiderable eſtate, which I expected not, and which without you ſhould not have been wiſhed for, is fallen to me by the death of a relation whom I hardly knew. I received the account by a letter, delivered to me by a perſon juſt eſcaped from ſhipwreck. Come, and ſhare with me the bounties

of

of providence. I will one day give my daughter to Julius. Henceforth we will be but one family. But what! Julia, you weep! What can be wanting to your good fortune?" "My father,"—at theſe words Julius enters out of breath, Lucilia, trembling, follows him. "O my mother! what, what is the matter, my ſon? Speak." "I was on the ſhore with Lucilia, when on a ſudden the moſt mournful accents ſeemed to come from the neighbouring wood. We liſtened. An unfortunate man was invoking death. I went to him, but oh! what a ſight! I ſaw an old man, as venerable as my father Palemon, ſtretched on the ground, without ſtrength, pale as death, and perhaps already dead. I ſtarted back affrighted. Lucilia wept behind me. He called me to him, held out his hand, and with a voice ſo tender and ſo moving, ſaid "Give me, if poſſible, ſome aſſiſtance, to delay, for a few moments the frightful death that awaits me."

"Come unhappy man," ſays Palemon, let us haſten to his aſſiſtance." Julia was fixed immoveable at this recital. "An old man!" ſhe exclaimed; "perhaps it is my father: I ſink under my alarms.!"

They leave the cottage, they arrive, the old man is beſeeching heaven to reſtore his daughter.

"Julia,"

"Julia," ſaid he, "if yet your hand could cloſe my eyes, if you could but know, that dying I forgive you, I ſhall expire contented." "She is reſtored you, my father!" "Julia! my daughter! and Dorival! O young man! their ſon too and mine! My children, embrace your father. He yet lives, to forgive you."

Palemon, who ſtood by during this affecting ſcene, the hand of Lucilia, weeping, in his, bleſſed heaven for this happy adventure. He raiſed the father and his children. "Come," ſad he, "come to my habitation. Happineſs will now be ours." "Generous man!" anſwered Waſtein, what a port you offer me after tempeſt and ſhipwreck. The deſire of riches had rendered my heart inſenſible, and has cauſed all the misfortune, in which I and my children have been involved.

The thirſt of gold led me to truſt my whole fortune on the fickle ocean. I have loſt my all! What do I ſay? I have found my all, ſince I can now embrace my children. O excellent man! I receive them from your hands, and you will ſtill be their father. How ſhall I return ſuch an obligation, by what vows, by what fervent wiſhes recompence this goodneſs?" "Your happineſs, and that of your family," ſaid Palemon, "will be my ſweeteſt reward."

Waſtein

Waſtein ſupported by Julia and Dorival, and Palemon leading Julius and Lucilia, now arrived at the cottage. Dorival enters the firſt, and receiving his father at the entrance of the hut: "Welcome, Sir," ſays he to the aſylum of your children. Nine years already have they here deplored their crime. You have forgiven them. This abode of ſorrow will henceforth be that of joy.

The two families, who from this moment made but one, lived together in ſweet tranquillity. Two years after love crowned the virtues of Julius and Lucilia with the firſt of bleſſings, their happy union. They were married under the auſpices of their venerable parents, who gave them their paternal benediction, and had yet the happineſs, before they died, of embracing a lovely offspring, riſing round and mingling both their graces.

SOLITUDE.

SOLITUDE is a rare attainment, and ſhews a well diſpoſed mind when a man loves to keep company with himſelf; and a virtue as well as advantage to take ſatisfaction, and content in that enjoyment.

Solitude

Solitude cannot be well filled, and ſit right, but upon very few perſons. They muſt have knowledge enough of the world to ſee the follies of it, and virtue enough to deſpiſe all vanity.

That calm and elegant ſatisfaction which the vulgar call melancholy, is the true and proper delight of men of knowledge and virtue. What we take for diverſion, is but a mean entertainment, in compariſon of knowing ourſelves.

Sir Henry Wotten who had gone on ſeveral embaſſies, and was intimate with the greateſt princes, choſe to retire from all; ſaying, the utmoſt happineſs a man could attain to, was to be at leiſure and to do good; never reflecting on his former years, but with tears, he would ſay, how much have I to repent of, and how little time to do it in.

True happineſs is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noiſes. It ariſes, in the firſt place from the enjoyment of one's ſelf; and, in the next, from the friendſhip and converſation of a few ſelect companions. Though the continued traverſes of fortune, may make us out of humour with the world; yet nothing but a noble inclination to virtue and philoſophy can make us happy in retirement.

I prefer a private to a public life. For I love my friends, and therefore love but few.

The late amiable Mr. Shenſtone uſed frequently to ſay, that he was never more happy than when alone, except when he had his friends about him. There are, ſays he, indeed, ſome few whom I properly call my friends, and in whoſe company I cannot but be more happy than in any ſolitary indulgences of imagination: but how ſeldom it is that you will allow me theſe extraordinary indulgences.

When the heart has long been uſed to the delightful ſociety of beloved friends, how dreadful is abſence, and how irkſome is ſolitude. But thoſe phantoms vaniſh before the ſunſhine of religion: Solitude and retirement, give us the opportunity for a wider range of thought, on ſubjects that ennoble friendſhip itſelf.

ANECDOTE

OF

Dr. JOHNSON.

DR. ROBERT LEVET, to whom Doctor Johnſon very humanely gave apartments in his houſe for upwards of thirty years, having moſt of his practice amongſt the poor and middling ranks of life, uſed to accept of gin, brandy, or any other liquor offered him, in the lieu of his fee, ſooner than have his ſkill exerted without any recompence. This ſingularity Johnſon uſed to rally with great pleaſantry;—at one time he ſaid, "Though he hated inebriety, it was more excuſable in Levet than in others, becauſe he became intoxicated on principles of prudence, and when a man cannot get bread by his profeſſion, perhaps he is pardonable to accept of drink." At another time he would ſay,—"Had all Levet's patients maliciouſly combined to reward him with meat and ſtrong liquor inſtead of money, he would either have burſt, *like the dragon in the Apocrypha*, through repletion, or have been ſcorched up *like Portia by ſwallowing fire.*'

The common wealth of Learning.

A VISION.

IT is a matter of no ſmall concern to the honeſt and well-meaning claſs of mankind that men of letters, ſwayed too frequently by the influence of prejudice, and biaſed by the different modes of education, are ſeldom actuated in their ſearch after knowledge, by the deſire and love of impartial and diſintereſted truth. That falſe pride, which is frequently the companion of ſtudious perſons, for the moſt part gives a tincture to all their ſentiments and actions.

Decorus, a gentleman of taſte, and of a liberal turn of mind, after reflecting for ſome hours upon this ſubject, and lamenting the exiſtence of an evil ſo deſtructive to the peace of ſociety, and ſo oppoſite to every principal of genuine philoſophy, retired to reſt. The meditations of the evening had greatly affected and fatigued his mind, and he ſunk into a peaceful ſlumber, in which was repreſented the following viſion.

The firſt object which diſtinctly preſented itſelf to his notice, ſo far as the powers of recollection were faithful to their office, was a ſtately and majeſtic

jeſtic figure, but of the moſt condeſcending and affable deportment. She proceeded towards him by ſlow and regular advances, which at once excited both his attention and admiration. The novelty of the apparition was a ſufficient cauſe for aſtoniſhment; he was ſurprized and ſtarted,—he pauſed, as if to recover himſelf from the alarm, and ſeemed to be in a ſtate of ſuſpenſe, as if doubtful what conduct to purſue. He therefore determined his own motions by thoſe of the figure which preſented itſelf to his obſervation.

He had time to conſider his ſituation as it approached towards him. Being now, as he ſuppoſed, in a delicious meadow, apparently rich and extremely luxuriant, and far ſurpaſſing every thing he had before ſeen, his ſenſes ſeemed to be arreſted; and as it was variouſly interſected by different ſtreams, theſe not only added to the beauty of the ſcene, but ſerved to enrich the ſoil through which they paſſed and to cover the ſurface with the moſt beautiful verdure.

Whilſt he was engaged in making reflections on the delightful ſcene, the Genius of the place (for ſuch he afterwards found her) was advanced within a few paces of him. Decorus had ſtopped ſuddenly; ſhe ſaw his paſſions were excited, and conſcious of her own benevolent diſpoſition, ſhe thus accoſted

accoſted him: "I am commiſſioned to acquaint thee with a few particular truths, which may be of the utmoſt ſervice to thee in the conduct of thy future life. Thou art here within the territories of the Commonwealth of Learning, and the ſeveral ſtreams with which thoſe fertile meads are interſected, are ſo many various channels which ſupply the numerous wants and neceſſities of the inhabitants of the city before us."

The genius, after aſſuring Decorus that ſhe was ready and deſirous to ſhew him every thing which might ſerve to compoſe his mind, relating to the ſubject which had ſo much engaged his thoughts, pauſed for a few minutes, as if to give him an opportunity of reflecting upon what he had heard. He was convinced of the importance of thoſe obſervations, which his reſpectable guide ſeemed willing to make; and this ſmall interval gave him leiſure to conſider the benefit and advantage which would enſue, if each individual would make a laudable and generous uſe of the bleſſings which heaven has peculiarly beſtowed upon him; if each would contribute to the utmoſt of his power to the general good of the community.

It cannot be ſuppoſed that the profuſion of riches with which providence had ſupplied them, had eſcaped

eſcaped their notice, as they proceeded towards the city; but this was ſtill more evident, after they had entered it, when they beheld the ſeveral currents and channels within it, and that theſe were large or ſmall in proportion to the populouſneſs of the ſeveral ſtreets through which they were conducted. One thing was ſtrikingly obvious, that every ſtreet had a channel of this ſort, except two, in a diſtant part of the city, which, on account of their ſituation, were precluded from partaking of the common advantage. This the ſagacity of Decorus could not fail to remark, and was preparing his mind to expreſs this reflection in a language ſomewhat unfavourable to the inhabitants of thoſe ſtreets; but the Genius kindly interrupted him with this intimation:—That though providence had been leſs kind to them in this reſpect, his own natural ſenſe, being ſo highly cultivated would not be deficient in pointing out various ways by which they might be ſerviceable to the general good.

By the aſſiſtance of ſo friendly a guide, Decorus was quickly preſented with a view of the ſeveral parts of the city where the different ſciences were more particularly reſident, Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Arithmetic, Geometry, Muſic, and Poetry, had each their favourite ſpot, where they were more peculiarly cultivated. Arithmetic and

Geometry

Geometry took their ſtation in the centre of the city, and in the principal ſtreets adjoining; whilſt Grammar took her ſtation in the ſouth eaſt quarter, with Rhetoric on her right hand and Logic on her left. Poetry was ſeated near the ſide of the principal river, from whence the ſeveral ſtreams diverged which ſupplied the different parts of the city, and Muſic a little higher near a pleaſing cataract, which greatly tended, by its charming and enlivening echo, to harmonize the ſoul,—and by the moſt animating ſtrains to compoſe the moſt delicious cadence and the moſt perfect concord. The ſiſter arts, which branched from theſe, occupied the intermediate ſpaces; and the whole formed a moſt wonderful combination of ſcience and art; at once the glory and admiration of all the world.

Decorus was informed by his guide that this would have been the happy condition of mankind, who would have continued to draw from hence their moſt valuable ſtores of knowledge, had not ſome ſpurious pretenders to ſcience, by dint of clamour and effrontery, ſhaken the confidence of the public in the abilities and integrity of their benefactors; a confidence the virtues of which had been fully experienced, in raiſing their character to the higheſt eminence. "But you ſee," continued

nued the Genius, "by what means that ſpirit of contention and controverſy was introduced into the world, which has ever ſince produced the moſt grievous calamities;—you ſee by what means true knowledge is attainable, and by which alone it can be preſerved; of the one you diſcover every mark of candour, openneſs, and generoſity, which prove her offspring to be genuine; but of the other you perceive every token of artifice and cunning, which demonſtrate her to be the illegitimate iſſue of ſome cunning harlot, whoſe chief object is to promote diſſenſions, and foment and blow up every ſpark of malevolence and envy."

The Genius then conducted Decorus to the meadows without the gate on the oppoſite ſide of the city. Here his eyes were again feaſted with the ſight of verdant paſtures and branching currents from the ſeveral parts of the city, which were inhabited by the ſons of learning and the children of the muſes; the reflections he had before made were again revived in him, and he could not help contemplating on the wonderful harmony he had ſeen amongſt them, and the liberality with which they communicated their knowledge to mankind. In this train of thought was Decorus employed, when he was rouſed from his reverie by a ſudden and unexpected ſound; the

Genius, by the ruſtling of her wings, which ſhe had juſt extended to prepare for flight, ſtartled him, eſpecially as he had not before perceived them, and the alarm at once cloſed the ſcene of his pleaſures, and put a period to his dream.

Decorus, being thus awaked from his tranſport, was employed for ſome time in making many uſeful reflections upon the ſcene. He committed his ſcattered thoughts to paper, while they continued freſh upon his memory, and they are here preſented to the world as a uſeful and ſerviceable caution, if duly attended to againſt unneceſſary controverſy, and to check that propenſity to caviling and diſputation, which has ever been injurious to ſound learning.

Reflections on Religion.

BE careful, that while you profeſs a religion which deſerves the moſt ſerious veneration, there be nothing in your particular manner of exerciſing it, that may give juſt cauſe of ridicule. Avoid therefore, all ſingularity, preciſeneſs, or ſourneſs. Be not apt to cenſure ſuch as do not obſerve the ſame rules you have prefcribed yourſelf; and freely join in a moderate uſe of the diverſions

verſions practiſed among thoſe you converſe with, if they are not unlawful in themſelves, or directly lead to what is ſo. The eaſier your religion ſits upon you, the ſecurer it will be from the banters of the profane, and the more recommends itſelf to the imitation of your young companions; for nothing alienates the mind from religion, in that gay time of life, or rather gives a diſguſt to it ſo much, as too great auſterity of manners in thoſe who profeſs it. But let no complaiſance engage you in actions which your own conſcience condemns, or induce you to be aſhamed of virtue or truth, much leſs to join in the laugh againſt them, or when any thing ſacred is made the ſubject of mirth. Be aſſured, that however a debauchee may affect to ridicule a man, who will not run into the faſhionable exceſſes, one may always venture to affirm, that he does not really think temperance, ſobriety, &c. to be ridiculous things, and that the raillery, or rather pity, may be retaliated upon him on much better grounds.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE.

OF

VOLTAIRE

SOME years ſince, Voltaire wrote a very ſevere ſatire upon the King of Pruſſia, which ſo nettled him that he never could forgive it. Upon hearing that the Bard was at Leipſic, he told Count de ——, one of his Aide-de-camps, that he could confer a ſingular obligation on him: the Aide-de-camp, who ſaid he only lived to obey his Majeſty, was told the object was to properly requite Mr. Voltaire for the obligation he had conferred in that ſatire. The hint was ſufficient: the Count flew to execute his Sovereign's pleaſure: he repaired to Leipſic; and, waiting one morning upon Voltaire, complimented him upon his extraordinary merit, and inquired if he was not the Author of that particular poem: to which the Bard very innocently replied, "Yes," 'Then, Sir,' ſaid the Count, 'it is a ſcandal to the judgment of the preſent age, that you have not yet been properly recompenſed for it. I have a commiſſion, Sir, to reward you liberally for this production; and I have too great a ſenſe of its value, and too much generoſity, to deprive you of any part of your due.'

due.' Having ſaid this, he fell to work, and caned him very ſeverely, whilſt the unfortunate Bard in vain pleaded for mercy. The obligation being thus requited, the Count drew up a receipt in the following terms, which he inſiſted upon Voltaire's ſigning, on pain of further corporal puniſhment: "received of his Pruſſian Majeſty, by the hands of the Count de ——, one hundred baſtinadoes, very judiciouſly applied, for having written a ſatire upon his ſaid Majeſty; in full of all demands.

Witneſs my hand,

"Voltaire."

CHARITY.

CHARITY makes the beſt conſtruction of things and perſons, excuſes weakneſs, extenuates miſcarriages, makes the beſt of every thing, forgives every one, and ſerves all.

In order to our final doom and ſentence, we need but this one enquiry, whether we were charitable or uncharitable? For they who are poſſeſſed with a true divine charity, have all Chriſtian graces. They who have not this divine principle have no good in them, and that is enough to condemn

demn them, without enquiring what evil they have done.

When a compaſſionate man falls, who would not pity him! Who that has power to do it, would not befriend and raiſe him up? Or could the moſt barbarous temper offer an inſult to his diſtreſs, without pain and reluctance? True charity is always unwilling to find excuſes;—in generous ſpirits, compaſſion is ſometimes an over-balance for ſelf-preſervation: God certainly interwove that friendly ſoftneſs with our nature, to be a check upon too great a propenſity towards ſelf-love.

Under the goſpel, God is pleaſed with a living ſacrifice; but the offerings of the dead, ſuch as teſtamentary charities are, which are intended to have no effect ſo long as we live, are no better than dead ſacrifices; and it may be queſtioned, whether they will be brought into the account of our lives, if we do no good while we are living.

Theſe death-bed charities, are too like a death-bed repentance; men ſeem to give their eſtates to God and the poor, juſt as the part with their ſins—when they can keep them no longer.

Charity obliges not to diſtruſt a man, Prudence not to truſt him before we know him.

The

The firſt duty of man, next to that of worſhiping the Deity, is, miniſtering to the neceſſities of his fellow creatures.

Are we not all citizens of the world? Are we not all fellow ſubjects of the univerſal monarch? Is not the univerſe our home?

And is not every man a brother? Poor and illiberal is that charity which is confined to any particular nation or ſociety.—Should we not *feel for the ſtranger, and him that hath no helper*? He who is charitable from motives of oſtentation, will never relieve diſtreſs in ſecret.

THE

Victim of Avarice and Duplicity.

THE ſubject of the preſent ſhort memoir, was born in a ſmall commercial town at a diſtance from the metropolis; his parents, poor but honeſt, having no fortune to beſtow on him, thought they could not make choice of a more favourable plan to forward him in life than by giving him a liberal education. This is an error which too many parents in ordinary circumſtances fall into, and I know of none more deſerving the cenſure

cenſure of all ſenſible men; I mean where the future proſpects of their children render it impoſſible that ſuch an education can ever after prove to their advantage. On leaving college he indeed found himſelf capable by his learning, of fitting moſt ſituations in life, but he likewiſe found that he wanted a much more neceſſary article, for he had ſcarce a ſingle guinea in his pocket, and his parents, as well as himſelf, began, when too late, to ſee the folly of their procedure.

Fortune however for once proved kind to him, and having always, when at college, evinced ſtrong marks of genius, a medical gentleman of much private worth joined to public eſteem, took him under his protection and friendſhip, and he ſoon ſhewed himſelf worthy of the truſt repoſed in him.

Being now in his own element, he proſecuted his ſtudies with unwearied aſſiduity; and in the courſe of a few years gained a knowledge of his profeſſion, that aſtoniſhed even his employer. In this ſituation he continued till the death of his patron, who left him three or four hundred pounds. With this triſling ſum removing to W— he commenced his career, and by his polite and affable behaviour, ſoon gained himſelf a number of friends. After a ſhort reſidence in that part of the country, he became noted for his profeſſional abilities,

abilities, his practice increasing every day, and his fortune accumulating beyond his fondest expectations. At W— he continued for twelve or fourteen years, and at the end of that period found himself possessed of a fortune to the amount of nearly twenty thousand pounds, with which he had an idea of retiring farther into the country, there to employ the remainder of his days. With this intention, and in order to arrange matters for his future conduct, he paid a visit to his friends, by whom he was received in the most polite manner, each striving to exceed the other in attention to one, whose fortune they expected eventually to inherit. It was no wonder, therefore, that after a stay of a few months, he left them with regret; but his departure was absolutely necessary, and he consoled himself with the fond idea, that he should soon return to them never more to be separated.

From this moment may be dated all his future troubles. On his return to W—— he unfortunately became acquainted with *Avarus*, a character whose sole pleasure was confined within the narrow boundaries of his possessions, and who never felt an emotion of joy, but when adding to his treasures, or learning new methods of acquiring more. *Avarus* had a daughter, a lady of exquisite beauty, but educated in such a school, it

is little to be wondered at, if ſhe imbibed in a certain degree the ideas of her father. She was indeed avaricious as her father, but that avarice proceeded from a nature very different from that by which he was actuated, Avarus hoarded up riches, which he had not heart to enjoy; while his daughter, the more ſhe acquired, the greater was her deſire of diſſipating her allowance on coſtly dreſſes and ſplendid equipages. It was the misfortune of Medicus, to be captivated with her form, before his cooler reaſon had time to convince him of the unworthineſs of her mind: his paſſion was of the pureſt ſort, and with an affection ſo diſintereſted he expected to be rewarded with a paſſion equally ſincere. In this, however, he was diſappointed; but finding it her intereſt to conceal her real ſentiments, the daugher of Avarus alway declined giving him a deciſive anſwer, and under various pretexts, and at different times, found means to extract from the unſuſpecting Medicus, ſeveral large ſums of money, ſtill flattering him with the hopes of her conſent, at a period not far diſtant. Medicus was too far gone to withdraw for any pecuniary conſideration, and his mind being totally taken up with this ſingle object, every other concern was neglected; and although his new and extravagant manner of living daily increaſed his expences, he forgot to provide

the

the means of defraying them. It was impoſſible a courſe ſo fooliſh as this could be of long duration. Money was the firſt article of which he began to ſee the approaching want, and the lady, diſcovering his ſituation, ſoon diſcarded him for another lover, whoſe coffers at leaſt were better ſtored. Thus circumſtanced, and beginning at length to ſee his folly, he determined to alter his conduct; but the period was now paſt, and thoſe who were once proud to be counted his friends, now abandoned him to his fooliſh career.

Every attempt to recover his loſt fame proved unſucceſsful; his ſpirits drooped beneath the weight of retroſpection, and he even began to ſhew very evident ſigns of inſanity. Theſe melancholy ſymptoms took place in the month of September, and early in the ſummer of next year he returned to the country in expectation of meeting there with that attention and civility, which at W—— he was denied; but here again he found himſelf diſappointed, and his ſociety avoided even by thoſe who but a ſhort time before had made him ſuch profeſſions of friendſhip. His parents, on whom he had ſettled a handſome annuity, were now no more; his other relatives received him indeed into their houſes, but in that cool and forbidding manner, ever, to a feeling mind, more humiliating than

abſolute refuſal. He continued there, however, during the remainder of that year, notwithſtanding all their inſults, and in the beginning of the following removed to a ſea-port town, and the better to conceal his former ſituation, the loſt Medicus enliſted as a private ſoldier in a regiment then under orders for the continent.

During his ſtay there he conducted himſelf in a manner ſo very different from that of the other ſoldiers, that he was ſoon taken notice of by his commanding officer, who made every inquiry reſpecting him, but could not obtain any ſatisfactory information. At laſt, after much fruitleſs inquiry, he diſcovered the whole of his hiſtory, and feeling for his ſituation, had an interview with him, and endeavoured as much as poſſible to render him comfortable. Medicus ſeemed much pleaſed with the attention of his officer, and left him apparently in good ſpirits. The following morning the ſame officer having occaſion to go on a hunting party to a neighbouring village, and ſet out pretty early, and had ſcarce got out of town, when the firſt object that preſented itſelf to his view, was the mangled body of Medicus covered with his own blood. The unfortunate wretch finding he was diſcovered, revolved in his mind his former conduct, deſerted by all the world, without a ſingle perſon whom he could

could call his friend, and deſpiſed and diſowned even

"By thoſe his former bounty fed,"

had put a period to his exiſtence!—This happened immediately on the breaking out of the preſent war, and is a circumſtance well known to him whoſe mournful taſk it is to pen the narrative.

On the propriety of adorning Life, and ſerving Society, by laudable Exertion.

IN an age of opulence and luxury, when the native powers of the mind are weakened by vice, and habits of indolence are ſuperinduced by univerſal indulgence, the moraliſt can ſeldom expect to ſee examples of that unwearied perſeverance, of that generous exertion, which has ſometimes appeared in the world, and has been called heroic virtue. Indeed, it muſt be allowed, that in the early periods of ſociety there is greater occaſion, as well as greater ſcope, for this exalted ſpecies of public ſpirit, than when all its real wants are ſupplied, and all its ſecurities eſtabliſhed.

Under theſe diſadvantages there is, indeed, little opportunity for that uncommon heroiſm, which leads

leads an individual to deſert his ſphere, and to act in contradiction to the maxims of perſonal intereſt and ſafety, with a view to reform the manners, or to promote the honour and advantage of the community. Patriotiſms, as it was underſtood and practiſed by a Brutus, a Curtius, a Scævola, or a Socrates, appears in modern times ſo eccentric a virtue, and ſo abhorrent from the dictates of common ſenſe, that he who ſhould imitate it would draw upon himſelf the ridicule of mankind, and would incur the danger of being ſtigmatized as a mad-man. Moral and political knight-errantry would now appear in ſcarcely a leſs ludicrous light than the extravagances of chivalry.

But to do good in an effectual and extenſive manner within the limits of profeſſional influence, and by performing the buſineſs of a ſtation, whatever it may be, not only with regular fidelity, but with warm and active diligence, is in the power, as it is the duty, of every individual who poſſeſſes the uſe of his faculties. It is ſurely an unſatisfactory idea, to live and die without purſuing any other purpoſe than the low one of perſonal gratification. A thouſand pleaſures and advantages we have received from the diſintereſted efforts of thoſe who have gone before us, and it is incumbent on every generation to do ſomething not only

only for the benefit of contemporaries but of thoſe alſo who are to follow. To be born, as Horace ſays, merely to conſume the fruits of the earth; to live, as Juvenal obſerves of ſome of his countrymen, with no other purpoſe than to gratify the palate, though they may in reality be the ſole ends of many, are yet too inglorious and diſgraceful to be avowed by the baſeſt and meaneſt of mankind.

There is however little doubt, but that many, whoſe lives have glided away in an uſeleſs tenor, would have been glad of opportunities, if they could have diſcovered them, for laudable exertion. It is certainly true, that to qualify for political, military, literary, and patriotic efforts, peculiar preparations, accompliſhments, occaſions, and fortuitous contingences are neceſſary. Civil wiſdom without civil employment, valour without an enemy, learning without opportunities for its diſplay, the love of our country without power, muſt terminate in abortive wiſhes, in deſigns unſupported by execution. They who form great ſchemes, and perform great exploits, muſt of neceſſity be few. But the exertions which benevolence points out, are extended to a great compaſs, are infinitely varied in kind and degree, and conſequently adapted, in ſome mode or other, to the ability of every individual.

To the diſtinguiſhed honour of our times and of our country, it muſt be aſſerted, that there is no ſpecies of diſtreſs which is not relieved; no laudable inſtitution which is not encouraged with an emulative ardour of liberality. No ſooner is a proper object of beneficence preſented to the public view, than ſubſcriptions are raiſed by all ranks, who crowd with impatience to the contribution. Not only the infirmities of age and ſickneſs are ſoothed by the beſt concerted eſtabliſhments, and the loſs ſuſtained by the calamities of a conflagration repaired; but our enemies, when reduced to a ſtate of captivity, are furniſhed with every comfort which their condition can admit; and all the malignity of party-hatred melts into kindneſs under the operation of charity. From the accumulated efforts of a community of philanthropiſts, ſuch as our nation may be called, a ſum of good is produced, far greater than any recorded of the heroes of antiquity, from Bacchus down to Cæſar.

It has been ſaid, that the ages of extraordinary bounty are paſſed. No colleges are founded in the preſent time, it is true; yet not becauſe there is no public ſpirit remaining, but becauſe there is already a ſufficient number raiſed by the pious hands of our forefathers, to anſwer all the purpoſes

poſes of academical improvement. When a want is ſupplied, it is not parſimony, but prudence, which withholds additional munificence. The infirmaries diffuſed over every part of the kingdom, are moſt honourable teſtimonies of that virtue which is to cover a multitude of ſins. And there is one inſtance of benificence uncommon both in its degree and circumſtances, which, though done without a view to human praiſe, muſt not loſe even the ſubordinate reward of human virtue. He who lately devoted, during his life, a noble fortune to the relief of the blind, will be placed higher in the eſteem of poſterity, than the numerous train of poſthumous benefactors, who gave what they could no longer retain, and ſometimes from motives repreſented by the cenſorious as little laudable. While angels record the name of Hetherington in the book of life, let men inſcribe it in the rolls of fame.

The motive of praiſe, though by no means the beſt, is a generous and a powerful motive of commendable conduct. He would do an injury to mankind who ſhould ſtifle the love of fame. It has burnt with ſtrong and ſteady heat in the boſoms of the moſt ingenuous. It has inſpired enthuſiaſm in the cauſe of all that is good and great. Where patience muſt have failed, and perſeverance been

wearied, it has urged through troubles deemed intolerable, and ſtimulated through difficulties dreaded as inſurmountable. Pain, penury, danger, and death, have been incurred with alacrity in the ſervice of mankind, with the expectation of no other recompenſe than an honourable diſtinction. And let not the frigidity of philoſophical rigour damp this noble ardour, which raiſes delightful ſenſations in the heart that harbours it, and gives riſe to all that is ſublime in life and in the arts. When we are ſo far refined and ſubdued as to act merely from the ſlow ſuggeſtions of the reaſoning faculty, we ſhall indeed ſeldom be involved in error; but we ſhall as ſeldom achieve any glorious enterpriſe, or ſnatch a virtue beyond the reach of prudence.

The ſpirit of adventure in literary undertakings, as well as in politics, commerce, and wars, muſt not be diſcouraged. If it produces that which is worth little notice, neglect is eaſy. There is a great probability, however, that it will often exhibit ſomething conducive to pleaſure and improvement. But when every new attempt is checked by ſeverity, or neglected without examination, learning ſtagnates, and the mind is depreſſed, till its productions ſo far degenerate as to juſtify diſregard. Taſte and literature are never

long

long ſtationary. When they ceaſe to advance they become retrograde.

Every liberal attempt to give a liberal entertainment is entitled to a kind excuſe, though its execution ſhould not have a claim to praiſe. For the ſake of encouraging ſubſequent endeavours, lenity ſhould be diſplayed where there is no appearance of incorrigible ſtupidity, of aſſuming ignorance, and of empty ſelf-conceit. Severity chills the opening powers, as the froſt nips the bud that would elſe have been a bloſſom. It is blameable moroſeneſs to cenſure thoſe who ſincerely mean to pleaſe, and fail only from cauſes not in their own diſpoſal.

The praiſe, however, of well meaning has uſually been allowed with a facility of conceſſion, which leads to ſuſpect that it was thought of little value. It has alſo been received with apparent mortification. This ſurely is the reſult of a perverted judgment; for intention is in the power of every man, though no man can command ability.

THE WISDOM of CONTENTMENT: AN ANECDOTE.

ALL mankind would *make a figure.* To aſpire to ſtations above us, is a maxim univerſally adopted; yet perhaps, the trueſt wiſdom and the ſureſt happineſs is, to cultivate well the rank in which we are born; for why ſhould any man covet to raiſe and diſtinguiſh himſelf farther than his real well-being may make neceſſary? Fuller, in his Holy State, relates an anecdote of an huſbandman who claimed kinſhip with Robert Groſthead, Biſhop of Lincoln, and there upon requeſted from him an office. "Couſin," ſaid the Biſhop, "if your cart be broken, I'll mend it; if your plow be old, I'll give you a new one, and even ſeed to ſow your land: but an huſbandman I found you, and an huſbandman I'll leave you." The Biſhop thought it kinder (as it ſhould ſeem) to ſerve him in his way, than to take him out of his way, and perhaps Stephen Duch, the threſher, had been better provided for, if, inſtead of being firſt penſioned, and afterwards ordained, he had been endowed with ten acres of land, and ſuffered to threſh on. By turning the laborious threſher into an inactive clergyman, they brought lunacy firſt,

and

and then ſuicide, upon a man, who might otherwiſe have enjoyed himſelf with two cows and a pig, and ended his days with ſerenity and eaſe.

The ANCIENT POETS.

HOMER was the firſt poet and beggar of note among the ancients: he was blind, and ſung his ballads about the ſtreets. But it is obſerved, that his mouth was more frequently filled with verſes, than with bread. Plautus, the comic poet, was better off: he had two trades: he was poet for his diverſion; and helped to turn a mill, in order to gain a livelihood. Terence was a ſlave; and Boethius died in a jail.

MISPLACED INDULGENCE.

INDULGENCE, when ſhewn in too great a degree by parents to children, generally meets with a bad return. It ſeems to awaken a ſtrange malignity in human nature towards thoſe who have thus *displayed* an injudicious fondneſs. Children delight in vexing ſuch parents. There may be

two

two reaſons—I. It makes them feel fooliſh to be ſo *cockered* and teaſed with kindneſs. II. It diſcovers a weakneſs, over which they can inſult and triumph. But whatever may be the cauſe, it furniſhes an argument to parents, why they ſhould never practiſe this behaviour towards their children. The late miſeries of France aroſe under the government of a kind and indulgent monarch,

GENUINE FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is not, I believe, a character exiſting, which has been ſo ſcandalouſly ſpoken of, as the exquiſitely ſuſceptible and feeling man! Common minds beſtow on him who poſſeſſes that temper of ſoul, every appellation of ridicule and contempt; the ſenſative delicacy of his feelings, they term *affectation;* the excentric warmth of his attachments, *idle romance.* But their prejudice proceeds from their hearts being entirely void of thoſe ſympathizing chords which, in his boſom, inſtantly vibrate to the moſt delicate touch of ſentiment.

Vulgar minds, either in men or women, always concur in the ſame opinion, that to get through this life we ought to have nothing to do with *fine feelings*; they will only retard our advancement,

[whatever

whatever may be our purſuit, whether of wealth or power. We muſt not entertain too high a ſenſe of the dignity of human nature! We muſt put up with many things; ſuch as unmerited inſults from our *wealthy ſuperiors;* & therefore, in proportion as we are ſlaviſh to them, we ſhall be tyrannical to thoſe who are ſo unfortunate as to be *our inferiors.* We muſt never contract friendſhip with the indigent, notwithſtanding they ſhould be peculiarly virtuous; leſt their poverty ſhould clog our wings, and ſo be the means of protracting our ſoaring flight. Such attachments are the fooliſh emanation of a youthful inexperienced heart; who, in the courſe of a few years, will know that not only the *days of Chivalry* are gone, but with them have alſo diſappeared the days of diſintereſted love. Such is the creed of many—a doctrine which has done more miſchief, and occaſioned more wickedneſs, in the world than, perhaps, the fooliſh promulgators of ſuch precepts are aware of. Many minds *naturally* inclined to juſtice, have, from an early inſtillation of theſe maxims—before their rectitude was founded on principle—been warped from their original bent, and have become ſneaking ſycophants, and often ungrateful villains; who, for an increaſe of gold, would tear and cut the very heart by whoſe benevolence they are nouriſhed. But as human frailty admits of many gradations, thank Heaven!

Heaven! the moſt numerous order deſerves not to be called *vicious*, neither merits it the title of *virtuous*. The members of it practiſe few flagrant vices; and, as ſeldom, excentric inſtances of virtue: thoſe eagle-flights ſuit not with the low views of their minds; the bright luſtre of glorious actions, on too near a view, dazzles their microſcopick opticks; and what they cannot bring to the level of their little conception, they imagine either to be too great for human nature, or elſe the tranſactions of a frantick and romantick brain—the common epithets which they generally beſtow on that *exquiſitely ſuſceptible* and *feeling* mind I have before mentioned. It is in the breaſt of a perſon who poſſeſſes a ſoul ſo tuned, that we are to look for the true character of the man who was *formed after God's own image.*

His elevated and independent ſoul ſpurns at the wealthy wretch who would affront his honour, or allure him from the path of rectitude: he ſeeks not a friend in the ſplendid boſom of the trifling, and often licentious, courtier; nor in the gold-cruſted breaſt of the rich, and as often avaricious, citizen. No! wherever he diſcovers a congenial mind; there he fixes; his heart clings to the object; and when the affection is reciprocal, no attachment can be ſtronger: he loves him, while

enjoying

enjoying the warm atmoſphere of proſperity; and if the cold and cheerleſs winter of adverſity changes the ſcene, thoſe chilling blaſts, which freeze common hearts, melts his to more than it's wonted ſoftneſs. His tenderneſs meliorates the anguiſh of his companion: he had accidentally participated in all his happineſs—he now voluntarily ſhares in all his miſery; he pours the balm of ſweet comfort into the bleeding wound of his friend; and, in aſſuaging his agonies, feels in his own breaſt the pureſt, the moſt exquiſite of all pleaſures—that of ſoftening the ſufferings of the afflicted. He reſts not here; he is as tenacious of the intereſt, the peace of his friends as of his own. No lucrative, no diſtinguiſhing propoſal, can prevail on him to abandon him, for one moment, to the idea that he *has abandoned* him. He is dearer to him than his own life; and he would ſooner hazard the loſs of it, than add one pang of miſery to the already oppreſſed heart of his choſen, his virtuous friend. Such a friendſhip as this, by many, is called ideal, and never to be practiſed. But thoſe who ſay ſo, have never felt the magnetick impulſe which irreſiſtibly draws you to a ſiſter ſoul; they have never experienced the delicious rapture of liſtening to the elegant and refined precepts of truth and virtue, falling from the lips of a beloved friend: of one, who, by the grandeur of his ſenti-

ments, and the ardour of his perſeverance, fires you with the ſplendor of his example, and makes you aim at ſublimer heights in virtue than, perhaps, your own unaided mind would have inſpired you with the hopes of attaining; and who, by the ſweet harmony of his manners, and the uncommon energy of his ſoul, "*makes a paſtime of each weary ſtep*," in the rugged path of true honour. What would not a man ſacrifice for the ſafety and happineſs of ſuch a friend? He is ineſtimable! But ſuch fervour and ſtability of friendſhip cannot be found any where, but in the boſom of the moſt intelligent, the moſt magnanimous of mankind. I grant, they are ſeldom to be met with, becauſe the common ſyſtem of education tends more towards planting in the hearts of its pupils the baneful and deſtructive weeds of ſuſpicion and deceit, than the beautiful amaranthus of generous philanthropy; which, extending its vivifying branches over all the world, yet reſerves its ſweeteſt ſhades to ſhelter the country from whence it ſprung, and the friendly hands which aſſiſted in its culture.

A WHIMSICAL

ANECDOTE

Concerning the celebrated Rabelais.

THE cardinal de Billay, to whom Rabelais was a domeſtic phyſician, being troubled with a hypochondriac diſorder, it was reſolved by ſkilful gentlemen of the faculty, in a conſultation, that an opening decoction ſhould be prepared without delay for his eminence. Upon this Rabelais takes himſelf away, leaving the junto to prate themſelves into a ſweat for higher fees, orders a huge fire in the yard, and one of the largeſt kettles; into that kettle, brimful of water, he threw all the keys he could find or borrow; then ſtripped himſelf to his doublet, fell to ſtirring them about with all the anxiety of a cook, leſt they ſhould not boil well. The doctors, at their coming down, ſurprized at ſuch an apparatus, and aſking the meaning of Rabelais's diligence, he made the following reply to them; "I am about your preſcription gentlemen; keys are certainly the beſt openers in the world, and if you are not ſatisfied with what I have done, I will diſpatch a meſſenger to the arſenal for a dozen of battering cannon."

ON THE

Uſe and Excellency of Learning.

THE moſt important and extenſive advantages mankind enjoy are greatly owing to men who have never quitted their cloſets. To them mankind is obliged for the facility and ſecurity of navigation. The invention of the compaſs has opened to them new worlds. The knowledge of the mechanical powers has enabled them to conſtruct ſuch wonderful machines as perform what the united labour of millions, by the ſevereſt drudgery, could not accompliſh. Agriculture too, the moſt uſeful of arts, has received its ſhare of improvement from the ſame ſource. Poetry, likewiſe, is of excellent uſe to enable the memory to retain with more eaſe, and to imprint with more energy upon the heart, precepts of virtue and virtuous actions. Some philoſophers have entered ſo far into the councils of divine wiſdom as to explain much of the great operations of nature. The dimenſions, diſtances, and cauſes of the revolutions of the planets, the path of comets, and the nature of eclipſes are underſtood and explained. Can any thing raiſe the glory of the human ſpecies more than to ſee a little creature inhabiting a ſmall ſpot, amidſt innumerable worlds, taking a ſurvey

of

of the univerſe, comprehending its arrangement, and entering into the ſcheme of that wonderful connection and correſpondence of things ſo remote, and which it ſeems the utmoſt exertion of Omnipotence to have eſtabliſhed? what a volume of wiſdom, what a noble theology do theſe diſcoveries open to us? while ſome ſuperior geniuſſes have ſoared to theſe ſublime ſubjects, other ſagacious and diligent minds have been enquiring into the moſt minute works of the infinite artificer: the ſame care, the ſame providence is exerted through the whole, and we ſhall learn from it, that to true wiſdom, utility and fitneſs, appear perfection, and to whatever is beneficial is noble.

A remarkable Inſtance of Temerity

IN AN ENGLISH SOLDIER.

GEORGE HASLEWOOD, an Engliſh ſoldier, having been taken, in company with twenty-three Spaniards by prince Maurice, it was determined that eight of them ſhould be hanged, in requital for a like ſentence that had been made by Albert, the archduke, upon ſome Hollanders, and that it ſhould be decided by lot on whom the puniſhment

puniſhment ſhould fall. The Engliſhman happily drew his deliverance; but one Spaniard expreſſed great reluctance and terror of mind, when he put his hat into the helmet to try his fate, not ſo much in fear of death, as an antipathy to ſuch an unnatural deciſion, in which he might make his own hand deſtroy himſelf, and be executed for the guilt of others, or acquitted for no innocence of his own. The Engliſhman conſented to take what money he had, and ſtand to the change for him. The judges conſented alſo to this requeſt, as that of a fool or a madman, who deſerved not the life he had ſo providentially obtained. Yet, ſuch his fortune was, that he drew himſelf ſafe. When he was aſked why he would put his life in ſuch danger again for the ſafety of another, and after ſuch a ſignal eſcape, ſo preſumptuouſly to hazard it a ſecond time? Becauſe, ſaid he, I thought I had a bargain of it; for, conſidering that I daily expoſe myſelf for the value of ſixpence, I thought I might with much more reaſon venture it for twelve crowns.

Why Almighty God hath Patience with the Wicked, and afflicts the Good in this probationary State.

WHY ſhould God exerciſe ſo much patience towards wicked men, and bear ſo long with them, were it not, in great goodneſs, to give them time for repentance, that they may eſcape eternal miſeries? Why ſhou'd he afflict good men all their lives, whoſe virtues deſerve a more proſperous fortune, only to exerciſe their faith and patience, and to advance them ſtill to more divine perfections;—unleſs he intended to reward their preſent ſufferings, and their eminent virtue, with a brighter and more glorious crown?

ANECDOTE

OF

Biſhop Warburton.

IT is well known that the Biſhop's great work was the *divine legation of Moſes.* To this he devoted much laborious ſtudy. A year or two before the death of this veteran divine, a fair lady, who

who was a near relation of his Lordſhip's, briſkly obſerved to him, that ſhe had ſeen him equipped in many dreſſes, but never ſaw him attired in the garb of an officer. "Do my Lord, put the Colonel's uniform on, indulge me with a *perſpective en militaire.*"——After ſome few objections, the good-natured Biſhop complied with the requeſt. In the mean time, the lady prepared a large circle to receive her new Adonis. Immediately as his Lordſhip entered, his mentor announced Brigadier-General Moſes—Ladies and Gentlemen, permit me to introduce you to Brigadier-General Moſes, an Officer of much worth and experience.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great and real improvements which have been made in the affair of female education, and the more enlarged and generous views of it which prevail in the preſent day, there is ſtill a material defect, which is not in general the object of attention to remove. The defect ſeems to conſiſt in this, that too little regard is paid to the diſpoſitions of the mind, that the indications of the temper are not properly cheriſhed, nor the affections of the heart ſufficiently regulated.

The

The exterior ſhould be made a conſiderable object of attention, but not the principal, not the only one. The grace ſhould be induſtriouſly cultivated, but they ſhould not be cultivated at the expence of the virtues. The arms, the head, the whole perſon ſhould be carefully poliſhed, but the heart ſhould not be the only portion of the human anatomy which ſhould be totally overlooked.

Muſic, dancing and languages, gratify thoſe who teach them, by perceptible and almoſt immediate effects, and every obſerver can, in ſome meaſure, judge of the progreſs. The effects of theſe accompliſhments addreſs themſelves to the ſenſes; and there are more who can hear and ſee, than there are who can judge and reflect.

Perſonal perfection is not only more obvious, it is alſo more rapid; and even in very accompliſhed characters, elegance uſually precedes principle.

But the heart, that natural ſeat of evil propenſities, that little troubleſome empire of the paſſions, is led to what is right by ſlow motions and imperceptible degrees. It muſt be admoniſhed by reproof, and allured by kindneſs. Its livelieſt advances are frequently impeded by the obſtinacy of prejudice, and its brighteſt promiſes often ob-

ſcured by the tempeſts of paſſion. It is ſlow in its acquiſition of virtue, and reluctant in its approaches to piety.

The labours of a good and wiſe mother, who is anxious for her daughter's moſt important intereſts will ſeem to be at variance with thoſe of her inſtructors. Humility and piety form the ſolid and durable baſis on which ſhe wiſhes to raiſe the ſuperſtructure of the accompliſhments, while the accompliſhments themſelves are frequently of that unſteady nature, that if the foundation is not ſecured, in proportion as the building is enlarged, it will be overloaded and deſtroyed by thoſe very ornaments, which were intended to embelliſh what they have contributed to ruin.

The more oſtenſible qualifications ſhould be carefully regulated, or they will be in danger of putting to flight the modeſt train of retreating virtues, which cannot ſafely ſubſiſt before the bold eye of public obſervation, nor hear the bolder tongue of impudent and audacious flattery.

Merely ornamental accompliſhments, will but indifferently qualify a woman to perform the *duties* of life, though it is highly proper ſhe ſhould poſſeſs them, in order to furniſh the *amuſements* of it. Yet though the well-bred woman ſhould learn to dance,

dance, ſing, recite, and draw, the end of a good education is not that they may become ſingers, dancers, players, or painters: its real object is to make them good daughters, good wives, good miſtreſſes, good members of ſociety, and good chriſtians.

To an injudicious and ſuperficial eye, the beſt educated girl may make the leaſt brilliant figure, as ſhe will probably have leſs flippancy in her manner, and leſs repartee in her expreſſion, and her acquirements will be rather *enamelled* than *embossed*. But her merit will be known by all who come near enough to diſcern, and have taſte enough to diſtinguiſh.

A truly good and well educated young lady, will be found in the boſom of retirement, in the practice of every domeſtic virtue, in the performance of every amiable accompliſhment, exerted in the ſhade, to enliven retirement,—to heighten the endearing pleaſures of ſocial intercourſe,—and to embelliſh the narrow, but charming circle of family delights; and to this amiable purpoſe dedicating her more elegant accompliſhments, inſtead of exhibiting them to attract admiration, or depreſs inferiority.

One great art of education conſiſts in not ſuffering the feelings to become too acute by unneceſſary awakening, nor too obtuſe by want of exertion. The former renders them the ſource of calamity, and totally ruins the temper; while the latter blunts and debaſes them, and produces a dull, cold and ſelfiſh ſpirit. The precious ſenſibility of an open temper, the amiable glow of an ingenuous ſoul, the bright flame of a noble and generous ſpirit, are of higher worth than all the documents of learning, of dearer price than all the advantages which can be derived from the moſt refined and artificial mode of education.

Senſibility, delicacy, and an ingenuous temper are of more eſteem than language or muſic, for they are the language of the heart, and the muſic of the according paſſions. Every appearance of amiable ſimplicity, of honeſt ſhame, will be dear to ſenſible hearts; they ſhould carefully cheriſh every ſuch indication in a young female; for they will perceive that it is this temper wiſely cultivated, which will one day make her enamoured of the lovelineſs of virtue, and the beauty of holineſs, from which ſhe will acquire a taſte for the doctrines of religion, and a ſpirit to perform the duties of it.

Prudence is not natural to children, however, they can ſubſtitute art in its ſtead. But there is ſomething more becoming in the very errors of nature where theyare undiſguiſed, than in the affectation of virtue itſelf, where the reality is wanting. The preciſe and premature wiſdom which ſome girls have cunning enough to aſſume, is of a more dangerous tendency than any of their natural failings can be, as it effectually covers thoſe ſecret, bad diſpoſitions, which if they diſplayed themſelves, might be rectified. The hypocriſy of aſſuming virtues which are not inherent in the heart, prevents the growth and diſcloſure of thoſe real ones, which it is the great end of education to cultivate.

This cunning, which of all the different diſpoſitions girls diſcover, as moſt to be dreaded, is encreaſed by nothing ſo much as fear. The indiſcreet tranſports of rage which many betray on every ſlight occaſion, and the little diſtinctions they make between venial errors and premeditated crimes naturally diſpoſe a child to conceal, what ſhe does not care however to ſuppreſs; anger in one, will not remedy the faults of another.

Notwithſtanding girls ſhould not be treated with unkindneſs, nor the firſt openings of the paſſions blighted by cold ſeverity, yet they ſhould be accuſtomed

cuſtomed very early in life to a certain degree of reſtraint. The natural caſt of character, and the moral diſtinctions of the ſexes ſhould not be diſregarded even in childhood.

That bold, independent, enterpriſing ſpirit, which is ſo much admired in boys, ſhould not when it happens to diſcover itſelf in the other ſex, be encouraged, but ſuppreſſed. Girls ſhould be taught to give up their opinions betimes, and not pertinaciouſly carry on a diſpute, even if they know themſelves to be in the right. Yet they ſhould not be robbed of the liberty of private judgments, but by no means encouraged to contract a contentious or contradictory turn. It is of the greateſt importance to their future happineſs, that they ſhould acquire a ſubmiſſive temper, and a forbearing ſpirit: for it is a leſſon the world will not fail to make them frequently practiſe, when they come abroad into it, and they will not practiſe it the worſe for having learned it the ſooner.

There is more piety, as well as more ſenſe, in labouring to improve the talents which children actually have, than in lamenting that they do not poſſeſs ſupernatural endowments or angelic perfections. A girl who has docility will ſeldom be found to want underſtanding enough for all the purpoſes of a ſocial, a happy, and an uſeful life,

and

and thoſe who hope to do a great deal, muſt not expect to do every thing. If they know any thing of the malignity of ſin, the blindneſs of prejudice, or the corruption of the human heart, they will alſo know, that the heart will always remain after the very beſt poſſible education, full of infirmity and imperfection. They ſhould conſider that they are not educating cherubims and ſeraphims, but men and women; creatures who at their beſt eſtate, are altogether vanity: how little can be expected from them in the weakneſs and imbecility of infancy! our paſſions themſelves, by proper management may be made ſubſervient to ſome good end; for there is ſcarcely a ſingle one which may not be turned to profitable account, if prudently rectified and ſkilfully directed into the road of ſome neighbouring virtue. Envy and lying muſt be always excepted, they muſt be radically cured before any good can be expected from the heart which has been infected with them. For envy, though paſſed through all the moral ſtrainers cannot be refined into virtuous emulation, or lying improved into an agreeable turn, for innocent diverſion.

To win the paſſions, therefore, over to the cauſe of virtue, anſwers a much nobler end than their extinction could poſſibly do, even if that could be effected;

effected; for they reſemble fires, which are friendly and beneficial when under proper direction; but if ſuffered to blaze without reſtraint, they carry devaſtation along with them; and, if totally extinguiſhed, leave the benighted mind in a ſtate of cold and comfortleſs inſanity.

ON A

SWARM OF BEES

Settling on the Duchess of Rutland.

RUTLAND, of ev'ry charm poſſeſs'd
Which decorates the female breaſt,
Of beauty which excels all praiſe!
Accept theſe unblemiſh'd lays,
And where the lab'ring metre tries
T' expreſs the language of thine eyes,
Thy form divine, thy face ſo fair,
Thy ſnowy boſom, graceful air;
If there is one preſumptive line,
Th' offspring of this poor brain of mine,
Shall dare endeavour to pourtray
The graces which round Rutland play,
Spare, gently ſpare, the rude attempt;
Nor doom my boldneſs to contempt.

Ambition

Ambition 'tis inſpires my mind,
My heart is but too ſoon inclin'd,
As the little flutt'ring bees
On the lovelieſt flowers ſeize;
So where the ſweeteſt honey's found,
Will *ſwarms poetic* moſt abound.

OF AN

UNTUTORED SAILOR,

Who damned his Sovereign.

WHEN the grandfather of the preſent King was once upon his voyage in the royal yacht to Hanover, he felt a pleaſure in diſcourſing with a lively active tar, whoſe replies were ſhockingly ill-bred. The captain, whom he greatly feared, declared, that if he again neglected to ſay, "And pleaſe your Majeſty," he ſhould be ſeverely puniſhed. The King ſoon aſks him another queſtion. The flurried ſailor, meaning to anſwer in the affirmative. "Yes, and pleaſe your Majeſty!" ſtops when he ſhould pronounce the *laſt* word; and ſelf-irritated at his want of recollection, exclaims aloud, "damn your hard name, I can't think of it for the blood of me."

ANECDOTE.

M. GOFFE of Geneva, relates an anecdote, which, ſays he, is perhaps ſuperior to the well-known one of the Roman chaſtity. "An artiſt, rather in years, had an ulcerous humour flying about his face in a moſt ſhocking manner, quite inſupportable to all who approached it, on account of its peſtiferous and nauſeous ſmell. No barber would perform the uſual operation, and the poor man found himſelf totally neglected, and at laſt abandoned by his very ſervant. His daughter, who was married, the mother of a family and endowed with all the amiable and good qualities that do honour to her ſex, ſaw with incredible ſorrow her father's diſeaſe grow worſe for want of proper aſſiſtance, and on account of the total neglect of his perſon. Moved by her filial affection, ſhe ſurmounted all female prejudices, and took the reſolution of going daily to practiſe in a barber's ſhop the painful taſk of handling a razor. There ſhe uſed to ſhave all the country people that preſented themſelves (the ſhop was of the inferior kind,) and in a ſhort time found herſelf ſure of her hand. With true heart-felt joy ſhe went to her father, and looking at him tenderly, "Cheer up, my good father, ſaid ſhe, you ſhall be under no obligation

obligation to any body for the future; I'll take care of you." From that time this worthy and virtuous woman aſſiduouſly attended him till the hour of his death.

ON THE

Affectation of good Breeding.

THE qualifications which fit a man beſt for the purpoſes of ſociety, is good-breeding; while there is ſcarce any thing more diſguſting than the aukward imitation of good-manners, ſo frequently met with among the civileſt and moſt obliging people in the world, your half bred people of no faſhion.—True politeneſs, as it makes men eaſy to themſelves, diffuſes an air of eaſe round about them; and by removing that diſagreeable reſtraint which ſhackles all our faculties before our ſuperiors, gives a freedom to converſation, without encouraging an unbecoming familiarity. This is indeed good breeding, and thoſe only who are bleſt with good ſenſe can or dare appear truly well-bred.—The proud man and the fool muſt have recourſe to forms; they have occaſion for them to hedge in their dulneſs; and there-

fore, by a careful and ſupercilious reſerve, endeavour to impoſe an awe upon their inferiors, who keep the ſilence of a Pythagorean, and like the chaplains of an archbiſhop, dare not utter a word while his grace is at the table.

But ſurely, of all miſtaken points of breeding, ceremony, and an over-preſſing civility, are the moſt ridiculous. "If a perſon," ſays Swift, "makes me keep my diſtance, it is ſome happineſs that he muſt keep his own at the ſame time: and, in that caſe, the honeſt man has an advantage of the proud one" But the punctilios of ceremony deſtroy the comforts of life, and keep even friends for ever at a diſtance;—whilſt the exertions of an overſtrained civility, worry and teaze us into a compliance with what we diſlike. I have read ſomewhere, in the hiſtory of China, that two loaded waggons never met on the road, but their drivers moſt ceremoniouſly compliment each other upon making way.

ANECDOTE.

DURING the rebellion in the year 1745, the clan of Glenco were quartered near the houſe of Lord Stair. The Pretender, being afraid they

they would remember that the warrant for the maſſacre of their clan had been ſigned by the Earl's father, ſent a guard to protect the houſe. The clan quitted the rebel army, and were returning home: the Pretender ſent to know their reaſon. Their anſwer was, "that they had been affronted;" and when aſked what the affront was, they ſaid, "the greateſt of any; for they had been ſuſpected of being capable of viſiting the injuries of the father upon the innocent and brave ſon."

ADDRESS TO HEALTH.

AH! whither art thou flown, ſweet goddeſs, Health?
Why is my cheek with endleſs ſickneſs pale?
In vain does fortune pour her glittering wealth:
Unbleſs'd by thee, I only can bewail!

The glimm'ring taper, dark'ning, dies away,
Ere in ſweet ſleep my heavy eye-lids cloſe;
The ſun o'er yon high mountain darts his ray,
Ere ſinks my weary frame to calm repoſe:

Nor, oft, e'en this to enjoy, is it my lot;
By troubled dreams my anxious ſoul's oppreſs'd:
In ſweet oblivion, all their cares forgot,
While others ſleep, I only find no reſt.

Scarce

Scarce has the circling year beheld my prime;
My nerves the ſtrength of manhood hath not brac'd
But to the ſilent grave, before my time,
Ere age demands, pale ſickneſs bids me haſte.

The vital ſpark not gently dies away;
But, quench'd by the hand of violence, expires:
So fall I death's poor, weak, defenceleſs prey,
While not e'en hope one pleaſing thought inſpires!

I can no more—ſo long as life remains,
How ſmall the ſhare of pleaſure I may know!
While flows the purple current through my veins
No ſoothing pow'r can eaſe give to my woe.

Dr. MILES COWPER.

THE late Dr. Miles Cowper, of Edinburgh, was buried in the cemetry of the old Church of Reſtalrig, about a mile eaſt from Edinburgh, where thoſe of the epiſcopal perſuaſion are commonly interred. His death was very ſudden. Not finding a gentleman at home with whom he went to dine, he repaired to a tavern, and ordered dinner, and fell down dead while it was getting ready.

The

The following epitaph was found in his repoſitories:

Here lies a prieſt of Engliſh blood,
Who, living, lik'd what'er was good;
Good company, good wine, good name,
Yet never hunted after fame;
But as the firſt he ſtill preferr'd,
So here he choſe to be interr'd,
And unobſerv'd from crowds withdrew,
To reſt among a choſen few,
In humble hope that divine love
Will raiſe him to the bleſt above.

It may perhaps deſerve mention, that Dr. Cowper's library ſold for 5£. and the liquors in his cellar for 150£.

THE

Devotion of Boerhaave.

BOERHAAVE through life, conſecrated the firſt hour after he roſe in the morning to meditation and prayer; declaring, that from thence he derived vigour and aptitude for buſineſs, together with equanimity under provocations, and a perfect

perfect conqueſt over his iraſcible paſſions. "The ſparks of calumny; he would ſay, "will be preſently extinct of themſelves, unleſs you blow them; and therefore, in return, he choſe rather to commend the good qualities of his calumniators, (if they had any) than to dwell upon the bad."

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